ABOUT THIS BOOK

A classic biography of the Philippines' National Hero, this book revises the previous edition written for the Jose Rizal Centennial with fresh insights, new data, and new appendices. One of the best-selling books on Rizal, this volume contains new information about the conditions in Rizal's times, the attempt on his life in Dapitan, his prophetic views about the Philippines, and other data. In particular, it corrects the impression that Rizal had been a "colonial-made hero," and affirms that he was a hero for all seasons and for all people – Filipinos, Spaniards, and Americans, Germans, Austrians, Malays, Indonesians, etc. His famous diary, essays, letters, and also poems are found either in excerpt or in entirety. His famous novels and incomplete works are also discussed within.

---"No other biography of Jose Rizal has been read, studied, and loved by generations of Filipinos since the 1960s as Dr. Zaide's biography on the life, works and writings of Jose Rizal." – a college lecturer.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Gregorio F. Zaide (1907-1986) was Professor Emeritus of History at the Far Eastern University, a member of the National Academy of Science and Technology, and winner of the Republic Cultural Heritage Award. In his time, he was the most traveled Filipino historian, with teaching and research stints at various universities and institutions in the United Nations, the United States, Mexico and other countries in Latin America, and Asia. One of the founders of the International Association of Historians of Asia (IAHA), he was also thrice president of the Philippine Historical Association. Dr. Zaide also served as Mayor of his hometown, Pagsanjan, Laguna, and was a Paul Harris Fellow of the Rotary Club. He has written over 80 books and numerous articles.

Sonia M. Zaide, his daughter, is a graduate of the London School of Economics (M.Sc., Ph.D.), and finished language and cultural studies at the Universities of Madrid, Salamanca, Granada, and Paris, France. A life member of the University of London Convocation and the Philippine Historical Association, she is a Consultant of the United Nations International Maritime Organization. A professorial lecturer at various colleges and universities in the Philippines, she has also worked in banks and higher educational institutions in the United States and Britain. She has written over thirty books and numerous other publications and multi-media resources.

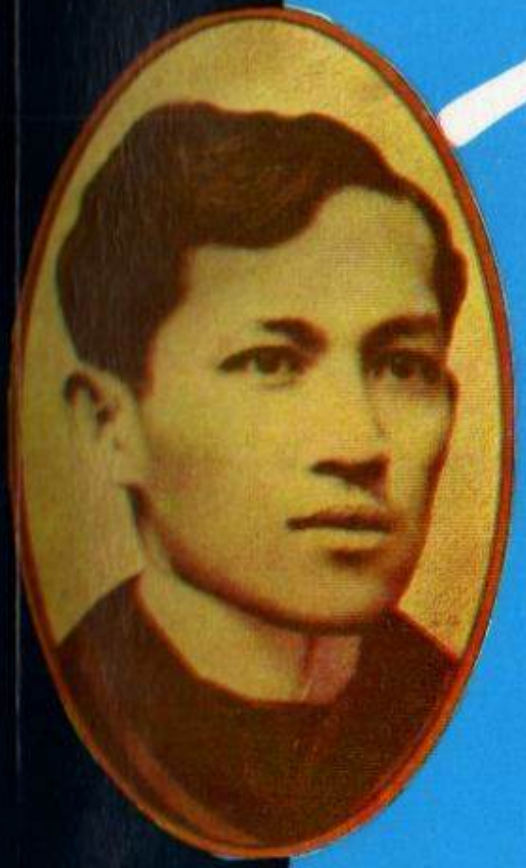
PUBLISHED AND EXCLUSIVELY DISTRIBUTED BY:

ALL-NATIONS Publishing Co., Inc.
935 Aurora Blvd. corner Pittsburgh St.
Room 204 Alfórque Bldg.
Cubao, Quezon City 1109 Philippines
Tel. Nos.: 912-2445, 913-3665
Telefax: 911-7977 * Pager 141-729654
Email: apci@alinationspublishing.com
kairos@info.com.ph
www.alinationspublishing.com

S 789716 420708
ISBN 971-642-070-6

JOSE Rizal

Life, Works, and Writings of a Genius, Writer, Scientist, and National Hero



SECOND EDITION

GREGORIO F. ZAIDE
SONIA M. ZAIDE

PROLOGUE

Rizal and His Times

To appreciate and understand the life of Dr. Jose Rizal, it is necessary to know the historical background of the world and of the Philippines during his times. The 19th century when he lived was a century of ferment caused by the blowing winds of history. In Asia, Europe, and the Americas, events surged inexorably like sea tides, significantly affecting the lives and fortunes of mankind.

The World of Rizal's Times

On February 19, 1861, four months before Rizal's birth in Calamba, the liberal Czar Alexander II (1855-1881), to appease the rising discontent of the Russian masses, issued a proclamation emancipating 22,500,000 serfs. When Rizal was born on June 19, 1861, the American Civil War (1861-65) was raging furiously in the United States over the issue of Negro slavery. This titanic conflict, which erupted on April 12, 1861, compelled President Lincoln to issue his famous Emancipation Proclamation on September 22, 1863 freeing the Negro slaves.

On June 1, 1861, just eighteen days before Rizal's birth, Benito Juarez, a full-blooded Zapotec Indian, was elected President of Mexico.[1] A year after his election (in April 1862) Emperor Napoleon III of the Second French Empire, in his imperialistic desire to secure a colonial stake in Latin America, sent French troops which invaded and conquered Mexico. President Juarez, owing to the raging American Civil War, could not obtain military aid from his friend, President Lincoln, but he continued to resist the French invaders with his valiant Indian and Mexican freedom fighters. To consolidate his occupation of Mexico, Napoleon III, installed Archduke Maximilian of Austria as puppet emperor of Mexico at Mexico city on June 12, 1864. Finally, after the end of the American Civil War, Juarez, with U.S. support, defeated Maximilian's French forces in the Battle

of Queretaro (May 15, 1867) and executed Emperor Maximilian on June 19, 1867 (Rizal's sixth birthday anniversary). Thus fizzled out Emperor Napoleon III's ambition to colonize Latin America.

In Rizal's times two European nations (Italians and Germans) succeeded in unifying their own countries. The Italians under the leadership of Count Cavour and of Garibaldi and his Army of "Red Shirts" drove out the Austrians and French armies from Italy and proclaimed the Kingdom of Italy under King Victor Emmanuel, with Rome as capital city. The Prussians led by Otto von Bismarck, the "Iron Chancellor", defeated France in the Franco-Prussian War and established the German Empire on January 18, 1871, with King Wilhelm of Prussia as first Kaiser of the German Empire. With his defeat in the Franco-Prussian War, Emperor Napoleon III's Second French Empire collapsed, and over its ruins the Third French Republic arose, with Adolph Thiers as first President.

The times of Rizal saw the flowering of Western imperialism. England emerged as the world's leading imperialist power. On account of her invincible navy and magnificent army, she was able to conquer many countries throughout the world and to establish a global colonial empire. Thus the British people during the glorious reign of Queen Victoria (1837-1901) proudly asserted: "Britannia rules the waves." By winning the First Opium War (1840-1842) against the tottering Chinese Empire under the Manchu dynasty, she acquired the island of Hong Kong (Fragrant Harbor). In the Second Opium War (1856-1860),[2] she won again and forced the helpless Manchu dynasty to cede the Kowloon Peninsula opposite Hong Kong. In 1859, after suppressing the Indian Rebellion and dismantling the Mogul Empire, she imposed her raj (rule) over the subcontinent of India (now consisting of India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh). By winning the Three Anglo-Burmese Wars (1824-26, 1852, and 1885), she conquered Burma. Other lands in Asia which became British colonies were Ceylon (Sri Lanka), Maldives, Aden, Malaya, Singapore, and Egypt. Australia and New Zealand in the South Pacific also became British colonies.

Other imperialists, following Britain's example, grabbed the weak countries in Southeast Asia and colonized them. In 1858-1863, France, with the help of Filipino troops under Spanish

officers,[3] conquered Vietnam; annexed Cambodia (1863) and Laos (1893); and merged all these countries into a federated colony under the name of French Indochina. The Dutch, after driving away the Portuguese and Spaniards from the East Indies in the 17th century, colonized this vast and rich archipelago and named it the Netherlands East Indies (now Indonesia).

Czarist Russia, unable to expand westward to Europe, turned eastward to Asia, conquering Siberia and later occupied Kamchatka, Kuriles, and Alaska (which she sold in 1867 to the U.S. for $7,200,000). From 1865 to 1884, she conquered the Muslim Khanates of Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokand in Central Asia. Expanding towards China, Czarist Russia joined England, France, and Germany in the despoliation of the crumbling Chinese Empire, acquiring Manchuria as a "sphere of influence," thus enabling her to build the 5,800-mile Trans-Siberian Railway, reputed to be "the world's longest railroad" linking Vladivostok and Moscow.

On July 8, 1853, an American squadron under the command of Commodore Matthew C. Perry re-opened Japan to the world. After this event, which ended Japan's 214-year isolation (1639-1853), Emperor Meiji (Mutsuhito) modernized the country by freely accepting Western influences, including imperialism. No sooner had Japan strengthened her navy and army along Western lines, when she, joining the Western imperialist powers, began her imperialist career by fighting weak China in the Sino-Japanese War (1894-95) and grabbed Formosa (Taiwan) and Pescadores. And later in 1910 she annexed Korea.

Germany, it should be recalled became a sovereign state in January 1871, and was late in the scramble for colonies in Asia and Africa. In search for colonial stakes, she turned to the island archipelagoes of the mid-Pacific world. On August 25, 1885, a German warship, the *Ilties*, entered the harbor of Yap (an island in the Carolines), landing the German marines who seized the island, hoisted the German flag and proclaimed the Carolines and Palaus archipelagoes as colonies of Germany. Strangely, the Spanish governor of the Carolines (Don Enrique Capriles) was present in the island, with two Spanish ships moored at its harbor, but due to cowardice or other reasons, he did not offer resistance to the German aggression.

The German seizure of Yap island enraged Spain, who claimed sovereignty over the Carolines and Palaus by right of discovery. It should be noted that the island of Yap was discovered by the Manila galleon pilot, Francisco Lezcano, who named it "Carolina" in honor of King Charles II (1665-1700) of Spain, which name was applied to the other islands.[4] Spanish-German relations grew critical. In Madrid, the Spanish populace rose in violent riots, demanding war against Germany. To avert actual clash of arms, Spain and Germany submitted the Carolina Question to Pope Leo XIII for arbitration.

The Holy Father, after careful study of the pertinent documents submitted by both parties, issued his decision on October 22, 1885 favoring Spain — recognizing Spain's sovereignty over the Carolines and Palaus, but granting two concessions to Germany — (1) the right to trade in the disputed archipelagoes and (2) the right to establish a coaling station in Yap for the German navy. Both Spain and Germany accepted the Papal decision, so that the Hispano-German War was aborted. It is interesting to recall that during the critical days of the Hispano-German imbroglio over the Carolines, Rizal was in Barcelona visiting his friend Maximo Viola. At the same time he wrote an article on the Carolina Question which was published in *La Publicidad*,[5] a newspaper owned by Don Miguel Morayta.

While the imperialist powers were enjoying the fruits of their colonial ventures and achieving global prestige, Spain, once upon a time the "mistress of the world," was stagnating as a world power. Gone with the winds of time was the dalliance of the imperial glory of her vanished *Siglo de Oro* (Golden Age). She lost her rich colonies in Latin America — Paraguay (1811), Argentina (1816), Chile (1817), Colombia and Ecuador (1819), the Central American countries (Costa Rica, Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador, and Nicaragua) in 1821, Venezuela (1822), Peru (1824), and Bolivia and Uruguay (1825). These former Spanish colonies had risen in arms against Spanish tyranny and achieved their independence. Evidently, Spain never learned a lesson from the loss of these colonies, for she continued a despotic rule in her remaining overseas colonies, including Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines.

During the times of Rizal, the sinister shadows of Spain's decadence darkened Philippine skies. The Filipino people agonized beneath the yoke of Spanish misrule, for they were unfortunate victims of the evils of an unjust, bigoted, and deteriorating colonial power. Among these evils were as follows: (1) Instability of colonial administration, (2) corrupt officialdom, (3) no Philippine representation in the Spanish Cortes, (4) human rights denied to Filipinos, (5) no equality before the law, (6) maladministration of justice, (7) racial discrimination, (8) frailocracy, (9) forced labor, (10) haciendas owned by the friars, and (11) the Guardia Civil.

Instability of Colonial Administration. The instability of Spanish politics since the turbulent reign of King Ferdinand VII (1808-1833) marked the beginning of political chaos in Spain. The Spanish government underwent frequent changes owing to bitter struggles between the forces of despotism and liberalism and the explosions of the Carlist Wars. From 1834 to 1862, Spain had adopted four constitutions, elected 28 parliaments, and installed no less than 529 ministers with portfolios; followed in subsequent years by party strifes, revolutions, and other political upheavals.[6]

This political instability in Spain adversely affected Philippine affairs because it brought about frequent periodic shifts in colonial policies and a periodic rigodon of colonial officials. For instance, from 1835 to 1897, the Philippines was ruled by 50 governors general, each serving an average term of only one year and three months.[7] At one time — from December 1853 to November 1854 — a period of less than a year, there were four governors-general.

To illustrate the confusing instability of Spanish politics and its inimical effect, an anecdote was told as follows: In the year 1850 a Spanish jurist, who was appointed oidor (magistrate) of the Royal Audiencia of Manila, left Madrid with his whole family and took the longer route via Cape of Good Hope, arriving in Manila after a leisurely trip of about six months. Much to his surprise and discomfiture, he found out that another jurist was already occupying his position. During the six months when he was leisurely cruising at sea, the ministry which appointed him

fell in Madrid, and the succeeding ministry named his successor. And this new jurist traveled faster, taking the shorter route via the Isthmus of Suez and reached Manila earlier.

The frequent change of colonial officials hampered the political and economic development of the Philippines. Hardly had one governor-general begun his administration when he was soon replaced by his successor. Naturally, no chief executive, no matter how able and energetic he was, could accomplish much for the colony.

Corrupt Colonial Officials. With few exceptions, the colonial officials (governors-general, judges, provincial executives, etc.) sent by Spain to the Philippines in the 19th century were a far cry from their able and dedicated predecessors of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. They were either highly corrupt, incompetent, cruel, or venal. Apparently, they symbolized the decadent Spain of the 19th century — not Spain of the *Siglo de Oro* which produced Miguel Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon de la Barca, El Greco (Domenico Theotocopuli), Velasquez, St. Theresa de Avila, and other glories of the Hispanic nation.

General Rafael de Izquierdo (1871-73), a boastful and ruthless governor general, aroused the anger of the Filipinos by executing the innocent Fathers Mariano Gomez, Jose Burgos, and Jacinto Zamora, the "Martyrs of 1872". His successor, Admiral Jose Malcampo (1874-77), was a good Moro fighter, but was an inept and weak administrator. General Fernando Primo de Rivera, governor general for two terms (1880-83 and 1897-98), enriched himself by accepting bribes from gambling casinos in Manila which he scandalously permitted to operate. General Valeriano Weyler (1888-91), a cruel and corrupt governor general of Hispanic-German ancestry, arrived in Manila a poor man and returned to Spain a millionaire. He received huge bribes and gifts of diamonds for his wife from wealthy Chinese who evaded the anti-Chinese law. The Filipinos scornfully called him "tyrant" because of his brutal persecution of the Calamba tenants, particularly the family of Dr. Rizal. The Cubans contemptuously cursed him as "The Butcher" because of his ruthless reconcentration policy during his brief governorship in Cuba in 1896, causing the death of thousands of Cubans. General Camilo de Polavieja (1896-97), an able militarist but heartless governor general, was widely detested by the Filipino people for executing Dr. Rizal.

Other Spanish colonial officials were of the same evil breed of men as the corrupt and degenerate governors-general mentioned above. After the loss of Mexico, Guatemala, Chile, Argentina, and other colonies in Latin America, numerous job-seekers and penniless Spanish sycophants came to the Philippines, where they became judges, provincial executives, army officers, and empleados (government employees). They were either relatives or proteges of civil officials and friars. Mostly ignorant and profligate, they conducted themselves with arrogance and superciliousness because of their alien white skin and tall noses. They became rich by illegal means or by marrying the heiresses of rich Filipino families.

As early as in 1810, Tomas de Comyn, Spanish writer and government official, bewailed the obnoxious fact that ignorant barbers and lackeys were appointed provincial governors, and rough sailors and soldiers were named district magistrates and garrison commanders.[8]

Philippine Representation in Spanish Cortes. To win the support of her overseas colonies during the Napoleonic invasion, Spain granted them representation in the Cortes (Spanish parliament). Accordingly, the Philippines experienced her first period of representation in the Cortes from 1810 to 1813. History demonstrates that the first Philippine delegate, Ventura de los Reyes, took active part in the framing of the Constitution of 1812, Spain's first democratic constitution, and was one of its 184 signers. This constitution was extended to the Philippines. Another achievement of Delegate De los Reyes was the abolition of the galleon trade.

The first period of Philippine representation in the Spanish Cortes (1810-1813) was thus fruitful with beneficent results for the welfare of the colony. However, the second period of representation (1820-23) and the third period (1834-37) were less fruitful because the Philippine delegates were not as energetic and devoted in parliamentary work as De los Reyes.

Unfortunately, the representation of the overseas colonies (including the Philippines) in the Spanish Cortes was abolished in 1837. Since then Philippine conditions worsened because there was

no means by which the Filipino people could expose the anomalies perpetrated by the colonial officials. Many Filipino patriots valiantly pleaded for the restoration of Philippine representation in the Cortes. One of them, the silver-tongued Graciano Lopez Jaena, implored in sonorous Castilian on October 12, 1883, during the 391st anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus in Madrid: "We want representation in the legislative chamber so that our aspirations may be known to the mother country and its government."[9] Lamentably Spain ignored the fervent plea of Lopez Jaena and his compatriots. Their grievance was embittered by the fact that Cuba and Puerto Rico were granted representation in the Cortes by the Spanish Constitution of 1876. Until the end of Spanish rule in 1898, Philippine representation in the Cortes was never restored.

No wonder, Jose Rizal, M.H. del Pilar, Graciano Lopez Jaena, and other youthful patriots launched the Propaganda Movement, which paved the way for the Philippine Revolution of 1896.

Human Rights Denied to Filipinos. Since the adoption of the Spanish Constitution of 1812 and other constitutions in succeeding years, the people of Spain enjoyed freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of association, and other human rights (except freedom of religion). The Spaniards ardently guarded these rights so that no Spanish monarch dared abolish them.

Strangely enough, the Spanish authorities who cherished these human rights or constitutional liberties in Spain denied them to the Filipinos in Asia. Such inconsistency was lamented by Sinibaldo de Mas, Spanish economist and diplomat, who wrote in 1843: "Why do we fall into an anomaly, such as combining our claim for liberty for ourselves, and our wish to impose our law on remote peoples? Why do we deny to others the benefit which we desire for our fatherland?"[10]

No Equality Before the Law. The Spanish missionaries, who introduced Christianity into the Philippines as early as in the 16th century, taught that all men, irrespective of color and race, are children of God and as such they are brothers, equal before God. Fascinated by this noble concept of human relations and convinced by the truths of the Christian faith, most Filipinos (except those in

the hinterlands of Luzon and the Visayas and in Mindanao and Sulu) became Christians.

In practice, however, the Spanish colonial authorities, who were Christians, did not implement Christ's precept of the brotherhood of all men under the fatherhood of God. Especially during the last decades of Hispanic rule, they arrogantly regarded the brown-skinned Filipinos as inferior beings, not their Christian brothers to be protected but rather as their majesty's subjects to be exploited. To their imperialist way of thinking, brown Filipinos and white Spaniards may be equal before God, but not before the law and certainly not in practice.

It is true that the *Leyes de Indias* (Laws of the Indies) were promulgated by the Christian monarchs of Spain to protect the rights of the natives in Spain's overseas colonies and to promote their welfare. However, these good colonial laws, infused as they were with Christian charity and justice, were rarely enforced by the officials in the distant colonies, particularly the Philippines. Consequently, the Filipinos were abused, brutalized, persecuted, and slandered by their Spanish masters. They could not appeal to the law for justice because the law, being dispensed by Spaniards, was only for the white Spaniards.

The Spanish Penal Code, which was enforced in the Philippines, particularly imposed heavier penalties on native Filipinos or mestizos and lighter penalties on white-complexioned Spaniards. This legal inequality was naturally resented by the Filipinos. As Professor Ferdinand Blumentritt wrote to Dr. Rizal in 1887: "The provision of the Penal Code that a heavier penalty will be imposed on the Indio or mestizo irritates me exceedingly, because it signifies that every person not born white is in fact a latent criminal. This is a very great injustice that seems enormous and unjust for being embodied in law."[11]

Maladministration of Justice. The courts of justice in the Philippines during Rizal's time were notoriously corrupt. Verily, they were courts of "injustice", as far as the brown Filipinos were concerned. The Spanish judges, fiscals (prosecuting attorneys), and other court officials were inept, venal, and oftentimes ignorant of law.

Justice was costly, partial, and slow. Poor Filipinos had no access to the courts because they could not afford the heavy

expenses of litigation. Wealth, social prestige, and color of skin were preponderant factors in winning a case in court. Irrespective of the weight of evidence, a rich man or a Spaniard, whose skin was white, easily achieved victory in any litigation.

To the Filipino masses, a litigation in court was a calamity. The expenses incurred even in a simple lawsuit often exceeded the value of the property at issue, so that in many instances the litigants found themselves impoverished at the end of the long tussle. Criminal cases dragged on for many years during which period either the delinquents took to flight, or the documents were lost.

The judicial procedure was so slow and clumsy that it was easy to have justice delayed. And justice delayed, as a popular maxim states, "is justice denied". Thus related John Foreman, a British eyewitness of the last years of Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines:[12]

> It was hard to get the judgment executed as it was to win the case. Even when the question at issue was supposed to be settled, a defect in the sentence could always be concocted to reopen the whole affair. If the case had been tried and judgment given under the Civil Code, a way was found to convert it into a Criminal Code, a flaw could be discovered under the Laws of the Indies, or the Siete Partidas, or the Roman Law, or the Novisima Recopilacion, or the Antiguos Fueros, Decrees, Royal Orders, Ordenanzas del Buen Gobierno, and so forth, by which the case could be reopened.

A specific instance of Spanish maladministration of justice was the infamous case of Juan de la Cruz in 1886-1898. On the night of June 7, 1886, two men were brutally killed in their sleep at the waterfront of Cavite. The next day a coxswain of a motor launch named Juan de la Cruz was arrested on mere suspicion of having perpetrated the murder. Without preliminary investigation and proper trial, he was jailed in Cavite, where he languished for twelve years. When the Americans landed in Cavite after the Battle of Manila Bay (May 1, 1898), they found him in jail still awaiting trial.[13]

Dr. Rizal and his family were victims of Spanish injustice. Twice, first in 1871 and second in 1891, Doña Teodora (Rizal's mother) was unjustly arrested and jailed on flimsy grounds. Rizal himself was deported in July, 1892 to Dapitan without benefit of a

trial. His brother Paciano and several brothers-in-law were exiled to various parts of the archipelago without due process of law. Like Fathers Mariano Gomez, Jose Burgos, and Jacinto Zamora, Rizal was executed — a noble victim of Spanish miscarriage of justice.

Racial Discrimination. Spain introduced Christianity into the Philippines with its beautiful egalitarian concept of the brotherhood of all men under God the Father. The Spanish authorities, civil as well as ecclesiastical, zealously propagated the Christian faith, but seldom practised its sublime tenets. They regarded the converted Filipinos not as brother Christians, but as inferior beings who were infinitely undeserving of the rights and privileges that the white Spaniards enjoyed.

With this unchristian attitude, many Spaniards and their mestizo satellites derisively called the brown-skinned and flat-nosed Filipinos "Indios" (Indians). In retaliation, the Filipinos jealously dubbed their pale-complexioned detractors with the disparaging term "bangus" (milkfish). During Rizal's time a white skin, a high nose, and Castilian lineage were a badge of vaunted superiority. Hence, a Spaniard or a mestizo, no matter how stupid or mongrel-born he was, always enjoyed political and social prestige in the community.

Racial prejudice was prevalent everywhere — in government offices, in the courts of justice, in the armed forces, in the social circles, and even in the educational institutions and in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. One of the shining stars of the Filipino clergy, Father Jose Burgos (1837-1872) bewailed the Spanish misconception that a man's merit depended on the pigment of his skin, the height of his nose, the color of his hair, and the shape of his skull; and complained of the lack of opportunities for educated young Filipinos to rise in the service of God and country. "Why for instance," he lamented, "shall a young man strive to rise in the profession of law or of theology, when he can vision no future for himself save that of obscurity and jaunty unconcern? What Filipino will aspire to the seats of the wise and will devote sleepless nights to such an ideal, when he clearly sees that his noblest feelings are crushed down in the unwelcome atmosphere of contumely and oblivion, and when he knows that among the privileged few only are dispensed the sinecures of honor and profit?"[14]

Frailocracy. Owing to the Spanish political philosophy of union of Church and State, there arose a unique form of government in Hispanic Philippines called "frailocracy" (*frailocracia*), so named because it was "a government by friars". History discloses that since the days of the Spanish conquest, the friars (Augustinians, Dominicans, and Franciscans) controlled the religious and educational life of the Philippines, and later in the 19th century they came to acquire tremendous political power, influence, and riches.

The friars practically ruled the Philippines through a facade of civil government. The colonial authorities, from the governor general down to the alcaldes mayores, were under the control of the friars. Almost every town in the archipelago, except in unpacified Islamic Mindanao and Sulu and in the pagan hinterlands, was ruled by a friar curate. Aside from his priestly duties, the friar was the supervisor of local elections, the inspector of schools and taxes, the arbiter of morals, the censor of books and comedias (stage plays), the superintendent of public works, and the guardian of peace and order. So great was his political influence that his recommendations were heeded by the governor-general and the provincial officials. He could send a patriotic Filipino to jail or denounce him as a filibustero (traitor) to be exiled to a distant place or to be executed as an enemy of God and Spain.

Rizal, M.H. del Pilar, G. Lopez Jaena, and other Filipino reformists assailed frailocracy, blaming it for the prevailing policy of obscurantism, fanaticism, and oppression in the country. Rizal, for instance, denounced the friars as the enemies of liberal reforms and modern progress in the Philippines.

Like the Roman god Janus, frailocracy had two faces. Its bad face was darkly portrayed by Rizal and his contemporaries by way of retaliation against certain evil-hearted friars who persecuted them. For the sake of historical truth, the other face of frailocracy, its good face, should be known. In the felicitous opinion of Dr. Jose P. Laurel, "it would be a gross ingratitude on the part of the Filipinos to be conscious only of the abuses of the friars, and to close their eyes to the beneficent influences of the ecclesiastical element on the life of the Filipinos" [15]

Credit must certainly be given to the Spanish friars for having introduced Christianity and European civilization into the Philippines. To them, the Filipinos owe a lasting debt of gratitude. Without their magnificent services the Filipino people would not have emerged from their past as a unique Christian nation, the only nation in Asia with an Oriental, Latin and Hispanic-American cultural heritage.

Of course, it is regrettable that not all Spanish friars who came to the Philippines were good men and worthy ministers of God. Among the bad friars who were recreant to their sublime calling and to the finest traditions of Iberian *pundonor* were Fray Miguel Lucio Bustamante, Fray Jose Rodriguez, Fray Antonio Piernavieja, and other renegade friars who were portrayed by Rizal in his novels as Padre Damaso and Padre Salvi and hilariously caricatured by Jaena as *Fray Botod*. These bad friars besmirched the noble escutcheon of Spain, tarnished the reputation of hundreds of their good brethren (including Fray Andres de Urdaneta, Fray Martin Rada, Fray Juan de Plasencia, Bishop Domingo de Salazar, Fray Francisco Blancas de San Jose, and Fray Miguel de Benavides), and aroused the bitter hatred of the Filipinos towards the Spanish religious orders.

Forced Labor. Known as the *polo*, it was the compulsory labor imposed by the Spanish colonial authorities on adult Filipino males in the construction of churches, schools, hospitals; building and repair of roads and bridges; the building of ships in the shipyards; and other public works.

Originally, Filipino males from 16 to 60 years old were obliged to render forced labor for 40 days a year. Later, the Royal Decree of July 12, 1883, implemented by the New Regulations promulgated by the Council of State of February 3, 1885, increased the minimum age of the polistas (those who performed the forced labor) from 16 to 18 and reduced the days of labor from 40 to 15. The same royal decree provided that not only native Filipinos, but also all male Spanish residents from 18 years old to 60 must render forced labor, but this particular provision was never implemented in the Philippines for obvious reasons. So actually the brown Filipinos did the dirty job of building or repairing the public works. The well-to-do among them were able to escape this manual labor by paying

the *falla*, which was a sum of money paid to the government to be exempted from the polo.

The Filipinos came to hate the forced labor because of the abuses connected with it. First of all, the white Spanish residents, contrary to law, were not recruited by the colonial authorities to perform the obligatory labor. Second, the Filipino *polistas*, according to law, were to receive a daily stipend of two pesetas (50 centavos) but actually received only a part of this amount and worse, they got nothing. And, thirdly, the annual forced labor caused so much inconvenience and suffering to the common people because it disturbed their work in farms and shops and also because they were sometimes compelled to work in construction projects far from their homes and towns.

A true incident of the hardship suffered by the Filipinos from forced labor was related by Rizal, as follows:[16]

> In the town of Los Baños a hospital was built by laborers snatched from all the towns of the province. Each laborer forced by the authorities was paid eight cuartos (five centavos) daily, the ordinary daily wage being two pesetas or four peales fuertes. In addition, sales and charity bazaars were held to defray the cost of the buildings. The architect was a Franciscan brother. The hospital was erected, a palace of the captain general was constructed, agriculture and the towns suffered for their construction. Why are the people who pay their taxes compelled to work gratis? Why do they pay taxes if they are not going to be allowed to live with their families? Do they pay taxes so that they will be enslaved? Will the money of the taxpayer be used to hire petty tyrants and not to attend to the demands of society? What? Is the Spanish flag perchance the flag of the slave trade?

Haciendas Owned by the Friars. During Rizal's times the Spanish friars belonging to different religious orders were the richest landlords, for they owned the best haciendas (agricultural lands) in the Philippines. The rural folks, who had been living in these haciendas and cultivating them generation after generation became tenants. Naturally, they resented the loss of their lands which belonged to their ancestors since pre-Spanish times; legally, however, the friars were recognized as legal owners of said lands because they obtained royal titles of ownership from

the Spanish crown. No wonder, these friar haciendas became hotbeds of agrarian revolts, in as much as the Filipino tenants regarded the friar owners as usurpers of their ancestral lands. One of these bloody agrarian revolts was the agrarian upheaval in 1745-1746.

As early as in 1768 Governor Anda, realizing the danger of the friar-owned haciendas to Filipino-Spanish relations, strongly recommended to the Madrid government the sale of the friar estates. Unfortunately, his wise recommendation was ignored. Filipino odium towards the friars, who turned hacienda owners, persisted unabated until the end of Spanish rule.

Rizal, whose family and relatives were tenants of the Dominican Estate of Calamba, tried to initiate agrarian reforms in 1887, but in vain. His advocacy of agrarian reforms ignited the wrath of the Dominican friars, who retaliated by raising the rentals of the lands leased by his family and other Calamba tenants.

According to Rizal, the friar ownership of the productive lands contributed to the economic stagnation of the Philippines during the Spanish period. In his famous essay "*Sobre la Indolencia de los Filipinos*" (Indolence of the Filipinos), he wrote:[17]

> The fact that the best plantations, the best tracts of land in some provinces . . . are in the hands of the religious corporations . . . is one of the reasons why many towns do not progress inspite of the efforts of their inhabitants. We will be met with the objection, as an argument on the other side, that those which do not belong to them. They surely are! Just as their brethren in Europe, in founding their convents, knew how to select the best valley, the best uplands for the cultivation of the vine or the production of beer, so also the Philippine monks have known how to select the best towns, the beautiful plains, the well-watered fields, to make of them rich plantations. For some time the friars have deceived many by making them believe that if these plantations were prospering, it was because they were under their care, and the indolence of the natives was thus emphasized; but they forgot that in some provinces where they have not been able to get possession of the best tracts of land, their plantations, like Bauan and Liang, are inferior

to Taal, Balayan and Lipa, regions cultivated entirely by the natives without any monkish interference whatsoever.

The Guardia Civil. The last hated symbol of Spanish tyranny was the Guardia Civil (Constabulary) which was created by the Royal Decree of February 12, 1852, as amended by the Royal Decree of March 24, 1888, for the purpose of maintaining internal peace and order in the Philippines. It was patterned after the famous and well-disciplined Guardia Civil in Spain.

While it is true that the Guardia Civil in the Philippines had rendered meritorious services in suppressing the bandits in the provinces, they later became infamous for their rampant abuses, such as maltreating innocent people, looting their carabaos, chickens, and valuable belongings, and raping helpless women. Both officers (Spaniards) and men (natives) were ill-trained and undisciplined, unlike the Guardia Civil in Spain who were respected and well-liked by the populace.

Rizal actually witnessed the atrocities committed by the Guardia Civil on the Calamba folks. He himself and his mother had been victims of the brutalities of the lieutenant of the Guardia Civil.

It was natural that Rizal directed his stinging satire against the hated Guardia Civil. Through Elias in *Noli Me Tangere*, he exposed the Guardia Civil as a bunch of ruthless ruffians good only "for disturbing the peace" and "persecuting honest men". He proposed to improve the military organization by having it be composed of good men who possessed education and good principles and who were conscious of the limitations and responsibilities of authority and power. "So much power in the hands of men, ignorant men filled with passions, without moral training, of untried principles," he said through Elias, "is a weapon in the hands of a madman in a defenseless multitude."

* * * * *

Chapter 1
Advent of A National Hero

Dr. Jose Rizal is a unique example of a *many-splendored genius* who became the greatest hero of a nation. Endowed by God with versatile gifts, he truly ranked with the world's geniuses. He was a physician (ophthalmic surgeon), poet, dramatist, essayist, novelist, historian, architect, painter, sculptor, educator, linguist, musician, naturalist, ethnologist, surveyor, engineer, farmer businessman, economist, geographer, cartographer, bibliophile, philologist, grammarian, folklorist, philosopher, translator, inventor, magician, humorist, satirist, polemicist, sportsman, traveler, and prophet. Above and beyond all these, he was a hero and political martyr who consecrated his life for the redemption of his oppressed people. No wonder, he is now acclaimed as the national hero of the Philippines.

The Birth of a Hero. Jose Rizal was born on the moonlit night of Wednesday, June 19, 1861, in the lakeshore town of Calamba, Laguna Province, Philippines. His mother almost died during the delivery because of his big head. As he recounted many years later in his student memoirs: "I was born in Calamba on 19 June, 1861, between eleven and midnight, a few days before full moon. It was a Wednesday and my coming out in this vale of tears would have cost my mother her life had she not vowed to the virgin of Antipolo to take me to her sanctuary by way of pilgrimage."[1]

He was baptized in the Catholic church of his town on June 22, aged three days old, by the parish priest, Father Rufino Collantes, who was a Batangueño. His godfather (*ninong*) was Father Pedro Casañas, native of Calamba and close friend of the Rizal family. His name "Jose" was chosen by his mother who was a devotee of the Christian saint *San Jose* (St. Joseph).

During the christening ceremony Father Collantes was impressed by the baby's big head, and told the members of the family who were present: "Take good care of this child, for someday he will become a great man." His words proved to be prophetic, as confirmed by subsequent events.

The baptismal certificate of Rizal reads as follows:

> "I, the undersigned parish priest of Calamba, certify that from the investigation made with proper authority, for replacing the parish books which were burned September 28, 1862, to be found in Docket No.1 of Baptisms, p. 49, it appears by the sworn testimony of competent witnesses that JOSE RIZAL MERCADO is the legitimate son, and of lawful wedlock, of Don Francisco Rizal Mercado and Doña Teodora Realonda, having been baptized in this parish on the 22nd day of June in the year 1861, by the parish priest Rev. Rufino Collantes, Rev. Pedro Casanas being his godfather. — Witness my signature.
>
> (Signed): LEONCIO LOPEZ

It should be noted that at the time Rizal was born, the governor general of the Philippines was Lieutenant-General Jose Lemery, former senator of Spain (member of the upper chamber of the Spanish Cortes). He governed the Philippines from February 2, 1861 to July 7, 1862. Incidentally, on the same date of Rizal's birth (June 19, 1861), he sent an official dispatch to the Ministry of War and the Ministry of Ultramar in Madrid, denouncing Sultan Pulalun of Sulu and several powerful Moro datus for fraternizing with a British consul. Among his achievements as governor general were (1) fostering the cultivation of cotton in the provinces and (2) establishing the politico-military governments in the Visayas and in Mindanao.

Rizal's Parents. Jose Rizal was the seventh of the eleven children of Francisco Mercado Rizal and Teodora Alonso Realonda. The hero's father, Francisco (1818-1898) was born in Biñan, Laguna, on May 11, 1818. He studied Latin and Philosophy at the College of San Jose in Manila. In early manhood, following his parent's death, he moved to Calamba and became a tenant-farmer of the Dominican-owned hacienda. He was a hardy and independent-minded man, who talked less and worked more, and was strong in body and valiant in spirit. He

died in Manila on January 5, 1898, at the age of 80. In his student memoirs, Rizal affectionately called him "a model of fathers" [2]

Doña Teodora (1826-1911), the hero's mother, was born in Manila on November 8, 1826 and was educated at the College of Santa Rosa, a well-known college for girls in the city. She was a remarkable woman, possessing refined culture, literary talent, business ability, and the fortitude of Spartan women. Rizal lovingly said of her: "My mother is a woman of more than ordinary culture; she knows literature and speaks Spanish better than I. She corrected my poems and gave me good advice when I was studying rhetoric. She is a mathematician and has read many books."[3] Doña Teodora died in Manila on August 16, 1911, at the age of 85. Shortly before her death, the Philippine government offered her a life pension. She courteously rejected it saying, "My family has never been patriotic for money. If the government has plenty of funds and does not know what to do with them, better reduce the taxes." Such remarks truly befitted her as a worthy mother of a national hero.

The Rizal Children. God blessed the marriage of Francisco Mercado Rizal and Teodora Alonso Realonda with eleven children — two boys and nine girls. These children were as follows:

1. Saturnina (1850-1913) — oldest of the Rizal children, nicknamed Neneng; she married Manuel T. Hidalgo of Tanawan, Batangas.

2. Paciano (1851-1930) — older brother and confidant of Jose Rizal; after his younger brother's execution, he joined the Philippine Revolution and became a combat general; after the Revolution, he retired to his farm in Los Baños, where he lived as a gentleman farmer and died on April 13, 1930, an old bachelor aged 79. He had two children by his mistress (Severina Decena) — a boy and a girl.

3. Narcisa (1852-1939) — her pet name was Sisa and she married Antonio Lopez (nephew of Father Leoncio Lopez), a school teacher of Morong.

4. Olimpia (1855-1887) — Ypia was her pet name; she married Silvestre Ubaldo, a telegraph operator from Manila.

5. Lucia (1857-1919) — She married Mariano Herbosa of Calamba, who was a nephew of Father Casanas. Herbosa died of cholera in 1889 and was denied Christian burial because he was a brother-in-law of Dr. Rizal.

6. Maria (1859-1945) — Biang was her nickname; she married Daniel Faustino Cruz of Biñan, Laguna.

7. JOSE (1861-1896) — the greatest Filipino hero and peerless genius; his nickname was Pepe; during his exile in Dapitan he lived with Josephine Bracken, Irish girl from Hong Kong; he had a son by her, but this baby-boy died a few hours after birth; Rizal named him "Francisco" after his father and buried him in Dapitan.

8. Concepcion (1862-1865) — her pet name was Concha; she died of sickness at the age of 3; her death was Rizal's first sorrow in life.

9. Josefa (1865-1945) — her pet name was Panggoy; she died an old maid at the age of 80.

10. Trinidad (1868-1951) — Trining was her pet name; she died also an old maid in 1951 aged 83.

11. Soledad (1870-1929) — youngest of the Rizal children; her pet name was Choleng; she married Pantaleon Quintero of Calamba.

Sibling relationship among the Rizal children was affectionately cordial. As a little boy, Rizal used to play games with his sisters. Although he had boyish quarrels with them he respected them. Years later when he grew to manhood, he always called them Doña or Señora (if married) and Señorita (if single). For instance, he called his older sister "Doña Ypia," his oldest sister "Señora Saturnina," and his unmarried sisters "Señorita Josefa" and "Señorita Trinidad."

Rizal's relation with his only brother Paciano, who was ten years his senior, was more than that of younger to older brother. Paciano was a second father to him. Throughout his life, Rizal respected him and greatly valued his sagacious advice. He immortalized him in his first novel *Noli Me Tangere* as the wise Pilosopo Tasio. In a letter to Blumentritt, written in London on June 23, 1888, he regarded Paciano as the "most noble of Filipinos" and "though an *Indio*, more generous and noble than all the Spaniards put together"[4]. And in a subsequent letter also written to Blumentritt and dated London, October 12, 1888, he spoke of his beloved older brother, as follows: "He is much finer and more serious than I am; he is bigger and more slim; he is not so dark; his nose is fine, beautiful and sharp; but he is bow-legged."[5]

Rizal's Ancestry. As a typical Filipino, Rizal was a product of the mixture of races.[6] In his veins flowed the blood of both East and West — Negrito, Indonesian, Malay, Chinese, Japanese, and Spanish. Predominantly, he was a Malayan and was a magnificent specimen of Asian manhood. Rizal's great-great grandfather on his father's side was Domingo Laméo, a Chinese immigrant from the Fukien city of Changchow, who arrived in Manila about 1690. He became a Christian, married a well-to-do Chinese Christian girl of Manila named Ines de la Rosa, and assumed in 1731 the surname Mercado which was appropriate for him because he was a merchant. The Spanish term mercado means "market" in English. Domingo Mercado and Ines de la Rosa had a son, Francisco Mercado, who resided in Biñan, married a Chinese-Filipino mestiza, Cirila Bernacha, and was elected *gobernadorcillo* (municipal mayor) of the town. One of their sons, Juan Mercado (Rizal's grandfather), married Cirila Alejandro, a Chinese-Filipino mestiza. Like his father, he was elected governadorcillo of Biñan. *Capitan* Juan and *Capitana* Cirila had thirteen children, the youngest being Francisco Mercado, Rizal's father.

At the age of eight, Francisco Mercado lost his father and grew up to manhood under the care of his mother. He studied Latin and Philosophy in the College of San Jose in Manila. While studying in Manila, he met and fell in love with Teodora Alonso Realonda, a student in the College of Santa Rosa. They were married on June 28, 1848, after which they settled down in Calamba, where they engaged in farming and business and reared a big family.

It is said that Doña Teodora's family descended from Lakan-Dula, the last native king of Tondo. Her great-grandfather (Rizal's maternal great-great-grandfather) was Eugenio Ursua (of Japanese ancestry), who married a Filipina named Benigna (surname unknown). Their daughter, Regina, married Manuel de Quintos, a Filipino-Chinese lawyer from Pangasinan. One of the daughters of Attorney Quintos and Regina was Brigida, who married Lorenzo Alberto Alonso, a prominent Spanish-Filipino

mestizo of Biñan. Their children were Narcisa, Teodora (Rizal's mother), Gregorio, Manuel, and Jose.

The Surname Rizal. The real surname of the Rizal family was Mercado, which was adopted in 1731 by Domingo Lamco (the paternal great-great-grandfather of Jose Rizal), who was a full-blooded Chinese. Rizal's family acquired a second surname — Rizal — which was given by a Spanish *alcalde mayor* (provincial governor) of Laguna, who was a family friend. Thus said Dr. Rizal, in his letter to Blumentritt (without date or place):[7]

> I am the only Rizal because at home my parents, my sisters, my brother, and my relatives have always preferred our old surname Mercado. Our family name was in fact Mercado, but there were many Mercados in the Philippines who are not related to us. It is said that an alcalde mayor, who was a friend of our family added Rizal to our name. My family did not pay much attention to this, but now I have to use it. In this way, it seems that I am an illegitimate son.

"Whoever that Spanish alcalde mayor was," commented Ambassador Leon Ma. Guerrero, distinguished Rizalist and diplomat, "his choice was prophetic for Rizal in Spanish means a field where wheat, cut while still green, sprouts again."[8]

The Rizal Home. The house of the Rizal family, where the hero was born, was one of the distinguished stone houses in Calamba during Spanish times. It was a two-storey building, rectangular in shape, built of adobe stones and hard-woods, and roofed with red tiles. It is described by Dr. Rafael Palma, one of Rizal's prestigious biographers, as follows:[9]

> The house was high and even sumptuous, a solid and massive earthquake-proof structure with sliding shell windows. Thick walls of lime and stone bounded the first floor; the second floor was made entirely of wood except for the roof, which was of red tile, in the style of the buildings in Manila at that time . . . At the back there was an azotea and a wide, deep cistern to hold rain water for home use.

Behind the house were the poultry yard full of turkeys and chickens and a big garden of tropical fruit trees — *atis, balimbing, chico, macopa, papaya, santol, tampoy,* etc.

It was a happy home where parental affection and children's laughter reigned. By day, it hummed with the noises of children at play and the songs of the birds in the garden. By night, it echoed with the dulcet notes of family prayers.

Such a wholesome home, naturally, bred a wholesome family. And such a family was the Rizal family.

A Good and Middle-Class Family. The Rizal family belonged to the *principalia,* a town aristocracy in Spanish Philippines. It was one of the distinguished families in Calamba. By dint of honest and hard work and frugal living, Rizal's parents were able to live well. From the farms, which were rented from the Dominican Order, they harvested rice, corn, and sugarcane. They raised pigs, chickens, and turkeys in their backyard. In addition to farming and stockraising, Doña Teodora managed a general goods store and operated a small flour-mill and a home-made ham press.

As evidence of their affluence, Rizal's parents were able to build a large stone house which was situated near the town church and to buy another one. They owned a carriage, which was a status symbol of the *ilustrados* in Spanish Philippines and a private library (the largest in Calamba) which consisted of more than 1,000 volumes. They sent their children to the colleges in Manila. Combining affluence and culture, hospitality and courtesy, they participated prominently in all social and religious affairs in the community. They were gracious hosts to all visitors and guests — friars, Spanish officials, and Filipino friends — during the town fiestas and other holidays. Beneath their roof, all guests irrespective of their color, rank, social position, and economic status, were welcome.

Home Life of the Rizals. The Rizal family had a simple, contented, and happy life. In consonance with Filipino custom, family ties among the Rizals were intimately close. Don Francisco and Doña Teodora loved their children, but they never spoiled them. They were strict parents and they trained their children to love God, to behave well, to be obedient, and to respect people, especially the old folks. Whenever the children, including Jose Rizal, got into mischief, they were given a sound spanking. Evidently, they believed in the maxim: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

Every day the Rizals (parents and children) heard Mass in the town church, particularly during Sundays and Christian holidays. They prayed together daily at home — the Angelus at sunset and the Rosary before retiring to bed at night. After the family prayers, all the children kissed the hands of their parents.

Life was not, however, all prayers and church services for the Rizal children. They were given ample time and freedom to play by their strict and religious parents. They played merrily in the *azotea* or in the garden by themselves. The older ones were allowed to play with the children of other families.

* * * * *

Chapter 2
Childhood Years in Calamba

Jose Rizal had many beautiful memories of childhood in his native town. He grew up in a happy home, ruled by good parents, bubbling with joy, and sanctified by God's blessings. His natal town of Calamba, so named after a big native jar, was a fitting cradle for a hero. Its scenic beauties and its industrious, hospitable, and friendly folks impressed him during his childhood years and profoundly affected his mind and character. The happiest period of Rizal's life was spent in this lakeshore town, a worthy prelude to his Hamlet-like tragic manhood.

Calamba, the Hero's Town. Calamba was an hacienda town which belonged to the Dominican Order, which also owned all the lands around it. It is a picturesque town nestling on a verdant plain covered with irrigated ricefields and sugar-lands. A few kilometers to the south looms the legendary Mount Makiling in somnolent grandeur, and beyond this mountain is the province of Batangas. East of the town is the Laguna de Bay, an inland lake of songs and emerald waters beneath the canopy of azure skies. In the middle of the lake towers the storied island of Talim, and beyond it towards the north is the distant Antipolo, famous mountain shrine of the miraculous Lady of Peace and Good Voyage.

Rizal loved Calamba with all his heart and soul. In 1876, when he was 15 years old and was a student in the Ateneo de Manila, he remembered his beloved town. Accordingly, he wrote a poem *Un Recuerdo A Mi Pueblo* (In Memory of My Town), as follows:[1]

When early childhood's happy days
In memory I see once more
Along the lovely verdant shore

That meets a gently murmuring sea;
When I recall the whisper soft
Of zephyrs dancing on my brow
With cooling sweetness, even now
New luscious life is born in me.

When I behold the lily white
That sways to do the wind's command,
While gently sleeping on the sand
The stormy water rests awhile;
When from the flowers there softly breathes
A bouquet ravishingly sweet,
Out-poured the newborn dawn to meet,
As on us she begins to smile.

With sadness I recall. . . recall
Thy face, in precious infancy,
Oh mother, friend most dear to me,
Who gave to life a wondrous charm.
I yet recall a village plain,
My joy, my family, my boon,
Besides the freshly cool lagoon, —
The spot for which my heart beats warm.

Ah yes! my footsteps insecure
In your dark forests deeply sank;
And there by every river's bank
I found refreshment and delight;
Within that rustic temple prayed
With childhood's simple faith unfeigned
While cooling breezes, pure, unstained,
Would send my heart on rapturous flight.

I saw the Maker in the grandeur
Of your ancient hoary wood,
Ah, never in your refuge could
A mortal by regret be smitten;
And while upon your sky of blue
I gaze, no love nor tenderness
Could fail, for here on nature's dress
My happiness itself was written.

Ah, tender childhood, lovely town,
Rich fount of my felicities,
Oh those harmonious melodies
Which put to flight all dismal hours,
Come back to my heart once more!

Come back, gentle hours, I yearn!
Come back as the birds return,
At the budding of the flowers!

Alas, farewell! Eternal vigil I keep
For thy peace, thy bliss, and tranquility,
O Genius of good, so kind!
Give me these gifts, with charity.
To thee are my fervent vows, —
To thee I cease not to sigh
These to learn, and I call to the sky
To have thy sincerity.

Earliest Childhood Memories. The first memory of Rizal, in his infancy, was his happy days in the family garden when he was three years old. Because he was a frail, sickly, and undersized child, he was given the tenderest care by his parents. His father built a little nipa cottage in the garden for him to play in in the daytime. A kind old woman was employed as an *aya* (nurse maid) to look after his comfort. At times, he was left alone to muse on the beauties of nature or to play by himself. In his boyhood memoirs, he narrated how he, at the age of three, watched from his garden cottage, the *culiauan*, the *maya*, the *maria capra*, the *martin*, the *pipit*, and other birds and listened "with wonder and joy" to their twilight songs.

Another childhood memory was the daily Angelus prayer. By nightfall, Rizal related, his mother gathered all the children at the house to pray the Angelus.

With nostalgic feeling, he also remembered the happy moonlit nights at the *azotea* after the nightly Rosary. The *aya* related to the Rizal children (including Jose) many stories about the fairies; tales of buried treasure and trees blooming with diamonds, and other fabulous stories. The imaginary tales told by the aya aroused in Rizal an enduring interest in legends and folklore. Sometimes, when he did not like to take his supper, the *aya* would threaten him that the *asuang*, the *nuno*, the *tigbalang*, or a terrible bearded and turbaned Bombay would come to take him away if he would not eat his supper.

Another memory of his infancy was the nocturnal walk in the town, especially when there was a moon. The *aya* took him for a walk in the moonlight by the river, where the trees cast grotesque

shadows on the bank. Recounting this childhood experience in his student memoirs, Rizal wrote: "Thus my heart fed on sombre and melancholic thoughts so that even while still a child, I already wandered on wings of fantasy in the high regions of the unknown."[2]

The Hero's First Sorrow. The Rizal children were bound together by ties of love and companionship. They were well-bred, for their parents taught them to love and help one another.

Of his sisters, Jose loved most the little Concha (Concepcion). He was a year older than Concha. He played with her and from her he learned the sweetness of sisterly love.

Unfortunately, Concha died of sickness in 1865 when she was only three years old. Jose, who was very fond of her, cried bitterly at losing her. "When I was four years old," he said, "I lost my little sister Concha, and then for the first time I shed tears caused by love and grief. . ."[3] The death of little Concha brought him his first sorrow.

Devoted Son of the Church. A scion of a Catholic clan, born and bred in a wholesome atmosphere of Catholicism, and possessed of an inborn pious spirit, Rizal grew up a good Catholic.

At the age of three, he began to take part in the family prayers. His mother, who was a devout Catholic, taught him the Catholic prayers. When he was five years old, he was able to read haltingly the Spanish family Bible.

He loved to go to church, to pray, to take part in novenas, and to join the religious processions. It is said that he was so seriously devout that he was laughingly called *Manong* Jose by the *Hermanos* and *Hermanas Terceras*.

One of the men he esteemed and respected in Calamba during his boyhood was the scholarly Father Leoncio Lopez, the town priest. He used to visit this learned Filipino priest and listen to his stimulating opinions on current events and sound philosophy of life.

Pilgrimage to Antipolo. On June 6, 1868, Jose and his father left Calamba to go on a pilgrimage to Antipolo, in order to fulfill his mother's vow which was made when Jose was born. Doña Teodora could not accompany them because she had given birth to Trinidad.

It was the first trip of Jose across Laguna de Bay and his first pilgrimage to Antipolo. He and his father rode in a *casco* (barge). He was thrilled, as a typical boy should, by his first lake voyage. He did not sleep the whole night as the *casco* sailed towards the Pasig River because he was awed by "the magnificence of the watery expanse and the silence of the night." Writing many years later of this experience, he said: "With what pleasure I saw the sunrise; for the first time I saw how the luminous rays shone, producing a brilliant effect on the ruffled surface of the wide lake."[4]

After praying at the shrine of the Virgin of Antipolo, Jose and his father went to Manila. It was the first time Jose saw Manila. They visited Saturnina, who was then a boarding student at La Concordia College in Santa Ana.

The Story of the Moth. Of the stories told by Doña Teodora to her favorite son, Jose, that of the young moth made the profoundest impression on him. Speaking of this incident, Rizal wrote:[5]

> One night, all the family, except my mother and myself, went to bed early. Why, I do not know, but we two remained sitting alone. The candles had already been put out. They had been blown out in their globes by means of a curved tube of tin. That tube seemed to me the finest and most wonderful plaything in the world. The room was dimly lighted by a single light of coconut oil. In all Filipino homes such a light burns through the night. It goes out just at day-break to awaken people by its spluttering.
>
> My mother was teaching me to read in a Spanish reader called "The Children's Friend" (*El Amigo de los Niños*). This was quite a rare book and an old copy. It had lost its cover and my sister had cleverly made a new one. She had fastened a sheet of thick blue paper over the back and then covered it with a piece of cloth.
>
> This night my mother became impatient with hearing me read so poorly. I did not understand Spanish and so I could not read with expression. She took the book from me. First she scolded me for drawing funny pictures on its pages. Then she told me to listen and she began to read. When her sight was good, she read very well. She could recite well, and she understood verse-making, too. Many times during Christmas vacations, my mother corrected my poetical compositions, and she always made valuable criticisms.

I listened to her, full of childish enthusiasm. I marvelled at the nice-sounding phrases which she read from those same pages. The phrases she read so easily stopped me at every breath. Perhaps I grew tired of listening to sounds that had no meaning for me. Perhaps I lacked self-control. Anyway, I paid little attention to the reading. I was watching the cheerful flame. About it, some little moths were circling in playful flights. By chance, too, I yawned. My mother soon noticed that I was not interested. She stopped reading. Then she said to me: "I am going to read you a very pretty story. Now pay attention."

On hearing the word 'story' I at once opened my eyes wide. The word 'story' promised something new and wonderful. I watched my mother while she turned the leaves of the book, as if she were looking for something. Then I settled down to listen. I was full of curiosity and wonder. I had never even dreamed that there were stories in the old book which I read without understanding. My mother began to read me the fable of the young moth and the old one. She translated it into Tagalog a little at a time.

My attention increased from the first sentence. I looked toward the light and fixed my gaze on the moths which were circling around it. The story could not have been better timed. My mother repeated the warning of the old moth. She dwelt upon it and directed it to me. I heard her, but it is a curious thing that the light seemed to me each time more beautiful, the flame more attractive. I really envied the fortune of the insects. They frolicked so joyously in its enchanting splendor that the ones which had fallen and been drowned in the oil did not cause me any dread.

My mother kept on reading and I listened breathlessly. The fate of the two insects interested me greatly. The flame rolled its golden tongue to one side and a moth which this movement had singed fell into the oil, fluttered for a time and then became quiet. That became for me a great event. A curious change came over me which I have always noticed in myself whenever anything has stirred my feelings. The flame and the moth seemed to go farther away and my mother's words sounded strange and uncanny. I did not notice when she ended the fable. All my attention was fixed on the face of the insect. I watched it with my whole soul. . . It had died a martyr to its illusions.

As she put me to bed, my mother said: "See that you do not behave like the young moth. Don't be disobedient, or you may get burnt as it did." I do not know whether I answered or not. . . The story revealed to me things until then unknown. Moths no longer were, for me, insignificant insects. Moths talked; they knew how to warn. They advised just liked my mother. The light seemed to me more beautiful. It had grown more dazzling and more attractive. I knew why the moths circled the flame.

The tragic fate of the young moth, which "died a martyr to its illusions," left a deep impress on Rizal's mind. He justified such noble death, asserting that "to sacrifice one's life for it," meaning for an ideal, is "worthwhile." And, like that young moth, he was fated to die as a martyr for a noble ideal.

Artistic Talents. Since early childhood Rizal revealed his God-given talent for art. At the age of five, he began to make sketches with his pencil and to mould in clay and wax objects which attracted his fancy.

It is said that one day, when Jose was a mere boy in Calamba, a religious banner which was always used during the fiesta was spoiled. Upon the request of the town mayor, he painted in oil colors a new banner that delighted the town folks because it was better than the original one.

Jose had the soul of a genuine artist. Rather an introvert child, with a skinny physique and sad dark eyes, he found great joy looking at the blooming flowers, the ripening fruits, the dancing waves of the lake, and the milky clouds in the sky; and listening to the songs of the birds, the chirpings of the cicadas, and the murmurings of the breezes. He loved to ride on a spirited pony which his father bought for him and take long walks in the meadows and lakeshore with his black dog named Usman.

One interesting anecdote about Rizal was the incident about his clay and wax images. One day when he was about six years old his sisters laughed at him for spending so much time making those images rather than participating in their games. He kept silent as they laughed with childish glee. But as they were departing, he told them: "All right laugh at me now! Someday when I die, people will make monuments and images of me!"

First Poem by Rizal. Aside from his sketching and sculpturing talent, Rizal possessed a God-given gift for literature. Since early boyhood he had scribbled verses on loose sheets of paper and on the textbooks of his sisters. His mother, who was a lover of literature, noticed his poetic inclination and encouraged him to write poetry.

At the age of eignt, Rizal wrote his first poem in the native language entitled *Sa Aking Mga Kababata* (To My Fellow Children), as follows:[6]

TO MY FELLOW CHILDREN

Whenever people of a country truly love
The language which by heav'n they were taught to use
That country also surely liberty pursue
As does the bird which soars to freer space above.

For language is the final judge and referee
Upon the people in the land where it holds sway;
In truth our human race resembles in this way
The other living beings born in liberty.

Whoever knows not how to love his native tongue
Is worse than any beast or evil smelling fish.
To make our language richer ought to be our wish
The same as any mother loves to feed her young.

Tagalog and the Latin language are the same
And English and Castilian and the angels' tongue;
And God, whose watchful care o'er all is flung,
Has given us His blessing in the speech we claim,

Our mother tongue, like all the highest that we know
Had alphabet and letters of its very own;
But these were lost — by furious waves were overthrown
Like bancas in the stormy sea, long years ago.

This poem reveals Rizal's earliest nationalist sentiment. In poetic verses, he proudly proclaimed that a people who truly love their native language will surely strive for liberty like "the bird which soars to freer space above" and that Tagalog is the equal of Latin, English, Spanish, and any other language.

First Drama by Rizal. After writing the poem *To My Fellow Children*, Rizal, who was then eight years old, wrote his first dramatic work which was a Tagalog comedy. It is said that it

was staged in a Calamba festival and was delightfully applauded by the audience.

A gobernadorcillo from Paete, a town in Laguna famous for lanzones and woodcarvings, happened to witness the comedy and liked it so much that he purchased the manuscript for two pesos and brought it to his home town. It was staged in Paete during its town fiesta.

Rizal as Boy Magician. Since early manhood Rizal had been interested in magic. With his dexterous hands, he learned various tricks, such as making a coin appear or disappear in his fingers and making a handkerchief vanish in thin air. He entertained his town folks with magic-lantern exhibitions. This consisted of an ordinary lamp casting its shadow on a white screen. He twisted his supple fingers into fantastic shapes, making their enlarged shadows on the screen resemble certain animals and persons. He also gained skill in manipulating marionettes (puppet shows).

In later years when he attained manhood, he continued his keen predilection for magic. He read many books on magic and attended the performances of the famous magicians of the world. In Chapter XVII and XVIII of his second novel, *El Filibusterismo* (Treason), he revealed his wide knowledge of magic.

Lakeshore Reveries. During the twilight hours of summertime Rizal, accompanied by his pet dog, used to meditate at the shore of Laguna de Bay on the sad conditions of his oppressed people. Years later, he related:[7]

> I spent many, many hours of my childhood down on the shore of the lake, Laguna de Bay. I was thinking of what was beyond. I was dreaming of what might be over on the other side of the waves. Almost every day, in our town, we saw the Guardia Civil lieutenant caning and injuring some unarmed and inoffensive villagers. The villager's only fault was that while at a distance he had not taken off his hat and made his bow. The alcalde treated the poor villagers in the same way whenever he visited us.
>
> We saw no restraint put upon brutality. Acts of violence and other excesses were committed daily . . . I asked myself if, in the lands which lay across the lake, the people lived in this same way. I wondered if there they tortured any countryman with hard and cruel whips merely on suspicion.

Did they there respect the home? Or ever yonder also, in order to live in peace, would one have to bribe tyrants?

Young though he was, he grieved deeply over the unhappy situation of his beloved fatherland. The Spanish misdeeds awakened in his boyish heart a great determination to fight tyranny. When he became a man, many years later, he wrote to his friend, Mariano Ponce: "In view of these injustices and cruelties, although yet a child, my imagination was awakened and I made a vow dedicating myself someday to avenge the many victims. With this idea in my mind, I studied, and this is seen in all my writings. Someday God will give me the opportunity to fulfill my promise."[8]

Influences on the Hero's Boyhood. On the night Jose Rizal was born, other children were born in Calamba and hundreds of other children were also born all over the Philippines. But why is it that out of all these children, only one boy — JOSE RIZAL — rose to fame and greatness?

In the lives of all men there are influences which cause some to be great and others not. In the case of Rizal, he had all the favorable influences, few other children in his time enjoyed. These influences were the following: (1) hereditary influence, (2) environmental influence, and (3) aid of Divine Providence.

1. Hereditary Influence: According to biological science, there are inherent qualities which a person inherits from his ancestors and parents. From his Malayan ancestors, Rizal, evidently, inherited his love for freedom, his innate desire to travel, and his indomitable courage. From his Chinese ancestors, he derived his serious nature, frugality, patience, and love for children. From his Spanish ancestors, he got his elegance of bearing, sensitivity to insult, and gallantry to ladies. From his father, he inherited a profound sense of self-respect, the love for work, and the habit of independent thinking. And from his mother, he inherited his religious nature, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and the passion for arts and literature.

2. Environmental Influence: According to psychologists, environment, as well as heredity, affects the nature of a person. Environmental influence includes places, associates, and events. The scenic beauties of Calamba and the beautiful garden of the

Rizal family stimulated the inborn artistic and literary talents of Jose Rizal. The religious atmosphere at his home fortified his religious nature. His brother, Paciano, instilled in his mind the love for freedom and justice. From his sisters, he learned to be courteous and kind to women. The fairy tales told by his *aya* during his early childhood awakened his interest in folklore and legends.

His three uncles, brothers of his mother, exerted a good influence on him. *Tio* Jose Alberto, who had studied for eleven years in a British school in Calcutta, India, and had traveled in Europe inspired him to develop his artistic ability. *Tio* Manuel, a husky and athletic man, encouraged him to develop his frail body by means of physical exercises, including horse riding, walking, and wrestling. And *Tio* Gregorio, a book lover, intensified his voracious reading of good books.

Father Leoncio Lopez, the old and learned parish priest of Calamba, fostered Rizal's love for scholarship and intellectual honesty.

The sorrows in his family, such as the death of Concha in 1865 and the imprisonment of his mother in 1871-74, contributed to strengthen his character, enabling him to resist blows of adversity in later years. The Spanish abuses and cruelties which he witnessed in his boyhood, such as the brutal acts of the lieutenant of the Guardia Civil and the alcalde, the unjust tortures inflicted on innocent Filipinos, and the execution of Fathers Gomez, Burgos, and Zamora in 1872, awakened his spirit of patriotism and inspired him to consecrate his life and talents to redeem his oppressed people.

3. Aid of Divine Providence: Greater than heredity and environment in the fate of man is the aid of Divine Providence. A person may have everything in life — brains, wealth, and power — but, without the aid of Divine Providence, he cannot attain greatness in the annals of the nation. Rizal was providentially destined to be the pride and glory of his nation. God had endowed him with the versatile gifts of a genius, the vibrant spirit of a nationalist, and the valiant heart to sacrifice for a noble cause.

* * * * *

Chapter 3
Early Education in Calamba and Biñan

Rizal had his early education in Calamba and Biñan. It was a typical schooling that a son of an *ilustrado* family received during his time, characterized by the four R's — reading, writing, arithmetic, and religion. Instruction was rigid and strict. Knowledge was forced into the minds of the pupils by means of the tedius memory method aided by the teacher's whip. Despite the defects of the Spanish system of elementary education, Rizal was able to acquire the necessary instruction preparatory for college work in Manila and abroad. It may be said that Rizal, who was born a physical weakling, rose to become an intellectual giant not because of, but rather in spite of, the outmoded and backward system of instruction obtaining in the Philippines during the last decades of Spanish regime.

The Hero's First Teacher. The first teacher of Rizal was his mother, who was a remarkable woman of good character and fine culture. On her lap, he learned at the age of three the alphabet and the prayers. "My mother," wrote Rizal in his student memoirs, "taught me how to read and to say haltingly the humble prayers which I raised fervently to God."[1]

As a tutor, Doña Teodora was patient, conscientious, and understanding. It was she who first discovered that her son had a talent for poetry. Accordingly, she encouraged him to write poems. To lighten the monotony of memorizing the ABCs and to stimulate her son's imagination, she related many stories.

As Jose grew older, his parents employed private tutors to give him lessons at home. The first was *Maestro* Celestino and

the second, *Maestro* Lucas Padua. Later, an old man named Leon Monroy, a former classmate of Rizal's father, became the boy's tutor. This old teacher lived at the Rizal home and instructed Jose in Spanish and Latin. Unfortunately, he did not live long. He died five months later.

After Monroy's death, the hero's parents decided to send their gifted son to a private school in Biñan.

Jose Goes to Biñan. One Sunday afternoon in June, 1869, Jose, after kissing the hands of his parents and a tearful parting from his sisters, left Calamba for Biñan. He was accompanied by Paciano, who acted as his second father. The two brothers rode in a carromata, reaching their destination after one and one-half hours' drive. They proceeded to their aunt's house, where Jose was to lodge. It was almost night when they arrived, and the moon was about to rise.

That same night, Jose, with his cousin named Leandro, went sightseeing in the town. Instead of enjoying the sights, Jose became depressed because of homesickness. "In the moonlight," he recounted, "I remembered my home town, my idolized mother, and my solicitous sisters. Ah, how sweet to me was Calamba, my own town, in spite of the fact, that it was not as wealthy as Biñan."[2]

First Day in Biñan School. The next morning (Monday Paciano brought his younger brother to the school of *Maestro* Justiniano Aquino Cruz.

The school was in the house of the teacher, which was a small nipa hut about 30 meters from the home of Jose's aunt.

Paciano knew the teacher quite well because he had been a pupil under him before. He introduced Jose to the teacher, after which he departed to return to Calamba.

Immediately, Jose was assigned his seat in the class. The teacher asked him:

"Do you know Spanish?"

"A little, sir," replied the Calamba lad.

"Do you know Latin?"

"A little, sir."

The boys in the class, especially Pedro, the teacher's son, laughed at Jose's answers.

The teacher sharply stopped all noise and began the lessons of the day.

Jose described his teacher in Biñan as follows: "He was tall, thin, long-necked, with a sharp nose and a body slightly bent forward, and he used to wear a *sinamay* shirt, woven by the skilled hands of the women of Batangas. He knew by heart the grammars by Nebrija and Gainza. Add to this his severity, that in my judgment was exaggerated, and you have a picture, perhaps vague, that I have made of him, but I remember only this."[3]

First School Brawl. In the afternoon of his first day in school, when the teacher was having his siesta, Jose met the bully, Pedro. He was angry at this bully for making fun of him during his conversation with the teacher in the morning.

Jose challenged Pedro to a fight. The latter readily accepted, thinking that he could easily beat the Calamba boy who was smaller and younger.

The two boys wrestled furiously in the classroom, much to the glee of their classmates. Jose, having learned the art of wrestling from his athletic *Tio* Manuel, defeated the bigger boy. For this feat, he became popular among his classmates.

After the class in the afternoon, a classmate named Andres Salandanan challenged him to an arm-wrestling match. They went to a sidewalk of a house and wrestled with their arms. Jose, having the weaker arm, lost and nearly cracked his head on the sidewalk.

In succeeding days he had other fights with the boys of Biñan. He was not quarrelsome by nature, but he never ran away from a fight.

Painting Lessons in Biñan. Near the school was the house of an old painter, called Juancho, who was the father-in-law of the school teacher. Jose, lured by his love for painting, spent many leisure hours at the painter's studio. Old Juancho freely gave him lessons in drawing and painting. He was impressed by the artistic talent of the Calamba lad.

Jose and his classmate, Jose Guevarra, who also loved painting, became apprentices of the old painter. They improved their art, so that in due time they became "the favorite painters of the class".

Daily Life in Biñan. Jose led a methodical life in Biñan, almost Spartan in simplicity. Such a life contributed much to his future development. It strengthened his body and soul.

Speaking of his daily life in Biñan, he recorded in his memoirs:[4]

> Here was my life. I heard the four o'clock Mass, if there was any, or I studied my lesson at that hour and I went to Mass afterwards. I returned home and I went to the orchard to look for a *mabolo* to eat. Then I took breakfast, which consisted generally of a dish of rice and two dried small fish, and I went to class from which I came out at ten o'clock. I went home at once. If there was some special dish, Leandro and I took some of it to the house of his children (which I never did at home nor would I ever do it), and I returned without saying a word. I ate with them and afterwards I studied. I went to school at two and came out at five. I prayed a short while with some nice cousins and I returned home. I studied my lesson. I drew a little, and afterwards I took my supper consisting of one or two dishes of rice with an *ayungin*. We prayed and if there was a moon, my nieces invited me to play in the street together with others. Thank God that I never got sick away from my parents.

Best Student in School. In academic studies, Jose beat all Biñan boys. He surpassed them all in Spanish, Latin, and other subjects.

Some of his older classmates were jealous of his intellectual superiority. They wickedly squealed to the teacher whenever Jose had a fight outside the school, and even told lies to discredit him before the teacher's eyes. Consequently the teacher had to punish Jose. Thus Rizal said that "in spite of the reputation I had of being a good boy, the day was unusual when I was not laid out on a bench and given five or six blows."[5]

End of Biñan Schooling. Before the Christmas season in 1870, Jose received a letter from his sister Saturnina, informin-

him of the arrival of the steamer *Talim* which would take him from Biñan to Calamba. Upon reading the letter, he had a premonition that he would not return to Biñan, so that he became sad. He prayed in the town church, collected pebbles in the river for souvenirs, and regretfully bade farewell to his teacher and classmates.

He left Biñan on Saturday afternoon, December 17, 1870, after one year and a half of schooling in that town. He was thrilled to take passage on the steamer *Talim*, for it was the first time he ever rode on a steamer. On board was a Frenchman named Arturo Camps, a friend of his father, who took care of him.

Martyrdom of Gom-Bur-Za. On the night of January 20, 1872, about 200 Filipino soldiers and workmen of the Cavite arsenal under the leadership of Lamadrid, Filipino sergeant, rose in violent mutiny because of the abolition of their usual privileges, including exemption from tribute and polo (forced labor) by the reactionary Governor Rafael de Izquierdo. Unfortunately, this Cavite Mutiny was suppressed two days later by troop reinforcements from Manila. The Spanish authorities, in order to liquidate Fathers Mariano Gomez, Jose Burgos, and Jacinto Zamora, leaders of the secular movement to Filipinize the Philippine parishes, and their supporters (Jose Ma. Basa, Attorneys Joaquin Pardo de Tavera and Antonio Ma. Regidor, etc.) magnified the failed mutiny into a "revolt" for Philippine independence.

Accordingly, Gom-Bur-Za (Gomez, Burgos, and Zamora), despite the archbishop's plea for clemency because of their innocence, were executed at sunrise, February 17, 1872, by order of Governor General Izquierdo. Their martyrdom was deeply mourned by the Rizal family and many other patriotic families in the Philippines.

Paciano, enraged by the execution of Burgos, his beloved friend, teacher, and housemate, quit his studies at the College of San Jose and returned to Calamba, where he told the heroic story of Burgos to his younger brother Jose, who was then nearly eleven years old.

The martyrdom of Gom-Bur-Za in 1872 truly inspired Rizal to fight the evils of Spanish tyranny and redeem his oppressed

people. Seventeen years later, in his letter written in Paris, April 18, 1889, to Mariano Ponce, he said:[6]

> Without 1872 there would not be now either a Plaridel or Jaena, or Sanciangco, nor would there exist brave and generous Filipino colonies in Europe; without 1872 Rizal would be a Jesuit now and, instead of writing *Noli Me Tangere*, would have written the opposite. At the sight of those injustices and cruelties while still a child my imagination was awakened and I swore to devote myself to avenge one day so many victims and with this idea in mind I have been studying, and this can be read in all my works and writings. God will someday give me an opportunity to carry out my promise."

And later, in 1891, he dedicated his second novel, *El Filibusterismo*, to Gom-Bur-Za.

Injustice to Hero's Mother. Before June of 1872, tragedy struck the Rizal family. Doña Teodora was suddenly arrested on a malicious charge that she and her brother, Jose Alberto, tried to poison the latter's perfidious wife. Jose Alberto, a rich Biñan ilustrado, had just returned from a business trip in Europe. During his absence his wife abandoned their home and children. When he arrived in Biñan, he found her living with another man. Infuriated by her infidelity, he planned to divorce her. Doña Teodora, to avert family scandal, persuaded him to forgive his wife. The family trouble was amicably settled, and Jose Alberto lived again with his wife. However, the evil wife, with the connivance of the Spanish lieutenant of the Guardia Civil, filed a case in court accusing her husband and Doña Teodora of attempting to poison her.

This lieutenant happened to have an ax to grind against the Rizal family, because at one time Don Francisco (Rizal's father) refused to give him fodder for his horse. Taking the opportunity to avenge himself, he arrested Doña Teodora, with the help of Calamba's *gobernadorcillo*, Antonio Vivencio del Rosario, a menial of the friars. These two ungrateful men had been frequent guests at the Rizal home.

After arresting Doña Teodora, the sadistic Spanish lieutenant forced her to walk from Calamba to Santa Cruz (capital of Laguna Province), a distance of 50 kilometers. Upon arrival in

Santa Cruz, she was incarcerated at the provincial prison, where she languished for two years and a half until the Manila Royal Audiencia (Supreme Court) acquitted her of the alleged crime.

Recounting this incidence of his mother's imprisonment, Rizal said in his student memoirs: "Our mother was unjustly snatched away from us and by whom? By some men who had been our friends and whom we treated as honored guests. We learned later that our mother got sick, far from us and at an advanced age. My mother was defended by Messrs. Francisco de Marcaida and Manuel Marzan, the most famous lawyers of Manila. She finally succeeded to be acquitted and vindicated in the eyes of her judges, accusers, and even her enemies, but after how long? After two and a half years."[7]

* * * * *

Chapter 4

Scholastic Triumphs at Ateneo de Manila (1872-1877)

Four months after the martyrdom of Gom-Bur-Za and with Doña Teodora still in prison, Jose, who had not yet celebrated his eleventh birthday, was sent to Manila. He studied in the Ateneo Municipal, a college under the supervision of the Spanish Jesuits. This college was a bitter rival of the Dominican-owned College of San Juan de Letran. It was formerly the *Escuela Pia* (Charity School) a school for poor boys in Manila which was established by the city government in 1817. When the Jesuits, who had been expelled from the Philippines in 1768, returned to Manila in 1859, they were given the management of the *Escuela Pia*, whose name was changed to *Ateneo Municipal*, and later became the *Ateneo de Manila*. They were splendid educators, so that Ateneo acquired prestige as an excellent college for boys.

Rizal Enters the Ateneo. On June 10, 1872 Jose, accompanied by Paciano, went to Manila. He took the entrance examinations on Christian doctrine, arithmetic, and reading at the College of San Juan de Letran, and passed them. He returned to Calamba to stay a few days with his family and to attend the town fiesta. His father, who first wished him to study at Letran, changed his mind and decided to send him to Ateneo instead.

Thus, upon his return to Manila, Jose, again accompanied by Paciano, matriculated at the Ateneo Municipal. At first, Father Magin Ferrando, who was the college registrar, refused to admit him for two reasons: (1) he was late for registration and (2) he was sickly and undersized for his age. Rizal was then eleven years old. However, upon the intercession of Manuel

Xerez Burgos, nephew of Father Burgos, he was reluctantly admitted at the Ateneo.

Jose was the first of his family to adopt the surname "Rizal." He registered under this name at the Ateneo because their family name "Mercado" had come under the suspicion of the Spanish authorities. Paciano had used "Mercado" as his surname at the College of San Jose and he was known to the authorities as Father Burgos' favorite student and confidant.

At the time Jose studied in the Ateneo, this college was located in Intramuros, within the walls of Manila. He first boarded in a house outside Intramuros, on Caraballo Street, 25 minutes' walk from the college. This boarding house was owned by a spinster named Titay who owed the Rizal family the amount of P300. Jose boarded with her in order to collect part of the debt.

Jesuit System of Education. The system of education given by the Jesuits in the Ateneo was more advanced than that of other colleges in that period. It trained the character of the student by rigid discipline and religious instruction. It promoted physical culture, humanities, and scientific studies. Aside from academic courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, it offered vocational courses in agriculture, commerce, mechanics, and surveying.

The students heard Mass in the morning before the beginning of the daily class. Classes in every subject were opened and closed with prayers.

Students were divided into two groups, namely: the "Roman Empire" consisting of the *internos* (boarders) and the "Carthaginian Empire" composed of the *externos* (non-boarders). Each of these empires had its ranks. The best student in each "empire" was the emperor; the second best, the tribune; the third best, the decurion; the fourth best, the centurion; and the fifth best, the standard-bearer. Within the "empire", the students fought for positions. Any student could challenge any officer in his "empire" to answer questions on the day's lesson. His opponent could lose his position if he committed three mistakes. Any student might be at the end of the line, but if he studied hard and was brilliant, he could depose the officers one after another and become an emperor.

The two groups, "Roman Empire" and "Carthaginian Empire," were in constant competition for supremacy in the class. They had their distinctive banners: red for the Romans and blue for the Carthaginians. At the beginning of the school term, both banners were used equally in the classroom. "Upon the first defeat, the banner of the losing party was transferred to the left side of the room. Upon the second, it was placed in an inferior position on the right side. Upon the third, the inclined flag was placed on the left. Upon the fourth, the flag was reversed and returned to the right. Upon the fifth, the reversed flag was placed on the left. Upon the sixth, the banner was changed with a figure of a donkey."[1]

The Ateneo students in Rizal's time wore a uniform which consisted of "hemp-fabric trousers" and "striped cotton coat." The coat material was called *rayadillo*, which later became famous for it was adopted as the uniform for Filipino troops during the days of the First Philippine Republic.

Rizal's First Year in Ateneo (1872-73). On his first day of class in the Ateneo, in June, 1872, Rizal first heard Mass at the college chapel and prayed fervently to God for guidance and success. When the Mass was finished, he went to his class, where he saw a great number of boys, Spaniards, mestizos and Filipinos.

Rizal's first professor in the Ateneo was Fr. Jose Bech, whom he described as a "tall, thin man, with a body slightly bent forward, a harried walk, an ascetic face, severe and inspired, small deep-sunken eyes, a sharp nose that was almost Greek, and thin lips forming an arc whose ends fell toward the chin."[2]

Being a newcomer and knowing little Spanish, Rizal was placed at the bottom of the class. He was an *externo*, hence he was assigned to the Carthaginians, occupying the end of the line.

After the first week, the frail Calamba boy progressed rapidly. At the end of the month, he became "emperor". He was the brightest pupil in the whole class, and he was awarded a prize. "How pleased I was," he said, "when I won my first prize, a religious picture!"[3] He was proud of it because it was the first prize he ever won at the Ateneo.

To improve his Spanish, Rizal took private lessons in Santa Isabel College during the noon recesses, when other Ateneo

students were playing or gossiping. He paid three pesos for those extra Spanish lessons, but it was money well spent.

In the second half of his first year in the Ateneo, Rizal did not try hard enough to retain his academic supremacy which he held during the first half of the term. This was because he resented some remarks of his professor. He placed second at the end of the year, although all his grades were still marked "Excellent"

Summer Vacation (1873). At the end of the school year in March, 1873, Rizal returned to Calamba for summer vacation. He did not particularly enjoy his vacation because his mother was in prison. To cheer him up, his sister Neneng (Saturnina) brought him to Tanawan with her. This did not cure his melancholy. Without telling his father, he went to Santa Cruz and visited his mother in prison. He told her of his brilliant grades at the Ateneo. She gladly embraced her favorite son.

When the summer vacation ended, Rizal returned to Manila for his second year term in the Ateneo. This time he boarded inside Intramuros at No. 6 Magallanes Street. His landlady was an old widow named Doña Pepay, who had a widowed daughter and four sons.

Second Year in Ateneo (1873-74). Nothing unusual happened to Rizal during his second term in the Ateneo, except that he repented having neglected his studies the previous year simply because he was offended by the teacher's remarks. So, to regain his lost class leadership, he studied harder. Once more he became "emperor"

Some of his classmates were new. Among them were three boys from Biñan, who had been his classmates in the school of *Maestro* Justiniano.

At the end of the school year, Rizal received excellent grades in all subjects and a gold medal. With such scholastic honors, he triumphantly returned to Calamba in March, 1874 for the summer vacation.

Prophecy of Mother's Release. Rizal lost no time in going to Santa Cruz in order to visit his mother in the provincial jail. He cheered up Doña Teodora's lonely heart with news of his

scholastic triumphs in Ateneo and with funny tales about his professors and fellow students. The mother was very happy to know that her favorite child was making such splendid progress in college.

In the course of their conversation, Doña Teodora told her son of her dream the previous night. Rizal, interpreting the dream, told her that she would be released from prison in three month's time. Doña Teodora smiled, thinking that her son's prophecy was a mere boyish attempt to console her.

But Rizal's prophecy became true. Barely three months passed, and suddenly Doña Teodora was set free. By that time, Rizal was already in Manila attending his classes at the Ateneo.

Doña Teodora, happily back in Calamba, was even more proud of her son Jose whom she likened to the youthful Joseph in the Bible in his ability to interpret dreams.

Teenage Interest in Reading. It was during the summer vacation in 1874 in Calamba when Rizal began to take interest in reading romantic novels. As a normal teenager, he became interested in love stories and romantic tales.

The first favorite novel of Rizal was *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Alexander Dumas. This thrilling novel made a deep impression on him. His boyish imagination was stirred by the sufferings of Edmond Dantes (the hero) in prison, his spectacular escape from the dungeon of Chateau d'If, his finding a buried treasure on the rocky island of Monte Cristo, and his dramatic revenge on his enemies who had wronged him.

Rizal read numerous other romantic novels with deep interest. The reading habit helped to enrich his fecund mind.

As a voracious reader, he read not only fiction, but also non-fiction. He persuaded his father to buy him a costly set of Cesar Cantu's historical work entitled *Universal History*. According to Rizal, this valuable work was of great aid in his studies and enabled him to win more prizes in Ateneo.

Later Rizal read *Travels in the Philippines* by Dr. Feodor Jagor, a German scientist-traveler who visited the Philippines in 1859-1860. What impressed him in this book were (1) Jagor's keen observations of the defects of Spanish colonization and (2)

his prophecy that someday Spain would lose the Philippines and that America would come to succeed her as colonizer.

Third Year in Ateneo (1874-75). In June 1874, Rizal returned to the Ateneo for his junior year. Shortly after the opening of classes, his mother arrived and joyously told him that she was released from prison, just as he had predicted during his last visit to her prison cell in Santa Cruz, Laguna. He was happy, of course, to see his mother once more a free woman.

However, despite the family happiness, Rizal did not make an excellent showing in his studies as in the previous year. His grades remained excellent in all subjects, but he won only one medal — in Latin. He failed to win the medal in Spanish because his spoken Spanish was not fluently sonorous. He was beaten by a Spaniard who, naturally, could speak Spanish with fluency and with right accentuation.

At the end of the school year (March 1875), Rizal returned to Calamba for the summer vacation. He himself was not impressed by his scholastic work.

Fourth Year in Ateneo (1875-76). After a refreshing and happy summer vacation, Rizal went back to Manila for his fourth year course. On June 16, 1875, he became an interno in the Ateneo. One of his professors this time was Fr. Francisco de Paula Sanchez a great educator and scholar. He inspired the young Rizal to study harder and to write poetry. He became an admirer and friend of the slender Calamba lad, whose God-given genius he saw and recognized. On his part, Rizal had the highest affection and respect for Father Sanchez, whom he considered his best professor in the Ateneo.

In his student memoirs, Rizal wrote of Father Sanchez in glowing terms, showing his affection and gratitude. He described this Jesuit professor as "model of uprightness, earnestness, and love for the advancement of his pupils".[4]

Inspired by Father Sanchez, Rizal resumed his studies with vigor and zest. He topped all his classmates in all subjects and won five medals at the end of the school term. He returned to Calamba for his summer vacation (March 1876) and proudly offered his five medals and excellent ratings to his parents. He

was extremely happy, for he was able to repay his "father somewhat for his sacrifices".

Last Year in Ateneo (1876-77). After the summer vacation, Rizal returned to Manila in June 1876 for his last year in the Ateneo. His studies continued to fare well. As a matter-of-fact, he excelled in all subjects. The most brilliant Atenean of his time, he was truly "the pride of the Jesuits".

Rizal finished his last year at the Ateneo in a blaze of glory. He obtained the highest grades in all subjects — philosophy, physics, biology, chemistry, languages, mineralogy, etc.

Graduation with Highest Honors. Rizal graduated at the head of his class. His scholastic records at the Ateneo from 1872 to 1877 were as follows:

1872-1873

Arithmetic	Excellent
Latin I	"
Spanish I	"
Greek I	"

1873-1874

Latin 2	Excellent
Spanish 2	"
Greek 2	"
Universal Geography	"

1874-1875

Latin 3	Excellent
Spanish 3	"
Greek 3	"
Universal History	"
History of Spain and the Philippines	
Arithmetic & Algebra	"

1875-1876

Rhetoric & Poetry	Excellent
French I	"
Geometry & Trigonometry	"

1876-1877

Philosophy I	Excellent
Mineralogy & Chemistry	"
Philosophy 2	"
Physics	"
Botany & Zoology	"

On Commencement Day, March 23, 1877, Rizal, who was 16 years old, received from his Alma Mater, Ateneo Municipal, the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with highest honors. It was a proud day for his family. But to Rizal, like all graduates, Commencement Day was a time of bitter sweetness, a joy mellowed with poignancy. The night before graduation, his last night at the college dormitory, he could not sleep. Early the following morning, the day of graduation, he prayed fervently at the college chapel and "commended my life," as he said, "to the Virgin so that when I should step into that world, which inspired me with so much terror, she would protect me"

Extra-Curricular Activities in Ateneo. Rizal, unsurpassed in academic triumphs, was not a mere bookworm. He was active in extra-curricular activities. An "emperor" inside the classroom, he was a campus leader outside. He was an active member, later secretary, of a religious society, the Marian Congregation. He was accepted as member of this sodality not only because of his academic brilliance but also because of his devotion to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, the college patroness. Rizal was also a member of the Academy of Spanish Literature and the Academy of Natural Sciences. These "academies" were exclusive societies in the Ateneo, to which only Ateneans who were gifted in literature and sciences could qualify for membership.

In his leisure hours, Rizal cultivated his literary talent under the guidance of Father Sanchez. Another professor, Father Jose Vilaclara, advised him to stop communing with the Muses and pay more attention to more practical studies, such as philosophy and natural sciences. Rizal did not heed his advice. He continued to solicit Father Sanchez's help in improving his poetry.

Aside from writing poetry, he devoted his spare time to fine arts. He studied painting under the famous Spanish painter,

Agustin Saez, and sculpture under Romualdo de Jesus, noted Filipino sculptor. Both art masters honored him with their affection, for he was a talented pupil.

Furthermore, Rizal, to develop his weak body, engaged in gymnastics and fencing. He thereby continued the physical training he began under his sports-minded *Tio* Manuel.

Sculptural Works in Ateneo. Rizal impressed his Jesuit professors in the Ateneo with his artistic skill. One day he carved an image of The Virgin Mary on a piece of *batikuling* (Philippine hardwood) with his pocket-knife. The Jesuit fathers were amazed at the beauty and grace of the image.

Father Lleonart, impressed by Rizal's sculptural talent, requested him to carve for him an image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Young Rizal complied, and within a few days he presented it to Father Lleonart.[6] The old Jesuit was highly pleased and profusely thanked the teenage sculptor. He intended to take the image with him to Spain, but, being an absent-minded professor, he forgot to do so. The Ateneo boarding students placed it on the door of their dormitory, and there it remained for many years, reminding all Ateneans of Dr. Rizal, the greatest alumnus of their Alma Mater. This image played a significant part in Rizal's last hours at Fort Santiago.

Anecdotes on Rizal, the Atenean. One of Rizal's contemporaries in the Ateneo was Felix M. Roxas. He related an incident of Rizal's schooldays in the Ateneo which reveals the hero's resignation to pain and forgiveness. One day many Ateneans, including Rizal, were studying their lessons at the study-hall. Two Ateneans, Manzano and Lesaca, quarreled and violently hurled books at each other. Rizal, who was busy at his desk poring over his lessons, was hit in the face by one of the thrown books. He did not raise a cry of protest, although his wounded face was bleeding. His classmates brought him to the infirmary where he had to undergo medical treatment for several days. After the incident, he continued to attend his classes, feeling neither bitterness nor rancor towards the guilty party.[7]

Another anecdote on Rizal the Atenean was related by Manuel Xeres Burgos, in whose house Rizal boarded shortly before he became an interno in the Ateneo. This anecdote

illustrates Rizal's predilection to help the helpless at the risk of his own life. One Thursday afternoon, being vacation day, the boys flew their kites from the azotea. Young Rizal then was busy reading a Spanish book of fables at the window. After a while he heard Julio Meliza from Iloilo, one of the smallest boarders, crying — because his kite was caught by the vines growing on the belfry of the Manila cathedral which was near the boarding-house. The bigger boys were laughing, making fun of Julio's misfortune. Rizal closed the book he was reading and told Julio not to cry, for he would try to retrieve the kite. True to his promise he courageously climbed the high cathedral tower and successfully recovered the kite.[8]

Poems Written in Ateneo. It was Doña Teodora who first discovered the poetical genius of her son, and it was also she who first encouraged him to write poems. However, it was Father Sanchez who inspired Rizal to make full use of his God-given gift in poetry and improved the latter's poetical art by opening his mind to the enriching influence of the world's literature.

The first poem Rizal probably wrote during his days in the Ateneo was *Mi Primera Inspiración* (My First Inspiration) which was dedicated to his mother on her birthday. It is said that he wrote it before he was 14 years old, that is, in the year 1874. Before this year he did not write poetry because there was gloom in his heart owing to his mother's imprisonment. Upon the release of his mother in 1874, his poetic heart began to sing with ecstasy and joy.

In 1875, inspired by Father Sanchez, he wrote more poems, as such:

1. *Felicitación* (Felicitation).
2. *El Embarque: Himno a la Flota de Magallanes.* (The Departure: Hymn to Magellan's Fleet).
3. *Y Es Español: Elcano, el Primero en dar la Vuelta al Mundo* (And He is Spanish: Elcano, the First to Circumnavigate the World).
4. *El Combate: Urbiztondo, Terror de Jolo* (The Battle: Urbiztondo, Terror of Jolo).

In 1876, Rizal wrote poems on various topics — religion, education, childhood memories, and war. They were as follows:

1. *Un Recuerdo a Mi Pueblo* (In Memory of My Town). A tender poem in honor of Calamba, the hero's natal town.
2. *Alianza Intima Entre la Religion y la Buena Educación* (Intimate Alliance Between Religion and Good Education).
3. *Por la Educación Recibe Lustre la Patria* (Through Education the Country Receives Light).
4. *El Cautiverio y el Triunfo: Batalla de Lucena y Prision de Boabdil* (The Captivity and the Triumph: Battle of Lucena and the Imprisonment of Boabdil). This martial poem describes the defeat and capture of Boabdil, last Moorish sultan of Granada.
5. *La Entrada Triunfal de los Reyes Catolices en Granada* (The Triumphal Entry of the Catholic Monarchs into Granada). This poem relates the victorious entry of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel into Granada, last Moorish stronghold in Spain.

A year later, in 1877, he wrote more poems. It was his last year in the Ateneo. Among the poems written that year were:

1. *El Heroismo de Colón* (The Heroism of Columbus). This poem praises Columbus, the discoverer of America.
2. *Cólon y Juan II* (Columbus and John II). This poem relates how King John II of Portugal missed fame and riches by his failure to finance the projected expedition of Columbus to the New World.
3. *Gran Consuelo en la Mayor Desdicha* (Great Solace in Great Misfortune). This is a legend in verse of the tragic life of Columbus)
4. *Un Diálogo Alusivo a la Despedida de los Colegiales* (A Farewell Dialogue of the Students). This was the last poem written by Rizal in Ateneo; it is a poignant poem of farewell to his classmates.

"My First Inspiration." It was most fitting that the first poem written by Rizal as an Atenean should be about his beloved

mother. In his poem, he felicitates his mother on her birthday, expressing his filial affection in sonorous verses. It runs as follows:[9]

MY FIRST INSPIRATION

Why do the scented bowers
In fragrant fray
Rival each other's flowers
This festive day?

Why is sweet melody bruited
In the sylvan dale,
Harmony sweet and fluted
Like the nightingale?

Why do the birds sing so
In the tender grass,
Flitting from bough to bough
With the winds that pass?

And why does the crystal spring
Run among the flowers
While lullaby zephyrs sing
Like its crystal showers?

I see the dawn in the East
With beauty endowed.
Why goes she to a feast
In a carmine cloud?

Sweet mother, they celebrate
Your natal day
The rose with her scent innate,
The bird with his lay.

The murmurous spring this day
Without alloy,
Murmuring bids you always
To live in joy.

While the crystalline murmurs glisten,
Hear you the accents strong
Struck from my lyre, listen!
To my love's first song.

Rizal's Poems on Education. Although Rizal was merely a teenager, he had a very high regard for education. He believed in the significant role which education plays in the progress and welfare of a nation. Thus he stated in his poem:[10]

THROUGH EDUCATION OUR MOTHERLAND RECEIVES LIGHT

The vital breath of prudent Education
Instills a virtue of enchanting power;
She lifts the motherland to highest station
And endless dazzling glories on her shower.
And as the zephyr's gentle exhalation
Revives the matrix of the fragrant flower,
So education multiplies her gifts of grace;
With prudent hand imparts them to the human race.

For her a mortal man will gladly part
With all he has; will give his calm repose;
For her are born all sciences and all arts,
That brews of men with laurel fair enclose.
As from the towering mountain's lofty heart.
The purest current of the streamlet flows,
So education without stint or measure gives
Security and peace to lands in which she lives.

Where education reigns on lofty seat
Youth blossoms forth with vigor and agility;
His error subjugates with solid feet,
And is exalted by conceptions of nobility.
She breaks the neck of vice and its deceit;
Black crime turns pale at Her hostility;
The barbarous nations She knows how to tame,
From savages create heroic fame.

And as the spring doth sustenance bestow
On all the plants, on bushes in the mead,
Its placid plenty goes to overflow
And endlessly with lavish love to feed
The banks by which it wanders, gliding slow,
Supplying beauteous nature's every need.
So he who prudent Education doth procure
The towering heights of honor will secure.

From out his lips the watercrystal pure,
Of perfect virtue shall not cease to go.
With careful doctrines of his faith made sure,
The powers of evil he will overthrow,
Like feaming waves that never long endure,
But perish on the shore at every blow;
And from his good example other men shall learn
Their upward steps toward the heavenly paths to turn.

Within the breast of wretched humankind
She lights the living flame of goodness bright;
The hands of fiercest criminal doth bind;
And in these breasts will surely pour delight
Which seek her mystic benefits to find, —
Those souls She sets aflame with love of right.
That gives to life its surest consolation.

And as the mighty rock aloft may tower
Above the center of the stormy deep
In scorn of storm, or fierce Sou'wester's power
Or fury of the waves that raging sweep,
Until, their first mad hatred, spent, they cower
And, tired at last subside and fall asleep, —
So he that takes wise Education by the hand,
Invincible shall guide the reigns of motherland.

On sapphires shall his service be engraved,
A thousand honors to him by his land be granted;
For in their bosoms will his noble sons have saved
Luxuriant flowers his virtue transplanted;
And by the love of goodness ever laved.
The lords and governors will see implanted
To endless days the Christian Education;
Within tneir noble, faith-enraptured nation.

And as in early morning we behold
The ruby sun pour forth resplendent rays;
And lovely dawn her scarlet and her gold,
Her brilliant colors all about her sprays;
So skillful noble Teaching doth unfold
To living minds the joy of virtuous ways.
She offers our dear motherland the light
That leads us to immortal glory's height.

In another poem, *The Intimate Alliance Between Religion and Good Education*, Rizal showed the importance of religion in education. To him, education without God is not true education. Thus, he said in his poem[11]

THE INTIMATE ALLIANCE BETWEEN RELIGION AND GOOD EDUCATION

As the climbing ivy over lefty elm
Creeps tortuously, together the adornment
Of the verdant plain, embellishing
Each other and together growing,
But should the kindly elm refuse its aid
The ivy would impotent and friendless wither
So is Education to Religion
By spiritual alliance bound.
Through Religion, Education gains renown, and
Woe to the impious mind that blindly spurning
The sapient teachings of Religion, this
Unpolluted fountain-head forsakes.

As the sprout, growing from the pompous vine,
Proudly offers us its honeyed clusters
While the generous and loving garment
Feeds its roots; so the fresh'ning waters
Of celestial virtue give new life
To Education true, shedding
On it warmth and light; because of them
The vine smells sweet and gives delicious fruit.

Without Religion, Human Education
Is like unto a vessel struck by winds
Which, sore beset, is of its helm deprived
By the roaring blows and buffets of the dread
Tempestuous Boreas, who fiercely wields
His power until he proudly sends her down
Into the deep abysses of the angered sea.

As the heaven's dew the meadow feeds and strengthens
So that blooming flowers all the earth
Embroider in the days of spring; so also
If Religion holy nourishes
Education with its doctrines, she

Shall walk in joy and generosity
Toward the Good, and everywhere bestrew
The fragrant and luxuriant fruits of Virtue.

Rizal's Religious Poems. During his student days Rizal expressed his devotion to his Catholic faith in melodious poetry. One of the religious poems he wrote was a brief ode entitled *Al Niño Jesus* (To the Child Jesus). It is as follows:[12]

TO THE CHILD JESUS

How, God-Child hast Thou come
To earth in cave forlorn?
Does Fortune now deride Thee
When Thou art scarcely born?

Ah, woe! Celestial King,
Who mortal from dost keep
Woulds't rather than be Sovereign
Be Shepherd of Thy Sheep?

This poem was written in 1875 when he was 14 years old.

Another religious poem which he wrote was entitled *A La Virgen Maria* (To the Virgin Mary). This poem is undated, so that we do not know exactly when it was written. Probably, Rizal wrote it after his ode to the Child Jesus. It runs as follows:[13]

TO THE VIRGIN MARY

Dear Mary, giving comfort and sweet peace
To all afflicted mortals; thou the spring
Whence flows a current of relief, to bring
Our soil fertility that does not cease;
Upon thy throne, where thou dest reign on high,
Oh, list' with pity as I weeful grieve
And spread thy radiant mantle to receive
My voice which rises swiftly to the sky
Placid Mary, thou my mother dear,
My sustenance, my fortitude must be,
And in this fearsome sea my way must steer.
If deprivation comes to buffet me,
And if grim death in agony draws near,
Oh, succor me, from anguish set me free.

Dramatic Work in Ateneo. While Rizal was still a student at the Ateneo, his favorite teacher, Father Sanchez, requested him to write a drama based on the prose story of St. Eustace the Martyr. During the summer vacation of 1876, he wrote the requested religious drama in poetic verses at his home in Calamba and finished it on June 2, 1876.

Upon the opening of classes at the Ateneo in June 1876 — his last academic year at the Jesuit college — he submitted to Father Sanchez the finished manuscript of the drama entitled *San Eustacio, Martir* (St. Eustace, the Martyr). The good priest-teacher read it and felicitated the young Atenean for work well done.

First Romance of Rizal. Shortly after his graduation from the Ateneo, Rizal, who was then sixteen years old, experienced his first romance — "that painful experience which comes to nearly all adolescents". The girl was Segunda Katigbak, a pretty fourteen-year old Batangueña from Lipa. In Rizal's own words: "She was rather short, with eyes that were eloquent and ardent at times and languid at others, rosy-cheeked, with an enchanting and provocative smile that revealed very beautiful teeth, and the air of a sylph; her entire self diffused a mysterious charm."[14]

One Sunday Rizal visited his maternal grandmother who lived in Trozo, Manila. He was accompanied by his friend, Mariano Katigbak. His old grandmother was a friend of the Katigbak family of Lipa. When he reached his grandmother's house, he saw other guests. One of whom was an attractive girl, who mysteriously caused his heart to palpitate with strange ecstasy. She was the sister of his friend Mariano, and her name was Segunda.

His grandmother's guests, who were mostly college students, knew of his skill in painting, so that they urged him to draw Segunda's portrait. He complied reluctantly and made a pencil sketch of her. "From time to time," he reminisced later, "she looked at me, and I blushed."[15]

Rizal came to know Segunda more intimately during his weekly visits to La Concordia College, where his sister Olimpia was a boarding student. Olimpia was a close friend of Segunda. It was apparent that Rizal and Segunda loved each other. Theirs

was indeed "a love at first sight". But it was hopeless since the very begining because Segunda was already engaged to be married to her townmate, Manuel Luz. Rizal, for all his artistic and intellectual prowess, was a shy and timid lover. Segunda had manifested, by insinuation and deeds, her affection for him, but he timidly failed to propose.

The last time they talked to each other was one Thursday in December, 1877 when the Christmas vacation was about to begin. He visited Segunda at La Concordia College to say good-bye because he was going home to Calamba the following day. She, on her part, told him she was also going home one day later. She kept quiet after her brief reply, waiting for him to say something which her heart was clamoring to hear.

But Rizal failed to come up to her expectation. He could only mumble: "Well, good-bye. Anyway — I'll see you when you pass Calamba on your way to Lipa."

The next day Rizal arrived by steamer in his hometown. His mother did not recognize him at first, due to her failing eyesight. He was saddened to find out about his mother's growing blindness. His sisters gaily welcomed him, teasing him about Segunda, for they knew of his romance through Olimpia.

That night he demonstrated his skill in fencing to his family. He had a friendly fencing bout with the best fencer in Calamba and bested him.

The following day (Saturday) he learned that the steamer carrying Segunda and her family would not anchor at Calamba because of the strong winds; it would stop in Biñan. He saddled his white horse and waited at the road. A cavalcade of carromatas from Biñan passed by. In one of whom was Segunda smiling and waving her handkerchief at him. He doffed his hat and was tongue-tied to say anything. Her carriage rolled on and vanished in the distance like "a swift shadow". He returned home, dazed and desolate, with his first romance "ruined by his own shyness and reserve". The first girl, whom he loved with ardent fervor, was lost to him forever. She returned to Lipa and later married Manuel Luz. He remained in Calamba, a frustrated lover, cherishing nostalgic memories of a lost love.

Three years later, Rizal, recording his first and tragic romance, said: "Ended, at an early hour, my first love! My virgin heart will always mourn the reckless step it took on the flower-decked abyss. My illusions will return, yes, but indifferent, uncertain, ready for the first betrayal on the path of love."[16]

• • • • •

Chapter 5

Medical Studies at the University of Santo Tomas (1877-1882)

Fortunately, Rizal's tragic first romance, with its bitter disillusionment, did not adversely affect his studies in the University of Santo Tomas. After finishing the first year of a course in Philosophy and Letters (1877-78), he transferred to the medical course. During the years of his medical studies in this university which was administered by the Dominicans, rival educators of the Jesuits, he remained loyal to Ateneo, where he continued to participate in extra-curricular activities and where he completed the vocation course in surveying. As a Thomasian, he won more literary laurels, had other romances with pretty girls, and fought against Spanish students who insulted the brown Filipino students.

Mother's Opposition to Higher Education. After graduating with the highest honors from the Ateneo, Rizal had to go to the University of Santo Tomas for higher studies. The Bachelor of Arts course during Spanish times was equivalent only to the high school and junior college courses today. It merely qualified its graduate to enter a university. Both Don Francisco and Paciano wanted Jose to pursue higher learning in the university. But Doña Teodora, who knew what happened to Gom-Bur-Za, vigorously opposed the idea and told her husband: "Don't send him to Manila again; he knows enough. If he gets to know more, the Spaniards will cut off his head."[1] Don Francisco kept quiet and told Paciano to accompany his younger brother to Manila, despite their mother's tears.

Jose Rizal himself was surprised why his mother, who was a woman of education and culture, should object to his desire for a university education. Years later he wrote in his journal: "Did my mother perhaps have a foreboding of what would happen to me? Does a mother's heart really have a second sight?"

Rizal Enters the University. In April 1877, Rizal who was then nearly 16 years old, matriculated in the University of Santo Tomas, taking the course on Philosophy and Letters. He enrolled in this course for two reasons: (1) his father liked it and (2) he was "still uncertain as to what career to pursue". He had written to Father Pablo Ramon, Rector of the Ateneo, who had been good to him during his student days in that college, asking for advice on the choice of a career. But the Father Rector was then in Mindanao so that he was unable to advise Rizal. Consequently, during his first-year term (1877-78) in the University of Santo Tomas, Rizal studied Cosmology, Metaphysics, Theodicy, and History of Philosophy.

It was during the following term (1878-79) that Rizal, having received the Ateneo Rector's advice to study medicine, took up the medical course, enrolling simultaneously in the preparatory medical course and the regular first year medical course. Another reason why he chose medicine for a career was to be able to cure his mother's growing blindness.

Finishes Surveying Course in Ateneo (1878). During his first school term in the University of Santo Tomas (1877-78), Rizal also studied in the Ateneo. He took the vocational course leading to the title of *perito agrimensor* (expert surveyor). In those days, it should be remembered, the colleges for boys in Manila offered vocational courses in agriculture, commerce, mechanics, and surveying.

Rizal, as usual, excelled in all subjects in the surveying course in the Ateneo, obtaining gold medals in agriculture and topography. At the age of 17, he passed the final examination in the surveying course, but he could not be granted the title as surveyor because he was below age. The title was issued to him on November 25, 1881.

Although Rizal was then a Thomasian, he frequently visited the Ateneo. It was due not only to his surveying course, but

more because of his loyalty to the Ateneo, where he had so many beautiful memories and whose Jesuit professors, unlike the Dominicans, loved him and inspired him to ascend to greater heights of knowledge. He continued to participate actively in the Ateneo's extra-curricular activities. He was president of the Academy of Spanish Literature and secretary of the Academy of Natural Sciences. He also continued his membership in the Marian Congregation, of which he was the secretary.

Romances with Other Girls. Notwithstanding his academic studies in the University of Santo Tomas and extra-curricular activities in the Ateneo, Rizal had ample time for love. He was a romantic dreamer who liked to sip the "nectar of love". His sad experience with his first love had made him wiser in the ways of romance.

Shortly after losing Segunda Katigbak, he paid court to a young woman in Calamba. In his student memoirs, he called her simply "Miss L," describing her as "fair with seductive and attractive eyes".[2] After visiting her in her house several times, he suddenly stopped his wooing, and the romance died a natural death. Nobody today knows who this woman was. Rizal himself did not give her name. Hence, her identity is lost to history. However, he gave two reasons for his change of heart, namely: (1) the sweet memory of Segunda was still fresh in his heart and (2) his father did not like the family of "Miss L"

Several months later, during his sophomore year at the University of Santo Tomas, he boarded in the house of Doña Concha Leyva in Intramuros. The next-door neighbors of Doña Concha were *Capitan* Juan and *Capitana* Sanday Valenzuela from Pagsanjan, Laguna, who had a charming daughter named Leonor. Rizal, the medical student from Calamba, was a welcome visitor in the Valenzuela home, where he was the life of the social parties because of his clever sleight-of-hand tricks. He courted Leonor Valenzuela, who was a tall girl with a regal bearing.[3] He sent her love notes written in invisible ink. This ink consisted of common table salt and water. It left no trace on the paper. Rizal, who knew his chemistry, taught Orang (pet name of Leonor Valenzuela) the secret of reading any note written in the invisible ink by heating it over a candle or lamp so that the

words may appear. But, as with Segunda, he stopped short of proposing marriage to Orang.

Rizal's next romance was with another Leonor — Leonor Rivera — his cousin from Camiling. In 1879, at the start of his junior year at the university, he lived in "Casa Tomasina," at No. 6 Calle Santo Tomas, Intramuros. His landlord-uncle, Antonio Rivera had a pretty daughter, Leonor, a student at La Concordia College, where Soledad (Rizal's youngest sister) was then studying. Leonor, born in Camiling, Tarlac, on April 11, 1867, was a frail, pretty girl "tender as a budding flower with kindly, wistful eyes". Between Jose and Leonor sprang a beautiful romance. They became engaged. In her letters to Rizal, Leonor signed her name as "Taimis," in order to camouflage their intimate relationship from their parents and friends.

Victim of Spanish Officer's Brutality. When Rizal was a freshman medical student at the University of Santo Tomas, he experienced his first taste of Spanish brutality. One dark night in Calamba, during the summer vacation in 1878, he was walking in the street. He dimly perceived the figure of a man while passing him. Not knowing the person due to darkness, he did not salute nor say a courteous "Good Evening". The vague figure turned out to be a lieutenant of the Guardia Civil. With a snarl, he turned upon Rizal, whipped out his sword and brutally slashed the latter on the back.

The wound was not serious, but it was painful. When he recovered, Rizal reported the incident to General Primo de Rivera, the Spanish governor general of the Philippines at that time. But nothing came out of his complaint, because he was an Indio and the abusive lieutenant was a Spaniard. Later, in a letter to Blumentritt, dated March 21, 1887, he related: "I went to the Captain-General but I could not obtain justice; my wound lasted two weeks".[4]

"To the Filipino Youth" (1879). In the year 1879 the Liceo Artistico-Literario (Artistic-Literary Lyceum) of Manila, a society of literary men and artists, held a literary contest. It offered a prize for the best poem by a native or a mestizo. Rizal, who was then eighteen years old, submitted his poem entitled *A La Juventud Filipina* (To the Filipino Youth).

The Board of Judges, composed of Spaniards, was impressed by Rizal's poem and gave it the first prize which consisted of a silver pen, feather-shaped and decorated with a gold ribbon. Young Rizal was happy to win the poetry contest. He was sincerely congratulated by the Jesuits, especially his former professors at the Ateneo, and by his friends and relatives.

The prize-winning poem, *A La Juventud Filipina* (To the Filipino Youth), is an inspiring poem of flawless form. In exquisite verses, Rizal beseeched the Filipino youth to rise from lethargy, to let their genius fly swifter than the wind and descend with art and science to break the chains that have long bound the spirit of the people. This poem is as follows:[5]

TO THE FILIPINO YOUTH

Theme: "Grow, O Timid Flower"

Hold high the brow serene,
O youth, where now you stand.
Let the bright sheen
Of your grace be seen,
Fair hope of my fatherland!

Come now, thou genius grand,
And bring down inspiration;
With thy mighty hand,
Swifter than the winds volation,
Raise the eager mind to higher station.

Come down with pleasing light
Of art and science to the flight,
O youth, and there untie
The chains that heavy lie,
Your spirit free to bright.

See how in flaming zone
Amid the shadows thrown,
The Spaniard's holy hand
A crown's resplendent band
Proffers to this Indian land.

Thou, who now wouldst rise
On wings of rich emprise,

Seek from Olympian skies
Songs of sweetest strain,
Softer than ambrosial rain.

Thou, whose voice divine
Rivals Philomel's refrain,
And with varied line
Through the night benign
Frees mortality from pain.

Thou, who by sharp strife
Wakest thy mind to life;
And the memory bright
Of thy genius's light
Makest immortal in its strength.

And thou, in accents clear
Of Phoebus, to Apollos dear;
Or by the brush's magic art
Takest from nature's store a part
To fix it on the simple canvas' length.

Go forth, and then the sacred fire
Of thy genius to the laurel may aspire;
To spread around the flame,
And in victory acclaim,
Through wider spheres the human name.

Day, O happy day,
Fair Filipinas, for thy land!
So bless the Power today
That places in thy way
This favor and this fortune grand.

This winning poem of Rizal is a classic in Philippine literature for two reasons: First, it was the first great poem in Spanish written by a Filipino, whose merit was recognized by Spanish literary authorities, and secondly, it expressed for the first time the nationalistic concept that the Filipinos, and not the foreigners, were the "fair hope of the Fatherland".

"The Council of the Gods" (1880). The following year (1880) the Artistic-Literary Lyceum opened another literary contest to commemorate the fourth centennial of the death of Cervantes,

Spain's glorified man-of-letters and famous author of *Don Quixote*. This time the contest was opened to both Filipinos and Spaniards.

Many writers participated in the contest — priests, newspapermen, scholars and professors. Rizal, inspired by his poetical triumph the previous year, entered the literary joust, submitting an allegorical drama entitled *El Consejo de los Dioses* (The Council of the Gods).[6]

The judges of the contest were all Spaniards. After a long and critical appraisal of the entries, they awarded the first prize to Rizal's work because of its literary superiority over the others.[7] The Spanish community in Manila, spear-headed by the Spanish press, howled in great indignation against the decision because the winning author was an Indio. Despite all objections, the prize was awarded to Rizal, a gold ring on which was engraved the bust of Cervantes. A Spanish writer, D.N. del Puzo, won the second prize. For the first time in history, an Indio — a nineteen-year old Filipino medical student at that — excelled in a national literary contest, defeating several Spanish writers of his time in Manila.[8] Rizal was particularly happy, for he proved the fallacy of the alleged Spanish superiority over the Filipinos and revealed that the Filipino could hold his own in fair competition against all races.

The winning allegory of Rizal was a literary masterpiece based on the Greek classics. In writing it, Rizal, although a student of the University of Santo Tomas, was aided by the kind Father Rector of the Ateneo in securing the needed reference materials. The allegory established a parallel among Homer, Virgil, and Cervantes. The gods discuss the comparative merits of these great writers and finally decide to give the trumpet to Homer, the lyre to Virgil, and the laurel to Cervantes. The allegory gloriously closes with the naiads, nymphs, satyrs, and other mythological characters dancing and gathering laurels for Cervantes.

Other Literary Works. Aside from the two prize-winning works mentioned above, Rizal, although studying medicine, produced other poems and a zarzuela, this *zarzuela* was ***Junto al Pasig*** (Beside the Pasig), which was staged by the Ateneans on December 8, 1880, on the occasion of the annual celebration

of the Feast Day of the Immaculate Conception, Patroness of the Ateneo. He wrote it as President of the Academy of Spanish Literature in the Ateneo.

As a piece of literature *Junto al Pasig* is mediocre. But there are passages in it which express in subtle satire the author's nationalist ideas. For instance, Rizal makes Satan say that the Philippines —

> *"Now without comfort,*
> *Sadly groans in the power of a foreign people,*
> *And slowly dies*
> *In the impious clutch of Spain."*

In the same year (1880), he wrote a sonnet entitled *A Filipinas* for the album of the Society of Sculptors. In this sonnet, he urged all Filipino artists to glorify the Philippines.

The year before, in 1879, he composed a poem entitled *Abd-el-Azis y Mahoma*, which was declaimed by an Atenean, Manuel Fernandez, on the night of December 8, 1879 in honor of the Ateneo's Patroness.

Later, in 1881, he composed a poem entitled *Al M.R.P. Pablo Ramon*. He wrote this poem as an expression of affection to Father Pablo Ramon, the Ateneo rector, who had been so kind and helpful to him.

Rizal's Visit to Pakil and Pagsanjan. In the summer month of May, 1881, when he was still a medical student at the University of Santo Tomas, Rizal went on a pilgrimage to the town of Pakil, famous shrine of the Birhen Maria de los Dolores.[9] He was accompanied by his sisters — Saturnina, Maria, and Trinidad and their female friends. They took a *casco* (flat-bottom sailing vessel) from Calamba to Pakil, Laguna, and stayed at the home of Mrs. and Mrs. Manuel Regalado, whose son Nicolas was Rizal's friend in Manila.

Rizal and his companions were fascinated by the famous *turumba*, the people dancing in the streets during the procession in honor of the miraculous Birhen Maria de los Dolores. As they danced, the dancers sang:

> *Turumba, Turumba, Mariangga*
> *Matuwa tayo't masaya*

Sumayaw ng turumba
Puri sa Birhen Maria

In Pakil Rizal was infatuated by a pretty girl colegiala, Vicenta Ybardolaza, who skillfully played the harp at the Regalado home. From Pakil, Rizal and his party made a side trip to the neighboring town of Pagsanjan for two reasons — it was the native town of Leonor Valenzuela, one of Rizal's girl friends in Manila, and to see the world famed Pagsanjan Falls.

Years later Rizal mentioned the *Turumba* in Chapter VI of *Noli Me Tangere* and Pagsanjan Falls in his travel diary (United States — Saturday, May 12, 1888), where he said that Niagara Falls was the "greatest cascades I ever saw" but "not so beautiful nor fine as the falls at Los Baños, (*sic*) Pagsanjan".

Champion of Filipino Students. Rizal was the champion of the Filipino students in their frequent fights against the arrogant Spanish students, who were often surpassed by the Filipinos in class work and who insultingly called their brown classmates — "*Indio, chongo*!" In retaliation, the Filipino students called them "*Kastila, bangus*!" Hostility between these two groups of students often exploded in angry street rumbles.

Rizal participated in these student brawls. Owing to his skill in fencing, his prowess in wrestling, and his indomitable courage, he distinguished himself in these student skirmishes. In 1880 he founded a secret society of Filipino students in the University of Santo Tomas called *Compañerismo* (Comradeship), whose members were called "Companions of Jehu," after the valiant Hebrew general who fought the Armaeans and ruled the Kingdom of Israel for 28 years (843-816 B.C.). He was the chief of this secret student society, with his cousin from Batangas, Galicano Apacible, as secretary. As chief, he led the Filipino students into combat against the Spanish students in various street fights.

In one of the fierce encounters between the Filipino students and their pale-skinned detractors near the Escolta in Manila, Rizal was wounded on the head. His friends brought him bleeding and covered with dust to his boarding house, "Casa Tomasina". Leonor Rivera tenderly washed and dressed his wound.

Unhappy Days at the UST. Rizal, Ateneo's boy wonder, found the atmosphere at the University of Santo Tomas suffocating to his sensitive spirit. He was unhappy at this Dominican institution of higher learning because (1) the Dominican professors were hostile to him, (2) the Filipino students were racially discriminated against by the Spaniards, and (3) the method of instruction was obsolete and repressive.

In his novel, *El Filibusterismo*, he described how the Filipino students were humiliated and insulted by their Dominican professors and how backward the method of instruction was, especially in the teaching of the natural sciences. He related in Chapter XIII, "The Class in Physics," that his science subject was taught without laboratory experiments. The microscope and other laboratory apparatuses were kept inside the showcases to be seen by visitors, but the students could not even touch them.

Because of the unfriendly attitude of his professors, Rizal, the most brilliant graduate of the Ateneo, failed to win high scholastic honors. Although his grades in the first year of the philosophy course were all "excellent," they were not impressive in the four years of his medical course. His scholastic records in the University of Santo Tomas (1879-82) were as follows:[10]

1877-78 (Philosophy & Letters)

Cosmology & Metaphysics	Excellent
Theodicy	Excellent
History of Philosophy	Excellent

1878-1879 (Medicine) — 1st Year

Physics	Fair
Chemistry	Excellent
Natural History	Good
Anatomy I	Good
Dissection I	Good

1879-1880 (Medicine) — 2nd Year

Anatomy 2	Good
Dissection 2	Good
Physiology	Good
Private Hygiene	Good
Public Hygiene	Good

1880-1881 (Medicine) — 3rd Year

General Pathology	Fair
Therapeutics	Excellent
Surgery	Good

1881-1882 (Medicine) — 4th Year

Medical Pathology	Very Good
Surgical Pathology	Very Good
Obstetrics	Very Good

Decision to Study Abroad. After finishing the fourth year of his medical course, Rizal decided to study in Spain. He could no longer endure the rampant bigotry, discrimination, and hostility in the University of Santo Tomas. His older brother readily approved his going to Spain and so did his two sisters Saturnina (Neneng) and Lucia, Uncle Antonio Rivera, the Valenzuela family, and some friends.

For the first time, Rizal did not seek his parents' permission and blessings to go abroad, because he knew that they, especially his mother, would disapprove it. He did not bring his beloved Leonor into his confidence either. He had enough common sense to know that Leonor, being a woman, young and romantic at that, could not keep a secret. Thus Rizal's parents, Leonor, and the Spanish authorities knew nothing of his decision to go abroad in order to finish his medical studies in Spain, where the professors were more liberal than those of the University of Santo Tomas.

Chapter 6
In Sunny Spain (1882-1885)

After finishing the 4th Year of the medical course in the University of Santo Tomas, Jose Rizal, being disgusted with the antiquated method of instruction in this Dominican-owned university and the racial prejudice of Dominican professors against Filipino students, decided to complete his studies in Spain. At that time the government of Spain was a constitutional monarchy under a written constitution which granted human rights to the people, particularly freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of assembly. Aside from this ostensible reason, he had another reason, which was more important than merely completing his studies in Spain. This was his "secret mission," which many Rizalist biographers (including Austin Craig and Wenceslao E. Retana) never mention in their writings.

Rizal's Secret Mission. This mission which Rizal conceived with the approval of his older brother Paciano was to observe keenly the life and culture, languages and customs, industries and commerce, and governments and laws of the European nations in order to prepare himself in the mighty task of liberating his oppressed people from Spanish tyranny. This was evidenced in his farewell letter which was delivered to his parents shortly after his departure for Spain.

Aside from begging his parents' forgiveness for leaving the Philippines without their permission and blessings, he said in this letter:[1]

> But as God has not made anything useless in this world, as all beings fulfill obligations or a role in the sublime drama of Creation, I cannot exempt myself from this duty, and small though it be, I too have a mission to fill, as for example:

alleviating the sufferings of my fellow-men. I realize that all this means sacrifices, and terrible ones. I imagine the pain which I must give you, but I feel something that obliges and impels me to leave. I shall strive with fate, and I shall win or lose. . . God's will be done.

This Rizalian secret mission was likewise disclosed by Paciano in his letter to his younger brother dated Manila, May 20, 1982, as follows:[2]

When the telegram informing us of your departure was received in Calamba, as it was natural, our parents were grieved, especially the old man (Don Francisco — Z.) who became taciturn, always staying in bed, and weeping at night, and the consolation offered by the family, the curate, and strangers was of no avail. He made me go to Manila to find out with what means you were able to undertake the voyage. On my return I assured them that your expenses were defrayed by some friends of yours in Manila, hoping that this would calm him. Notwithstanding, he remained always sad. Seeing this and fearing that his taciturnity might degenerate into a malady, I told him everything, but to him alone, begging him to keep the secret and he promised to do so. Only since then have I seen him a little gay and return to his usual ways. This is what occurred in the family.

. . . . . .

It is said here that you will finish the medical course in Barcelona and not at Madrid. To me the principal purpose of your departure is not to finish this course but to study other things of greater usefulness or that to which you are more inclined. So I think that you ought to study at Madrid.

Secret Departure for Spain. Rizal's departure for Spain was kept secret to avoid detection by the Spanish authorities and the friars. Even his own parents did not know because he knew they, especially his mother, would not allow him to go. Only his older brother (Paciano), his uncle (Antonio Rivera, father of Leonor Rivera), his sisters (Neneng and Lucia), the Valenzuela family (*Capitan* Juan and *Capitana* Sanday and their daughter Orang), Pedro A. Paterno, his *compadre* Mateo Evangelista, the Ateneo Jesuit fathers, and some intimate friends, including *Chengoy* (Jose M. Cecilio). The kind Jesuit priests gave him letters of recommendation to the members of their Society in Barcelona. He used the name Jose Mercado, a cousin from Biñan.

Before his secret departure, he wrote a farewell letter for his beloved parents and another one for his sweetheart Leonor Rivera — both delivered shortly after he sailed away.

On May 3, 1882, Rizal departed on board the Spanish steamer *Salvadora* bound for Singapore. With tears in his eyes and gloom in his heart, he gazed at the receding skyline of Manila. He hastly took paper and pencil and sketched it as it vanished in view.

Singapore. During the voyage to Singapore he carefully observed the people and things on board the steamer. There were sixteen passengers, including himself — "five or six ladies, many children, and the rest gentlemen. He was the only Filipino, the rest were Spaniards, British, and Indian Negroes.

The ship captain, Donato Lecha, from Asturias, Spain, befriended him. Rizal described him in his travel diary as an affable man, "much more refined than his other countrymen and colleagues that I have met". He was, however, peeved by some Spaniards (his fellows passengers) who spoke ill of the Philippines, "to which they go for pecuniary reasons".[3]

To while away the tedious boredom of sea voyage, Rizal played chess with his fellow passengers who were much older than he. He defeated them many times, for he was a good chess player.

On May 8, 1882, while the steamer was approaching Singapore, Rizal saw a beautiful island. Fascinated by its scenic beauty, he remembered "Talim Island with the Susong Dalaga".[4]

The following day (May 9) the *Salvadora* docked at Singapore. Rizal landed, registered at Hotel de la Paz, and spent two days on a sightseeing soiree of the city, which was a colony of England. He saw the famous Botanical Garden, the beautiful Buddhist temples, the busy shopping district, and the statue of Sir Thomas Stanford Raffles (founder of Singapore).

From Singapore to Colombo. In Singapore Rizal transferred to another ship *Djemnah*, a French steamer, which left Singapore for Europe on May 11. It was a larger and cleaner vessel which carried more passengers. Among these passengers were British, French, Dutch, Spaniards, Malays, Siamese, and Filipinos (Mr. and Mrs. Salazar, Mr. Vicente Pardo, and Jose Rizal).[5] French

was mostly spoken on board because it was a French vessel and the majority of the passengers were French-speaking. Rizal attempted to converse with his fellow passengers in French, but to his surprise and embarrassment, he found out that his book French which he learned at the Ateneo could not be understood, so that he had to speak in mixed Spanish-Latin supplemented by much gesticulations and sketching on paper. By conversing daily with the French passengers, he was able gradually to improve his knowledge of the French language.

On May 17, the *Djemnah* reached Point Galle, a seacoast town in southern Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). Rizal was unimpressed by this town. On his travel diary, he wrote: "The general appearance of Point Galle is picturesque but lonely and quiet and at the same time sad."

The following day the *Djemnah* weighed anchor and resumed the voyage towards Colombo, the capital of Ceylon. After a few hours of sailing, she reached this city on the same day. Rizal was enamoured by Colombo because of its scenic beauty and elegant buildings. He delightfully scribbled on his diary: "Colombo is more beautiful, smart and elegant than Singapore, Point Galle, and Manila."[6]

First Trip Through Suez Canal. From Colombo, the *Djemnah* continued the voyage crossing the Indian Ocean to the Cape of Guardafui, Africa. For the first time, Rizal sighted the barren coast of Africa, which he called an "inhospitable land but famous".[7]

At the next stopover — in Aden — Rizal went ashore to see the sights. He found the city, hotter than Manila. He was amused to see the camels, for it was the first time he saw these animals. From Aden, the *Djemnah* proceeded to the city of Suez, the Red Sea terminal of the Suez Canal. Upon arrival at Suez, Rizal disembarked and went sightseeing, like an ordinary tourist. What impressed him most was the beautiful moonlight which reminded him of Calamba and his family.

It took the *Djemnah* five days to traverse the Suez Canal. Rizal was thrilled because it was his first trip through this canal which was built by Ferdinand de Lesseps (French diplomat-engineer). It was inaugurated on November 17, 1869.

At Port Said, the Mediterranean terminal of the Suez Canal, Rizal landed in order to see the interesting sights. He was fascinated to hear the multi-racial inhabitants speaking a babel of tongues — Arabic, Egyptian, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, etc.

Naples and Marseilles. From Port Said, the *Djemnah* proceeded on its way to Europe. On June 11, Rizal reached Naples. This Italian city pleased him because of its business activity, its lively people, and its panoramic beauty. He was fascinated by Mount Vesuvius, the Castle of St. Telmo, and other historic sights of the city.

On the night of June 12, the steamer docked at the French harbor of Marseilles. Rizal, after bidding farewell to his fellow-passengers, disembarked. He visited the famous Chateau d'If, where Dantes, hero of *The Count of Monte Cristo,* was imprisoned. He had enjoyed reading this novel of Alexander Dumas when he was a student at the Ateneo. He stayed two and a half days in Marseilles, enjoying every day of his sojourn.

Barcelona. On the afternoon of June 15, Rizal left Marseille. by train for the last lap of his trip to Spain. He crossed the Pyrenees and stopped for a day at the frontier town of Port Bou. Here he noticed the indifference accorded by the Spanish immigration officers to tourists, in direct contrast with the courtesy of the French immigration officers.

After the passport inspection at Port-Bou, Rizal continued his trip by rail, finally reaching his destination — Barcelona on June 16, 1882.

Rizal's first impression of Barcelona, the greatest city of Cataluña and Spain's second largest city, was unfavorable. He thought that it was ugly, with dirty little inns and inhospitable residents, because he happened to stay upon his arrival at a dingy inn situated on an unimpressive narrow street in the "town's most ugly side" and the staff and guests in this inn were indifferent to him. Later, he changed his bad impression and came to like the city. He found it to be really a great city, with an atmosphere of freedom and liberalism, and its people were open-hearted, hospitable, and courageous. He enjoyed promenading along Las Ramblas, the most famous street in Barcelona.

The Filipinos in Barcelona, some of whom were his schoolmates in the Ateneo, welcomed Rizal. They gave him a party at their favorite cafe in Plaza de Cataluña. After the customary exchange of toasts, they told their guest of the attractions of Barcelona and the customs of the Spanish people; in turn he gave them the latest news and gossips in the Philippines.

"Amor Patrio." In progressive Barcelona, Rizal wrote a nationalistic essay entitled *"Amor Patrio"* (Love of Country), his first article written on Spain's soil. He sent this article to his friend in Manila, Basilio Teodoro Moran, publisher of *Diariong Tagalog*, the first Manila bilingual newspaper (Spanish and Tagalog).

Rizal's *"Amor Patrio,"* under his pen-name *Laong Laan*, appeared in print in *Diariong Tagalog* on August 20, 1882. It was published in two texts — Spanish and Tagalog. The Spanish text was the one originally written by Rizal in Barcelona. The Tagalog text was a Tagalog translation made by M.H. del Pilar. The article caused quite a sensation among the readers in the Philippines because of its nationalistic flavor. As in his prize-winning *"Juventud Filipina."* Rizal in his *"Amor Patrio"* urged his compatriots to love their fatherland, the Philippines. Among other things, he wrote:[8]

> After the fashion of the ancient Hebrews who offered in the temple the first fruits of their love, we in a foreign land, dedicate our first accounts to our country, enshrouded among the clouds and mists of morn, always beautiful and poetic, but ever more idolized in proportion as we are absent and away from it. . . Under whatever aspect, whatever its name, we love her (*patria*) always just as the child loves its mother in the midst of hunger and misery.
>
> And how strange! The poorer and more miserable she is, the more we suffer for her, and the more she is idolized and adored; yes, there is real joy in suffering for her. . .
>
> Child, we love play; adolescent, we forget it; youth, we seek our ideal; disillusioned, we weep and go in quest of something more positive and more useful; parent, the children die and time gradually erases our pain just as the air of the sea slowly effaces the shores as the boat departs from them. But, love of country can never be effaced, once it has entered the heart, because it carries in itself the divine stamp that makes it eternal and imperishable.
>
> It has always been said that love is the most potent force behind the most sublime deeds; very well, of all loves, the love of country is what produced the greatest, the most heroic, the most disinterested. Read history. . .

Publisher Basilio Teodoro Moran, deeply impressed by *"Amor Patrio,"* congratulated Rizal, and requested for more articles. In response to his request, Rizal wrote the second article for *Diariong Tagalog* entitled *"Los Viajes"* (Travels). His third article, entitled *"Revista de Madrid"* (Review of Madrid), which he wrote in Madrid on November 29, 1882, was returned to him because the *Diariong Tagalog* had ceased publication for lack of funds.

Manila Moves to Madrid. While sojourning in Barcelona, Rizal received sad news about the cholera that was ravaging Manila and the provinces. Many people had died and more were dying daily. According to Paciano's letter, dated September 15, 1882, the Calamba folks were having afternoon novenas to San Roque and nocturnal processions and prayers so that God may stop the dreadful epidemic, which the Spanish health authorities were impotent to check.

Another sad news from the Philippines was the chatty letter of *Chengoy* recounting the unhappiness of Leonor Rivera, who was getting thinner because of the absence of a loved one.

In one of his letters (dated May 26, 1882), Paciano advised his younger brother to finish the medical course in Madrid.[9] Evidently, heeding his advice, Rizal left Barcelona in the fall of 1882 and established himself in Madrid, the capital of Spain.

Life in Madrid. On November 3, 1882, Rizal enrolled in the Universidad Central de Madrid (Central University of Madrid) in two courses — Medicine and Philosophy and Letters. Aside from his heavy studies in the university, he studied painting and sculpture in the Academy of Fine Arts of San Fernando, took lessons in French, German, and English under private instructors; and assiduously practised fencing and shooting in the Hall of Arms of Sanz y Carbonell. His thirst for knowledge of music, he visited the art galleries and museums and read

books on all subjects under the sun, including military engineering, in order to broaden his cultural background.

Rizal led a Spartan life in Madrid. He knew that he came to Spain to study and prepare himself for service to his fatherland. Accordingly, he rigidly budgeted his money and time. He lived frugally, spending his money on food, clothing, lodging, and books — never wasting a peseta for gambling, wine, and women. His only extravagance was investing a few pesetas for a lottery ticket in every draw of the Madrid Lottery. He spent his leisure time reading and writing at his boarding house, attending the reunions of Filipino students at the house of the Paterno brothers (Antonio, Maximino, and Pedro), and practicing fencing and shooting at the gymnasium. At other times, during the summer twilights, he sipped coffee and fraternized with the students from Cuba, Mexico, Argentina, etc. at the Antigua Cafe de Levante.

On Saturday evenings, he visited the home of Don Pablo Ortiga y Rey who lived with his son (Rafael) and daughter (Consuelo). Don Pablo had been city mayor of Manila during the administration of the liberal governor general Carlos Ma. de la Torre (1869-1871) and was later promoted vice-president of the Council of the Philippines in the Ministry of Colonies (Ultramar).

Romance with Consuelo Ortiga y Perez. Rizal was not a handsome man. In physique, he was neither dashing nor imposing, for he was a shy small man — a few inches above five feet in height. But he possessed an aura of charisma due to his many-splendored talents and noble character which made him attractive to romantic young women. No wonder the prettier of Don Pablo's daughters (Consuelo) fell in love with him.

Rizal, being a lonely young man in a foreign country, far from his natal land, was attracted by Consuelo's beauty and vivacity. He even composed a lovely poem on August 22, 1883 dedicated to her. In this poem titled *A La Señorita C. O. y P.* (To Miss C. O. y P.),[10] he expressed his admiration for her. He found solace and joy in her company.

However, before his romance with Consuelo could blossom into a serious affair, he suddenly backed out for two reasons: (1) he was still engaged to Leonor Rivera and (2) his friend and

co-worker in the Propaganda Movement, Eduardo de Lete, was madly in love with Consuelo and he had no wish to break their friendship because of a pretty girl.

"They Ask Me For Verses." In 1882 shortly after his arrival in Madrid, Rizal joined the *Circulo Hispano-Filipino* (Hispano-Philippine Circle), a society of Spaniards and Filipinos. Upon the request of the members of this society, he wrote a poem entitled *"Me Piden Versos"* (They Ask Me For Verses) which he personally declaimed during the New Year's Eve reception of the Madrid Filipinos held in the evening of December 31, 1882. In this sad poem, he poured out the cry of his agonizing heart, as follows:[11]

THEY ASK ME FOR VERSES

You bid me now to strike the lyre,
That mute and torn so long has lain;
And yet I cannot wake the strain,
Nor will the Muse one note inspire!
Coldly, it shakes in accents dire,
As if my soul itself to wring,
And when its sound seems but to fling
A jest at its own low lament;
So in sad isolation pent,
My soul can neither feel nor sing.

There was a time — ah, 'tis too true —
But that time long ago has past —
When upon me the Muse had cast
Indulgent smile and friendship's due;
But of that age now all too few
The thoughts that with me yet will stay;
As from the hours of festive play
There linger on mysterious notes,
And in our minds the memory floats
Of minstrelsy and music gay.

A plant I am, that scarcely grown,
Was torn from out its Eastern bed,
Where all around perfume is shed
And life but as a dream is known;
The land that I can call my own
By me forgotten ne'er to be,
Where thrilling birds their song taught me,

And cascades with their ceaseless roar,
And all along the spreading shore
The murmurs of the sounding sea.

While yet in childhood's happy day,
I learn upon its sun to smile,
And in my breast there seems the while
Seething volcanic fires to play,
A bard I was, my wish always
To call upon the fleeting wind,
"Go forth, and spread around its flame,
From zone to zone with glad acclaim,
And earth to heaven together bind!"

But it I left, and now no more —
Like a tree that is broken and sere—
My natal gods bring the echo clear
Of songs that in past times they bore;
Wide seas I cross'd to foreign shore,
With hope of change and other fate,
My folly was made clear too late,
For in the place of good I sought
The seas reveal'd unto naught,
But made death's spectre on me wait,

All these fond fancies that were mine,
All love, all feeling, all emprise,
Were left beneath the sunny skies;
Which o'er that flowery region shine;
So press no more that plea of thine,
For songs of love from out a heart
That coldly lies a thing apart;
Since now with tortur'd soul I haste
Unresting o'er the desert waste,
And lifeless gone is all the art.

Rizal as Lover of Books. A favorite pastime of Rizal in Madrid was reading. Instead of gambling and flirting with women, as many young Filipinos did in the Spanish metropolis, he stayed at home and read voraciously until midnight. Since early childhood, he liked to read.

Rizal economized on his living expenses, and with the money he saved, he purchased books from a second-hand book store owned by a certain Señor Roses. He was able to build a fair-sized private library. His collection of books included *The Bible*,

Hebrew Grammar, Lives of the Presidents of the United States from Washington to Johnson, Complete Works of Voltaire (9 volumes), *Complete Works of Horace* (3 volumes), *Complete Works of C. Bernard* (16 volumes), *History of the French Revolution, The Wandering Jew, Ancient Poetry, Works of Thucydides, The Byzantine Empire, The Characters* by La Bruyere, *The Renaissance, Uncle Tom's Cabin* by Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Works of Alexander Dumas, Louis XIV and His Court,* and numerous books on medicine, philosophy, languages, history, geography, arts, and sciences.

Rizal was deeply affected by Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Eugene Sue's *The Wandering Jew*. These two books aroused his sympathy for the oppressed and unfortunate people.

Rizal's First Visit to Paris (1883). During his first summer vacation in Madrid Rizal went to Paris, sojourning in this gay capital of France from June 17 to August 20, 1883. At first, he was billeted at the Hotel de Paris on 37 Rue de Maubange; later, he moved to a cheaper hotel on 124 Rue de Rennes in the Latin Quarter, where it was cheaper to live.

Like all tourists, Rizal was charmingly titillated by the attractive sights of Paris, such as the beautiful boulevards (particularly the Champs Elysses), the Opera House, the Place de la Concorde, the Arch of Triumph, the Bois de Boulogne (magnificent park), the Madelaine Church, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Column of Vendome, the Invalides (containing the tomb of Napoleon the Great), and the fabulous Versailles. Unlike ordinary tourists, whose main interest in visiting foreign countries is to see the beautiful sights, to enjoy themselves in night clubs and theatres, and to shop for sourvenir items, Rizal improved his mind by observing closely the French way of life and spending many hours at the museums, notably the world-famous Louvre; the botanical gardens, especially the Luxembourg; the libraries and art galleries; and the hospitals, including the Laennec Hospital, where he observed Dr. Nicaise treating his patients and the Lariboisiere Hospital, where he observed the examination of different diseases of women.

On the lighter side of his visit in Paris, Rizal was mistaken by the Parisians as a Japanese. The prices of food, drinks, theatre tickets, laundry, hotel accommodations, and transportation were

too high for his slender purse so that he commented in a letter to his family: "Paris is the cosliest capital in Europe."[12]

Rizal as a Mason. In Spain Rizal came in close contact with prominent Spanish liberal and republican Spaniards, who were mostly Masons, including Miguel Morayta, statesman, professor, historian, and writer; Francisco Pi y Margal, journalist, statesman, and former President of the short-lived First Spanish Republic; Manuel Becerra, Minister of Ultramar (Colonies); Emilio Junoy, journalist and member of the Spanish Cortes; and Juan Ruiz Zorilla, parliamentarian and head of the Republican Progressive Party in Madrid.

Rizal was impressed by the way the Spanish Masons openly and freely criticized the government policies and lambasted the friars, which could not be done in the Philippines. In due time, in March 1883, he joined the Masonic lodge called *Acacia* in Madrid. His reason for becoming a mason was to secure Freemasonry's aid in his fight against the friars in the Philippines. Since the friars used the Catholic religion as a shield to entrench themselves in power and wealth and to persecute the Filipino patriots, he intended to utilize Freemansonry as his shield to combat them.

Later he transferred to *Lodge Solidaridad* (Madrid), where he became a Master Mason on November 15, 1890. Still later, on February 15, 1892, he was awarded the diploma as Master Mason by *Le Grand Orient de France* in Paris.[13]

As a Mason, Rizal played a lukewarm role in Freemasonry, unlike M.H. del Pilar, G. Lopez Jaena, and Mariano Ponce who were very active in Masonic affairs. His only Masonic writing was a lecture titled *"Science, Virtue and Labor,"* which he delivered in 1889 at *Lodge Solidaridad*, Madrid. A pertinent portion of this lecture reads as follows:[14]

> The duty of modern man, to my way of thinking, is to work for the redemption of humanity, because once man is dignified there would be less unfortunate and more happy men that is possible in this life. Humanity cannot be redeemed so long as there are oppressed peoples, so long as there are some men who live on the tears of many, so long as there are emasculated minds and blinded eyes that enabled others to live like sultans who alone may enjoy

> beauty. Humanity cannot be redeemed while reason is not free, while faith would want to impose itself on facts, while whims are laws, and while there are nations who subjugate others. For humanity to be able to attain the lofty destiny toward which God guides it, it is necessary that within its fold there should be no dissensions nor tyranny, that plagues do not decimate it and no groans and curses be heard in its march. It is necessary that its triumphant career march to the tune of the hymns of glory and liberty with a bright face and serene forehead.

Financial Worries. After Rizal's departure for Spain, things turned from bad to worse in Calamba. The harvests of rice and sugarcane failed on account of drought and locusts. On top of this economic disaster, the manager of the Dominican-owned hacienda increased the rentals of the lands cultivated by the Rizal family. This hacienda manager, a frequent guest at the Rizal home, used to ask for a turkey from Don Francisco (the hero's father), who was a good raiser of turkeys.

But there came a time when a dreadful pest killed most of the turkeys. When the manager requested for a turkey, Don Francisco had to deny him because he needed the few surviving turkeys for breeding purposes. Enraged by his failure to receive a turkey, the vindictive manager arbitrarily increased the rentals of the lands leased by Don Francisco and Paciano.

Due to hard times in Calamba, the monthly allowances of Rizal in Madrid were late in arrival and there were times when they never arrived, causing much suffering to him. At one time Paciano was forced to sell his younger brother's pony in order to send money to Madrid.

A touching incident in Rizal's life in Madrid occurred on June 24, 1884. Because he was broke, he was unable to take breakfast that day. With an empty stomach, he attended his class at the university, participated in the contest in Greek language and won the gold medal. In the evening of the same day he was able to eat dinner, for he was a guest speaker in a banquet held in honor of Juan Luna and Felix Resurreccion Hidalgo at Restaurant Ingles, Madrid.

Rizal's Salute to Luna and Hidalgo. The banquet on the evening of June 25, 1884 was sponsored by the Filipino commun-

ity to celebrate the double victory of the Filipino artist in the National Exposition of Fine Arts in Madrid — Luna's *Spoliarium* winning first prize and Hidalgo's *Christian Virgins Exposed to the Populace*, second prize. It was attended by prominent Spanish artists, newspapermen, and men-of-letters, statesmen, and Filipinos.

Speaking in sonorous Castilian, Rizal held his audience spellbound. He saluted Luna and Hidalgo as the two glories of Spain and the Philippines, whose artistic achievements transcended geographical frontiers and racial origins, for genius is universal — "genius knows no country, genius sprouts everywhere, genius is like light, air, the patrimony of everybody, cosmopolitan like space, like life, like God." He also assailed with refined sarcasm the bigotry and blindness of certain unworthy Spaniards (referring to the bad friars in the Philippines) who could not comprehend the universality of genius.

This magnificent speech of Rizal was greeted with wild ovations, for seldom did the Spaniards hear such an oration from the lips of a brown Filipino which was almost peerless in nobility of thought, in Spanish rhetoric, in sincerity of feeling, and in sonorous eloquence. Its full text is as follows:[15]

> In speaking before you, I am not scared by the fear that you may listen to me with lukewarmness. I come to join your enthusiasm; ours, the stimulus of youth, and you cannot help but be indulgent. Sympathetic effluvia saturate the atmosphere; fraternal currents run in all directions; generous souls listen; and consequently I do not fear for my humble person nor do I doubt your benevolence. Men of goodwill, you seek only goodwill, and from that height where noble sentiments reside, you do not perceive petty trifles, you see the whole and you judge the case, and you extend your hand to one who like me, desires to join you in one single thought, in one single aspiration — the glory of genius, the splendor of the Motherland.
>
> Here is, in fact, the reason why we are gathered. In the history of nations there are names that by themselves signify an achievement, that recall passion and greatness, names that, like magic formula, evoke pleasant and smiling thoughts, names that became a pact, a symbol of peace, a bond of love between the nations. The names of Luna and Hidalgo belong to these; their glories illumine the two extremes of the globe — the East and the West, Spain and the Philippines. In uttering them I believe I see two luminous arches that, starting from both regions, are going to be entwined there above, impelled by the feeling of common origin, and from that height unite two peoples with eternal bonds, two peoples that sea and space separate in vain, two peoples in which the seeds of disunion that men and their despotism blindly sow do not germinate. Luna and Hidalgo are Spanish as well as Philippine glories. They were born in the Philippines but they could have been born in Spain, because genius knows no country, genius sprouts everywhere, genius is like light, air, the patrimony of everybody, cosmopolitan like space, like life, like God.
>
> The patriarchal era in the Philippines is waning. The deeds of her illustrious sons are no longer wasted away at home. The oriental chrysalis is leaving the cocoon. The morrow of a long day for those regions is announced in brilliant tints and rose-colored dawns, and that race, fallen into lethargy during the historic night while the sun illumines other continents, again awakens, moved by the electric impact that contact with Western peoples produces, and she demands light, life, the civilization that at one time they bequeath her, thus confirming the eternal laws of constant evolution, of change, of periodicy, of progress.
>
> You know this well and you exult in it. To you is due the beauty of the diamonds that the Philippines wears in he crown. She produced the precious stones; Europe gave them polish. And all of us contemplate proudly your work; we are the flame, the breath, the material furnished.
>
> They imbibed over there the poetry of nature — a nature grandiose and terrible in its cataclysms, in its evolutions, in its dynamism; a nature, sweet, tranquil, and melancholy in its manifestation constant, static; a nature that stamps its seal on all that it creates and produces. Its children carry it wherever they go. Analyze if not their character, their works, and however slightly you may know that people, you will see it in everything as forming their knowledge, as the soul that presides over everything as the spring of the mechanism, as the substantial form, as the raw material. It is not possible not to reflect on what one's self feels, it is not possible to be one thing and do something else. The

contradictions are only apparent, they are only paradoxes. In *El Spoliarium*, through that canvas that is not mute, can be heard the tumult of the multitude, the shouting of the slaves, the metallic creaking of the armor of the corpses, the sobs of the bereaved, the murmurs of prayer, with such vigor and realism, as one hears the din of thunder in the midst of the crash of the cataracts or the impressive and dreadful tremor of the earthquake.

The same nature that engenders such phenomena intervenes also in those strokes. On the other hand, in Hidalgo's painting the purest sentiment throbs, ideal expression of melancholy, beauty, and weakness, victims of brute force; and it is because Hidalgo was born under the brilliant azure of that sky, to the cooing of its sea breezes, in the midst of the serenity of its lakes, the poetry of its valleys, and the majestic harmony of its mountains and ranges.

For that reason in Luna's are the shadows, the contrasts, the moribund lights, mystery, and the terrible, like the reverberation of the dark tempests of the tropics, the lightning and the roaring eruptions of their volcanoes. For that reason Hidalgo is all light, color, harmony, feeling, limpidity, like the Philippines in her moonlight nights on her tranquil days, with her horizons that invite to meditation, and where the infinite lulls. And both, despite being so distinct in themselves, in appearance at least, coincide at bottom, as all our hearts do in spite of notable differences. In reflecting on their palette the splendiferous rays of unfolding glory with which they surround their Native Land, both express the spirit of our social, moral, and political life; mankind subjected to harsh tests; unredeemed mankind; reason and aspiration in an open struggle with preoccupations, fanaticism, and injustices, because sentiments and opinions cut passage through the thickest walls, because to them all bodies have pores, all are transparent, and if they lack pen, if the press does not help them, the palette and brushes will not only delight the eye but will also be eloquent tributes.

If the mother teaches her child her language in order that she may understand his joys, his necessities, or his sorrows, Spain, as mother, teaches also her language to the Philippines in spite of the opposition of those myopic men and pigmies, who, desiring to insure the present, do not see the future, do not weigh the consequences — rachitic

wet nurses, corrupt and corruptors, who tend to extinguish all legitimate feelings, who perverting the hearts of the people, sow in them the germs of discord in order to reap later the fruit, the aconite, the death of future generations.

But, I forget those miseries! Peace to those who are dead, because the dead are dead; they lack breath, soul, and worms corrode them! Let us not evoke their dismal memory; let us not bring their stench into the midst of our rejoicings! Fortunately, brothers are larger in number; generosity and nobility are innate under the sky of Spain; all of you are a patent proof of that. You have responded unanimously; you have helped and you would have done more if more had been asked of you. Seated to share our supper and to honor the illustrious sons of the Philippines, you honor also Spain because you have done very well. The boundaries of Spain are neither the Atlantic nor the Cantabrian nor the Mediterranean — it would be ignominious for the water to place a dam to her grandeur, to her idea — Spain is there, there where her beneficent influence is felt, and though her flag might disappear, there would remain her memory, eternal, imperishable. What does a piece of red and yellow cloth matter, what do rifles and cannons matter, there where no fusion of ideas, unity of principles, harmony of opinions exist?

Luna and Hidalgo belong as much to you as to us; you love them and we see in them generous hopes, precious examples. The Filipino youth in Europe, ever enthusiastic, and others whose hearts always remain young for the disinterestedness and enthusiasm that characterize their actions, offer to Luna as a crown, a modest gift, small indeed for our enthusiasm, but the most spontaneous and the most voluntary of all the gifts hitherto presented to him.

But the gratitude of the Philippines towards her illustrious sons was not yet satisfied, and desiring to give free rein to the thoughts that bubble in the mind, to the sentiments that abound in the heart, and to the words that escape from the lips, we have all come here to this banquet to join our wishes, in order to give form to the mutual embrace of two races that love one another and like one another, morally, socially, and politically united for a period of four centuries, so that they may form in the future one single nation in spirit, in their duties, in their views, in their privileges.

I drink then to the health of our artists Luna and Hidalgo, legitimate and pure glories of two peoples! I drink to the health of the persons who have lent them a helping hand on the dolorous path of art. I drink to the health of the Filipino youth, sacred hope of my Native Land, that they may imitate such precious examples so that Mother Spain, solicitous and heedful of the welfare of her provinces, implement soon the reforms she has contemplated for a long time. The furrow is ready and the ground is not sterile! And I drink finally for the happiness of those parents who, deprived of the tenderness of their children, from those distant regions follow them with moist eyes and palpitating hearts across seas and space, sacrificing on the altar of the common welfare the sweet consolations that are so scarce in the twilight of life, precious and lonely winter flowers that sprout along the snow-white borders of the grave.

Rizal Involved in Student Demonstrations. On November 20, 21, and 22, 1884, the serene city of Madrid exploded in bloody riots by the students of the Central University. Rizal and other Filipino students participated, together with Cuban, Mexican, Peruvian, and Spanish students, in the tumult. These student demonstrations were caused by the address of Dr. Miguel Morayta, professor of history, at the opening ceremonies of the academic year on November 20, in which he proclaimed "the freedom of science and the teacher". Such a liberal view was condemned by the Catholic bishops of Spain, who promptly excommunicated Dr. Morayta and those who applauded his speech.

Angered by the bigotry of the Catholic bishops, the university students rose in violent demonstrations. They rioted in the city streets, shouting: "Viva Morayta! Down with Bishops!" Practically all the students in various colleges (Law, Medicine, Philosophy and Letters, etc,) joined the massive demonstrations, including Rizal, Valentin Ventura, and other Filipinos. The police and the army troopers tried to suppress the angry students, but in vain. Bloody fights raged in the university buildings and in the city streets. The students armed with clubs, stones, and fists, fought the government forces. Many university professors openly supported the student rioters. The Rector, who also took the side of the students, was forced to resign and was replaced by Doctor Creus, "a very unpopular man, disliked by everybody".

The appointment of the new Rector intensified the fury of the student demonstrators. More student demonstrations convulsed the city. Recounting the tumultuous riotings to his family in a letter dated November 26, 1884, Rizal said:[16]

When the new Rector went to assume office next day [November 21, 1884 — Z], feelings were much irritated, we were still seeing red, it was resolved not to return to classes as long as they did not give us satisfaction, and remove the Rector. There were repeated shouts of "Down with Creus!" I was there also. On that day there were new encounters, new fights, wounded, cane blows, imprisonment, etc. It was on this same day, the 21st, when a police lieutenant and a secret service man wanted to seize Ventura and me, but he and I escaped. Two Filipinos were taken prisoners.

On the third day, Saturday, the 22nd, the new Rector Creus called the police to occupy the University, to the great disgust of the professors and the great indignation of the students. On this day, because the agent of the law were staring very much at me, and I do not know why, I had to disguise myself three times. None entered the classes. More blows, wounded, etc. More than 80 guards occupied the University up and down; they had their guns and bugles in the lecture hall. The boulevard Del Prado was occupied by the cavalry, cannons, and soldiers. On this day we swore not to return to this dishonored University, whose Rector was imposed on it by force and threat, and in which we are treated as persons without dignity; and we have sworn not to go back until they give us complete satisfaction, and reinstate the old Rector, remove Creus who is a disgrace to the physicians who wanted to expel him from the Academy [of Medicine and Surgery] for lacking in dignity and self-respect. . . This Rector, to avoid the catcalls and insults of the students, leaves and enters the University thru a secret door in the garden. All the papers of Madrid and in the provinces, except those of the Ministry, are in our favor, severely accusing the Government; the people also are on our side, and the students of the provinces are adhering to us. A rich banker offered ten thousand duros to the ex-Rector to bail out the imprisoned students . . . and all the professors are in favor of the students, so much so that they take our cause as theirs. I had the luck of not having received even a cane blow, nor taken prisoner, nor arrested despite

> my two roles as student of medicine and of philosophy and letters . . . Whether it was luck or not, the case is that there were wounded old men, women, children, soldiers, strangers; I did not even have to run. . . No Filipino was wounded, but Cubans and Spaniards many.

Studies Completed in Spain. Rizal completed his medical course in Spain. He was conferred the degree of Licentiate in Medicine by the Universidad Central de Madrid on June 21, 1884. The next academic year (1884-85) he studied and passed all subjects leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Due to the fact, however, that he did not present the thesis required for graduation nor paid the corresponding fees, he was not awarded his Doctor's diploma.

His scholastic records in medicine at the Universidad Central de Madrid were as follows:[17]

Fifth Year (1882-83): Continuation of Medical Course in the University of Santo Tomas

Medical Clinic I	Good
Surgical Clinic I	Good
Obstetrical Clinic	Fair
Legal Medicine	Excellent

Sixth year (1883-84)

Medical Clinic 2	Good
Surgical Clinic 2	Very Good

Licentiate in Medicine awarded on June 21, 1884 with the rating "Fair"

Doctorate (1884-85)

History of Medical Science	Fair
Surgical Analysis	Good
Normal Histology	Excellent

Doctor of Medicine (Not awarded)

Rizal also finished his studies in Philosophy and Letters, with higher grades. He was awarded the degree of Licentiate in Philosophy and Letters by the Universidad Central de Madrid on June 19, 1885 (his 24th birthday), with the rating of "Excellent" *(Sobresaliente)*. His scholastic records in this course follow:[18]

1882-83

Universal History I	Very Good
General Literature	Excellent

1883-84

Universal History I	Very Good
General Literature	Excellent

1884-85

Universal History 2	Excellent
Greek and Latin Literature	Excellent (with prize)
Greek I	Excellent (with prize)

1882-83

Spanish Language	Excellent w/ a scholarship
Arabic Language	Excellent w/ a scholarship

At long last, Rizal completed his studies in Spain. By obtaining the degree of Licentiate in Philosophy and Letters, he became qualified to be a professor of humanities in any Spanish university. And by receiving his degree of Licentiate in Medicine, he became a full-fledged physician, qualified to practise medicine. He did not bother to secure the post-graduate degree of Doctor of Medicine because it was, together with the licentiate in philosophy and letters, good only for teaching purposes. Being a man of high intelligence and foresight, he knew that with his brown color and Asian racial ancestry no friar-owned university or college in the Philippines would accept him in its faculty staff. Thus he said, in his letter to his family written in Madrid, November 26, 1884: "My doctorate is not of very much value to me . . . because although it is useful to a university professor, yet I believe they [Dominican friars — Z] will never appoint me as such in the College of Santo Tomas. I say the same thing of philosophy and letters which may serve also for a professorship, but I doubt if the Dominican fathers will grant it to me."[19]

* * * * *

Chapter 7

Paris to Berlin (1885-87)

After completing his studies in Madrid, Rizal went to Paris and Germany in order to specialize in ophthalmology. He particularly chose this branch of medicine because he wanted to cure his mother's eye ailment. He served as assistant to the famous oculists of Europe. He also continued his travels and observations of European life and customs, government and laws in Paris, Heidelberg, Leipzig, and Berlin. In Berlin, capital of then unified Germany, he met and befriended several top German scientists, Dr. Feodor Jagor, Dr. Adolph B. Meyer, Dr. Hans Meyer, and Dr. Rudolf Virchow. His merits as a scientist were recognized by the eminent scientists of Europe.

In Gay Paris (1885-86). Shortly after terminating his studies at the Central University of Madrid, Rizal, who was then 24 years old and already a physician, went to Paris in order to acquire more knowledge in ophthalmology.

On his way to Paris, he stopped at Barcelona to visit his friend, Maximo Viola, a medical student and a member of a rich family of San Miguel, Bulacan. He stayed for a week, during which time he befriended Señor Eusebio Corominas, editor of the newspaper *La Publicidad* and made a crayon sketch of Don Miguel Morayta, owner of *La Publicidad* and a statesman. He gave Editor Corominas an article on the Carolines Question, then a controversial issue, for publication.[1]

In November 1885, Rizal was living in Paris, where he sojourned for about four months. He worked as an assistant to Dr. Louis de Weckert (1852-1906), leading French ophthalmologist, from November 1885 to February 1886. He rapidly improved his knowledge of ophthalmology, as revealed by his

letter to his parents on January 1, 1886. "With respect to the study of the ailments of the eyes," he wrote, "I am doing well. I know now how to perform all the operations; I only need to know what is going on inside the eye, which requires much practice".[2]

Outside of his working hours at Dr. Weckert's clinic, Rizal relaxed by visiting his friends, such as the family of the Pardo de Taveras (Trinidad, Felix, and Paz), Juan Luna, and Felix Resurreccion Hidalgo. Paz Pardo de Tavera was a pretty girl, who was engaged to Juan Luna. On the album of this girl, Rizal drew a series of sketches on the story of "The Monkey and the Turtle"

At the studio of Luna, Rizal spent many happy hours. He discussed with Luna, the great master of the brush, various problems on art and improved his own painting technique. He helped Luna by posing as model in several paintings. In Luna's canvas "The Death of Cleopatra," Rizal posed as an Egyptian priest. In another of Luna's great paintings, "The Blood Compact," he posed as Sikatuna, with Trinidad Pardo de Tavera taking the role of Legazpi.

Rizal as Musician. Music played an important part in all Filipino reunions in Barcelona, Madrid, Paris, and other cities of Europe. The Filipino contemporaries of Rizal could either play an instrument or sing. Especially, in the home of the Pardo de Taveras and in the Luna studio, every reunion was enlivened with the playing or singing of the kundimans and other Philippine melodies.

Rizal had no natural aptitude for music, and this he admitted. But he studied music because many of his schoolmates at the Ateneo were taking music lessons. In a letter dated November 27, 1878, he told Enrique Lete that he "learned the solfeggio, the piano, and voice culture in one month and a half". However, he confessed that he could not sing well. "If you could hear me sing," he wrote to Lete, "you would wish you were in Spain because my voice is like the braying of the asses".[3]

By sheer determination and constant practice, Rizal came to play the flute fairly well. He was a flutist in various impromptu reunions of Filipinos in Paris. It is said that he even composed some songs, particularly *Alin Mang Lahi* (Any Race), a patriotic

song which asserts that any race aspires for freedom, and a sad danza, *La Deportacion* (Deportation), which he composed in Dapitan during his exile.

In Historic Heidelberg. After acquiring enough experience as an ophthalmologist in Dr. Weckert's clinic, Rizal reluctantly left gay Paris on February 1, 1886 for Germany. He visited Strasbourg (capital of Alsace Lorraine) and other German border towns.

On February 3, 1886, he arrived in Heidelberg, a historic city in Germany famous for its old university and romantic surroundings. For a short time he lived in a boarding house with some German law students. These students found out that Rizal was a good chess player so that they made him a member of the Chess Player's Club. He became popular among the German students because he joined them in their chess games and beer-drinking, and watched their friendly saber duels.

After a few days, Rizal transferred to a boarding house which was near the University of Heidelberg. He worked at the University Eye Hospital under the direction of Dr. Otto Becker, distinguished German ophthalmologist, and attended the lectures of Doctor Becker and Prof. Wilhelm Kuehne at the university.

During week-ends, Rizal visited the scenic spots around Heidelberg, including the famous Heidelberg Castle, the romantic Neckar River, the theater, and the old churches. He noticed that the German Catholics and Protestants practised ecumenism, for they lived together in harmony and cordiality. One of the town churches was used "one-half by the Catholics and the other half by the Protestants."

"To the Flowers of Heidelberg." In the spring of 1886, Rizal was fascinated by the blooming flowers along the cool banks of the Neckar River. Among them was his favorite flower — the light blue "forget-me-not".

The beautiful spring flowers reminded him of the blooming flowers at the garden of his home in Calamba. In his mood of homesickness, he wrote on April 22, 1886, a fine poem *"A Las Flores de Heidelberg"* (To the Flowers of Heidelberg), as follows:[4]

Go to my native land, go, foreign flowers.
Sown by the traveler on his way.

And there, beneath its azure sky.
Where all my affections lie;
There from the weary pilgrim say,
What faith is his in that land of ours!

Go there and tell how when the dawn,
Her early light diffusing,
Your petals first flung open wide;
His steps beside chill Neckar drawn,
You e him silent by your side,
Upon s Spring perennial musing.

Saw how when morning's light,
All your fragrance stealing,
Whispers to you as in mirth,
Playful songs of Love's delight,
He, too, murmurs his love's feeling
In the tongue he learned at birth.

That when the sun of Keenigstuhl's height
Pours out its golden flood,
And with its slowly warming light
Gives life to vale and grove and wood,
He greets that sun, here only upraising,
Which in his native land is at its zenith blazing.

And tell there of that day he stood,
Near to a ruin'd castle gray
By Neckar's banks, or shady wood,
And pluck'd you from beside the way
Tell, too, the tale to you addressed,
And how with tender care,
Your bending leaves he press'd
'Twixt pages of some volume rare.

Bear then, O flowers, love's message bear;
My love to all the lov'd ones there,
Peace to my country — fruitful land —
Faith whereon its sons may stand,
And virtue for its daughters' care;
All those beloved creatures greet,
That still around home's altar meet.

And when you come unto its shore,
This kiss I now on you bestow,
Fling where the winged breezes blow;

That borne on them it may hover o'er
All that I love, esteem, and adore.

But though, O flowers, you come unto that land,
And still perchance your colors hold;
So far from this heroic strand,
Whose soil first bade your life unfold
Still here your fragrance will expand;
Your soul that never quits the earth
Whose light smiled on you at your birth.

With Pastor Ullmer at Wilhelmsfeld. After writing "To the Flowers of Heidelberg," Rizal spent a three-month summer vacation at Wilhelmsfeld, a mountainous village near Heidelberg. He stayed at the vicarage of a kind Protestant pastor, Dr. Karl Ullmer, who became his good friend and admirer. His pleasant personality and talents in languages and sketching endeared him to the pastor's wife, who was a good cook, and two children, Etta (daughter) and Fritz (son).

So delightful was his stay at Pastor Ullmer's home that Rizal felt the pangs of sadness when he ended his sojourn on June 25, 1886. He returned to Heidelberg, carrying with him beautiful memories of the Ullmer friendship and hospitality. The following day he wrote to Pastor Ullmer expressing his gratitude, as follows: "I thank you very much once more. You may also receive, when you are abroad, the same treatment and friendship as I have found among you; and if being a foreigner, I can do nothing for you in a foreign country, I can be of some service to you in my homeland, where you will always find a good friend, if I do not die, of course. The joy of being understood by other people is so great that one cannot easily forget it. You understood me too, in spite of my brown skin, which to many people is yellow, as if that were puzzling or absurd."[5]

Later, on May 29, 1887, Rizal wrote from Munich (Muchen) to Friedrich (Fritz), son of Pastor Ullmer: "Tell the good Frau Pastor, your dear Mama, that when I reach home, I shall write to her I shall never forget how good she, as well as your Papa, had been to me when I was an unknown stranger, without friends and recommendations . . . I shall never forget Wilhelmsfeld with its hospitable parish house."[6]

First Letter to Blumentritt. On July 31, 1886 Rizal wrote his first letter in German (which he had improved after his stay with the Ullmers) to Professor Ferdinand Blumentritt, Director of the Ateneo of Leitmeritz, Austria. He had heard of this Austrian ethnologist and his interest in Philippine languages. In his letter, Rizal said:[7]

> I have heard that you are studying our language, and that you had already published some work about it; permit me to send yo valuable book written by my countryman in our language. The Spanish version is mediocre because the author is only a modest writer but the Tagalog part is good, and it is precisely the language spoken in our province.

With the letter, Rizal sent the book which he mentioned. That book was entitled *Aritmetica* (Arithmetic) and was published in two languages — Spanish and Tagalog — by the University of Santo Tomas Press in 1868. The author was Rufino Baltazar Hernandez, a native of Santa Cruz, Laguna.

Rizal's letter from Heidelberg impressed Blumentritt, who reciprocated by sending Rizal a gift of two books. It marked the beginning of their long and frequent correspondence, also of their friendship that lasted all their lives. Blumentritt, the Austrian, became the best friend of Rizal, the Filipino.

Fifth Centenary of Heidelberg University. Rizal was fortunate to be sojourning in Heidelberg when the famous University of Heidelberg held its fifth centenary celebration on August 6, 1886. It was three days before his departure, and he was sad because he had come to love the beautiful city and its hospitable people.

The following entry on his diary dated August 6, 1886 describes the celebration of the fifth centenary of the famous University of Heidelberg:[8]

> For its fifth centenary the famous University of Heidelberg celebrated its *Festung* this morning, and we attended. I liked the picture better than the original itself. There were, however, many elegant and brilliant costumes: Bugmuller, the famous student of Heidelberg, was dressed as Frederick the Victorious; Lieberman, as a gentleman of the seventeenth century; Gregoire, wolf of Schwahen, etc. Last night was *Schlorsfest*. When will these gaieties enjoyed in this poetic and

beautiful city come back? When will the foreigners return there? When shall I return after I shall have left? Inquire the fate of the molecules of water that the sun evaporates. Some fall as dew on the bosoms of the flowers; others are converted into ice and snow; others into mud or swamp or torrential cascade — they are not lost but continue to live in nature. Will my soul have the fate of water — never being lost into nothingness?

In Leipzig and Dresden. On August 9, 1886, three days after the fifth centenary celebration of the University of Heidelberg, Rizal left the city. He boarded a train, visited various cities of Germany, and arrived in Leipzig on August 14, 1886. He attended some lectures at the University of Leipzig on history and psychology. He befriended Professor Friedrich Ratzel, a famous German historian, and Dr. Hans Meyer, German anthropologist.

In Leipzig, Rizal translated Schiller's *William Tell* from German into Tagalog so that Filipinos might know the story of that champion of Swiss independence. Later, he also translated into Tagalog for his nephews and nieces Hans Christian Andersen's *Fairy Tales*.

Rizal found out that the cost of living in Leipzig was cheapest in Europe so that he stayed two months and a half in this German city. He corrected some chapters of his second novel and performed his daily physical exercises at the city gymnasium. Because of his knowledge of German, Spanish and other European languages he worked as proof-reader in a publisher's firm, thereby earning some money.

On October 29, he left Leipzig for Dresden, where he met Dr. Adolph B. Meyer, Director of the Anthropological and Ethnological Museum. He stayed two days in the city. He heard Mass in a Catholic church. Evidently, this Mass impressed him very much, for he wrote on his diary: "Truly I have never in my life heard a Mass whose music had greater sublimity and intonation."[9]

In the morning of November 1, Rizal left Dresden by train, reaching Berlin in the evening.

Rizal Welcomed in Berlin's Scientific Circles. Rizal was enchanted by Berlin because of its scientific atmosphere and the absence of race prejudice. In this city, he came in contact with

great scientists. He met for the first time Dr. Feodor Jagor, celebrated German scientist-traveler and author of *Travels in the Philippines*, a book which Rizal read and admired during his student days in Manila. Dr. Jagor visited the Philippines in 1859-60, before Rizal was born. In this book (published in Berlin in 1873), he foretold the downfall of Spanish rule in the Philippines and the coming of America to Philippine shores. Rizal had a letter of introduction by Blumentritt for him.

Dr. Jagor, in turn, introduced Rizal to Dr. Rudolf Virchow, famous German anthropologist, and the latter's son, Dr. Hans Virchow, professor of Descriptive Anatomy. Rizal also met Dr. W. Joest, noted German geographer. He worked in the clinic of Dr. Karl Ernest Schweigger, (1830-1905) famous German ophthalmologist.

Rizal became a member of the Anthropological Society, the Ethnological Society, and the Geographical Society of Berlin, upon recommendation of Dr. Jagor and Dr. Meyer. His membership in these scientific societies proved that his scientific knowledge was recognized by Europe's scientists. He was the first Asian to be accorded such honors.

Dr. Virchow, who recognized Rizal's genius, invited the latter to give a lecture before the Ethnographic Society of Berlin. In response to Virchow's invitation, Rizal wrote a scholarly paper in German, entitled *Tagalische Verkunst* (Tagalog Metrical Art) which he read before the society in April 1887. This paper was published by the society in the same year, and it elicited favorable comments from all scientific quarters.

Rizal's Life in Berlin. In Berlin, Rizal was not a mere student or a curious tourist. He lived in this famous capital of unified Germany for five reasons: (1) to gain further knowledge of ophthalmology, (2) to further his studies of sciences and languages, (3) to observe the economic had political conditions of the German nation, (4) to associate with famous German scientists and scholars, and (5) to publish his novel, *Noli Me Tangere*.

Rizal led a methodical and frugal life in Berlin. By day, he worked as an assistant in the clinic of Dr. Schweigger, eminent German opthalmologist. At night, he attended lectures in the University of Berlin.

At his boarding house, he kept himself in physical trim by daily exercises and practised speaking German, French, and Italian. He wanted to master French so that he may be able to write it as well as in Spanish. He took private lessons under a professor of French, Madame Lucie Cerdole in order to master the idiomatic intricacies of the French language. Aside from perfecting his academic studies, he performed daily exercises in a Berlin gymnasium to develop his body.

He spent his leisure moments touring the countrysides around Berlin, observing keenly the customs, dresses, homes and occupations of the peasants. He made sketches of the things he saw. He also enjoyed promenading along *Unter den Linden*, the most popular boulevard of Berlin, sipping beer in the city's inns, and talking with the friendly Berliners.

Rizal on German Women. One of his important letters written while he was in Germany was that addressed to his sister, Trinidad, dated March 11, 1886. In this letter, Rizal expressed his high regard and admiration for German womanhood.

The German woman, said Rizal to his sister, is serious, diligent, educated, and friendly.[10] She is not gossipy, frivolous, and quarrelsome like the Spanish woman. She is not particular about beautiful dresses and expensive jewelry, though she could dress nicely like any other woman in the world.

Rizal regretted that in the Philippines, the women are more interested in how they dress than in how much they know. He praised, however, the delicacy of feeling, the fine manners, devotion, and hospitality of the Filipino women, especially those in the provinces who are not yet sophisticated. If only they can cultivate their intellect by education and by taking more interest in worldly affairs, remarked Rizal, they can command the respect of all men.

Accordingly, Rizal advised his sister, Trinidad: "Now that you are still young you should strive to read, read, and learn. You must not allow yourself to be conquered by indolence because it costs so little to cast it off."[11]

German Customs. Aside from the German women, Rizal admired the German customs which he observed well. It must be noted that he was a keen observer of the customs of the peoples in all the countries he visited.

The Christmas custom of the Germans delighted him most. Of this Yuletide custom, he wrote: "On Christmas eve, the people take from the bushes a pine tree, selecting one which must not only be straight, but also must have leaves that do not fall in spring; I mean that dry leaves are not leaves at all in this particular case, but are a kind of small needle. It is adorned with lanterns, papers, lights, dolls, candies, fruits etc.; and shown at night to the children (who had not seen it being prepared). Around this tree is made the family observance."[12]

Another interesting German custom observed by Rizal is self-introduction to strangers in a social gathering. In Germany, when a man attends a social function and finds that there is nobody to introduce him to the other guests, he bows his head to the guests, introduces himself and shakes the hands of everyone in the room. According to the German code of etiquette, it is bad manners for a guest to remain aloof, and wait for his host or hostess to make the proper introduction.

Rizal's Darkest Winter. Rizal spent winters in many temperate countries. The winter of 1886 in Berlin was his darkest winter. During this bleak winter, he lived in poverty because no money arrived from Calamba and he was flat broke. The diamond ring which his sister, Saturnina, gave him was in the pawnshop. He could not pay his landlord. He had to scrimp, eating only one meal a day. And that daily meal consisted of bread and water or some cheap vegetable soup. His clothes were old and threadbare. He washed them himself because he could not afford to pay the laundry.

Out in far-away Calamba, Paciano tried desperately to raise money. He knew his younger brother was in a dire financial situation in Berlin. But the crops had failed due to the ravages of the locusts. The sugar market collapsed. Time was of the essence, but poor Paciano was delayed in raising the necessary funds.

Meanwhile, Rizal starved in Berlin and shivered with wintry cold. His health broke down due to lack of proper nourishment. He began to cough, and he feared that he was going to be sick with tuberculosis. Never had he suffered such physical blows of penury, so that his soul cried out in despair.

Chapter 8
Noli Me Tangere Published in Berlin (1887)

The bleak winter of 1886 was memorable in the life of Rizal for two reasons: first, it was a painful episode for he was hungry, sick, and despondent in a strange city and, second, it brought him great joy, after enduring so much sufferings, because his first novel *Noli Me Tangere* came off the press in March, 1887. Like the legendary Santa Claus, Dr. Maximo Viola, his friend from Bulacan, arrived in Berlin at the height of his despondency and loaned him the needed funds to publish the novel.

Idea of Writing a Novel on the Philippines. His reading of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which portrays the brutalities of American slave-owners and the pathetic conditions of the unfortunate Negro slaves, inspired Dr. Rizal to prepare a novel that would depict the miseries of his people under the lash of Spanish tyrants. He was then a student in the Central University of Madrid.

In a reunion of Filipinos in the Paterno residence in Madrid on January 2, 1884, Rizal proposed the writing of a novel about the Philippines by a group of Filipinos. His proposal was unanimously approved by those present, among whom were the Paternos (Pedro, Maximino, and Antonio), Graciano Lopez Jaena, Evaristo Aguirre, Eduardo de Lete, Julio Llorente, Melecio Figueroa, and Valentin Ventura.

Unfortunately, Rizal's project did not materialize. Those compatriots who were expected to collaborate on the novel did not write anything. The novel was designed to cover all phases of Philippine life. However, almost everybody wanted to write

on women. Rizal was disgusted at such flippancy. He was more disgusted to see that his companions, instead of working seriously on the novel, wasted their time gambling or flirting with Spanish señoritas.

Undaunted by his friends' indifference, he determined to write the novel — alone.

The Writing of the Noli. Toward the end of 1884, Rizal began writing the novel in Madrid and finished about one-half of it.

When he went to Paris, in 1885, after completing his studies in the Central University of Madrid, he continued writing the novel, finishing one-half of the second half. He finished the last fourth of the novel in Germany. He wrote the last few chapters of the *Noli* in Wilhelmsfeld in April-June, 1886.

In Berlin during the winter days of February 1886. Rizal made the final revisions on the manuscript of the *Noli*. Sick and penniless, he saw no hope of having it published, so that in a momentary fit of desperation, he almost hurled it into the flames. Years later he told his good friend and former classmate, Fernando Canon: "I did not believe that the *Noli Me Tangere* would ever be published when I was in Berlin, broken-hearted, weakened, and discouraged from hunger and deprivation. I was on the point of throwing my work into the fire as a thing accursed and fit only to die."

Viola, Savior of the Noli. In the midst of his despondency and misery, Rizal received a telegram from Dr. Maximo Viola[1] who was coming to Berlin. This friend of Rizal was a scion of a rich family of San Miguel, Bulacan. When he arrived in Berlin shortly before Christmas Day of 1887, he was shocked to find Rizal living in poverty and deplorably sickly due to lack of proper nourishment.

Upon seeing his talented friend's predicament, Viola, being loaded with ample funds, gladly agreed to finance the printing cost of the *Noli*. He also loaned Rizal some cash money for living expenses. Thus it came to pass that Rizal and Viola happily celebrated the Christmas of 1886 in Berlin with a sumptuous feast.

After the Christmas season, Rizal put the finishing touches on his novel. To save printing expenses, he deleted certain

passages in his manuscript, including a whole chapter — "Elias and Salome."

On February 21, 1887, the *Noli* was finally finished and ready for printing. With Viola, the savior of the *Noli,* Rizal went to different printing shops in Berlin to survey the cost of printing. After a few days of inquiries, they finally found a printing shop — Berliner Buchdruckrei-Action-Gesselschaft — which charged the lowest rate, that is, 300 pesos for 2,000 copies of the novel.

Rizal Suspected as Frenchy Spy. During the printing of the *Noli,* a rare incident happened to Rizal. One morning the chief of police Berlin paid a sudden visit to Rizal's boarding house and requested to see the latter's passport. Unfortunately, Rizal could not produce a passport, for he had none — in those days it was possible to travel without a passport. The police chief then told him to secure a passport within four days, otherwise he would be deported.[2]

Immediately, Rizal, accompanied by Viola went to the Spanish embassy to seek the help of the Spanish ambassador, the Count of Benomar, who promised to attend to the matter. But the ambassador failed to keep his promise, for it turned out that he had no power to issue the required passport.

At the expiration of the four-day ultimatum, Rizal presented himself at the office of the German police chief, apologizing for his failure to obtain a passport and politely asked the latter why he was to be deported when he had not committed any crime. The police chief informed him that he had received intelligence reports that he (Rizal) had made frequent visits to the villages and little towns in the rural areas, thereby arousing the German government's suspicion that he was a French spy, inasmuch as he entered Germany from Paris, where he resided for some years and was apparently a lover of France, whose language and culture he knew so much. At that time the relations between France and Germany were strained on account of Alsace-Lorraine.

Rizal, in fluent German language, explained to the police chief he was not a French spy, but was a Filipino physician and scientist, particularly an ethnologist. As an ethnologist, he visited

the rural areas of the countries he visited to observe the customs and life-styles of their simple inhabitants. Favorably impressed with Rizal's explanation and fascinated by his mastery of the German language and personal charisma, the police chief was satisfied and allowed him to stay freely in Germany.

Printing of the Noli Finished. After the incident of his aborted deportation as a suspected French spy, Rizal, with the help of Viola, supervised the printing of the *Noli.* Day by day, they were at the printing shop proof-reading the printed pages.

On March 21, 1887, the *Noli Me Tangere* came off the press. Rizal immediately sent the first copies of the printed novel to his intimate friends, including Blumentritt, Dr. Antonio Ma. Regidor, G. Lopez Jaena, Mariano Ponce, and Felix R. Hidalgo. In his letter to Blumentritt, dated March 21, 1887, he said: "I am sending you a book. It is my first book, though I have already written much before it and received some prizes in literary competitions. It is the first impartial and bold book on the life of the Tagalogs. The Filipinos will find it the history of the last ten years. I hope you will notice how different are my descriptions from those of other writers. The government and the friars will probably attack the work, refuting my arguments; but I trust in the God of Truth and in the persons who have actually seen the sufferings at close range. I hope I can answer all the concepts which have been fabricated to malign us."[3]

On March 29, 1887, Rizal, in token of his appreciation and gratitude, gave Viola the galley proofs of the *Noli* carefully rolled around the pen that he used in writing it and a complimentary copy, with the following inscription: "To my dear friend, Maximo Viola, the first to read and appreciate my work — Jose Rizal."

The Title of the Novel. The title *Noli Me Tangere* is a Latin phrase which means "Touch Me Not." It is not originally conceived by Rizal, for he admitted taking it from the Bible.

Rizal, writing to Felix R. Hidaldo in French on March 5, 1887, said: "*Noli Me Tangere,* words taken from the Gospel of Saint Luke, signify "do not touch me."[4] In citing the Biblical source, Rizal made a mistake. It should be the Gospel of St. John (Chapter 20, Verses 13 to 17). According to St. John, on the First Easter Sunday, St. Mary Magdalene visited the Holy

Sepulcher, and to her Our Lord Jesus, just arisen from the dead, said:

> "Touch me not; I am not yet ascended to my Father, but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God and your God."

The Author's Dedication. Rizal dedicated his *Noli Me Tangere* to the Philippines — "To My Fatherland." His dedication runs as follows:

> Recorded in the history of human sufferings is a cancer so malignant a character that the least touch irritates it and awakens in it the sharpest pains. Thus, how many times, when in the midst of modern civilizations I have wished to call thee before me, now to accompany me in memories, now to compare thee with other countries, hath thy dear image presented itself showing a social cancer like to that other!
>
> Desiring thy welfare which is our own, and seeking the best treatment, I will do with thee what the ancients did with their sick, exposing them on the steps of the temple so that every one who came to invoke the Divinity might offer them a remedy.
>
> And to this end, I will strive to reproduce thy condition faithfully, without discriminations; I will raise a part of the veil that covers the evil, sacrificing to truth everything, even vanity itself, since, as thy son I am conscious that I also suffer from thy defects and weaknesses.

Synopsis of the "Noli." The novel *Noli Me Tangere* contains 63 chapters and an epilogue. It begins with a reception given by *Capitan* Tiago (Santiago de los Santos) at his house in Calle Anloague (now Juan Luna Street) on the last day of October. This reception or dinner was given in honor of Crisostomo Ibarra, a young and rich Filipino who had just returned after seven years of study in Europe. Ibarra was the only son of Don Rafael Ibarra, friend of Capitan Tiago, and a fiance of beautiful Maria Clara, supposed daughter of Capitan Tiago.

Among the guests during the reception were Padre Damaso, a fat Franciscan friar who had been parish priest for 20 years of San Diego (Calamba), Ibarra's native town; Padre Sybila, a young Dominican parish priest of Binondo; Señor Guevara, an

elderly and kind lieutenant of the Guardia Civil; Don Tiburcio de Espadaña, a bogus Spanish physician, lame, and henpecked husband of Doña Victorina; and several ladies.

Ibarra, upon his arrival, produced a favorable impression among the guests, except Padre Damaso, who was rude to him. In accordance with a German custom, he introduced himself to the ladies.

During the dinner the conversation centered on Ibarra's studies and travels abroad. Padre Damaso was in bad mood because he got a bony neck and a hard wing of the chicken *tinola*. He tried to discredit Ibarra's remarks.

After dinner, Ibarra left *Capitan* Tiago's house to return to his hotel. On the way, the kind Lieutenant Guevara told him the sad story of his father's death in San Diego. Don Rafael, his father, was a rich and brave man. He defended a helpless boy from the brutality of an illiterate Spanish tax collector, pushing the latter and accidentally killing him. Don Rafael was thrown in prison, where he died unhappily. He was buried in consecrated ground, but his enemies, accusing him of being a heretic, had his body removed from the cemetery.

On hearing about his father's sad story, Ibarra thanked the kind Spanish lieutenant and vowed to find out the truth about his father's death.

The following morning, he visited Maria Clara, his childhood sweetheart. Maria Clara teasingly said that he had forgotten her because the girls in Germany were beautiful. Ibarra replied that he had never forgotten her.

After the romantic reunion with Maria Clara, Ibarra went to San Diego to visit his father's grave. It was All Saint's Day. At the cemetery, the grave-digger told Ibarra that the corpse of Don Rafael was removed by order of the parish priest to be buried in the Chinese cemetery; but the corpse was heavy and it was a dark rainy night so that he (the grave-digger) simply threw the corpse into the lake.

Ibarra was angered by the grave-digger's story. He left the cemetery. On the way, he met Padre Salvi, Franciscan parish priest of San Diego. In a flash, Ibarra pounced on the priest, demanding redress for desecrating his father's mortal remains.

Padre Salvi told him that he had nothing to do with it, for he was not the parish priest at the time of Don Rafael's death. It was Padre Damaso, his predecessor, who was responsible for it. Convinced of Padre Salvi's innocence, Ibarra went away.

In his town, Ibarra met several interesting people, such as he wise old man, Tasio the philosopher, whose ideas were too advanced for his times so that the people, who could not understand him, called him "Tasio the Lunatic;" the progressive school teacher, who complained to Ibarra that the children were losing interest in their studies because of the lack of a proper school house and the discouraging attitude of the parish friar towards both the teaching of Spanish and of the use of modern methods of pedagogy; the spineless *gobernadorcillo*, who catered to the wishes of the Spanish parish friar; Don Filipo Lino, the teniente-mayor and leader of the liberal faction in the town; Don Melchor, the captain of the *cuadrilleros* (town police); and the former *gobernadorcillos* who were prominent citizens — Don Basilio and Don Valentin.

A most tragic story in the novel is the tale of Sisa, who was formerly a rich girl but became poor because she married a gambler, and a wastrel at that. She became crazy because she lost her two boys, Basilio and Crispin, the joys of her wretched life. These boys were *sacristanes* (sextons) in the church working for a small wage to support their poor mother. Crispin, the younger of the two brothers, was accused by the brutal *sacristan mayor* (chief sexton) of stealing the money of the priest. He was tortured in the convent and died. Basilio, with his brother's dying cries ringing in his ears, escaped. When the two boys did not return home, Sisa looked for them everywhere and, in her great sorrow, she became insane.

Capitan Tiago, Maria Clara, and Aunt Isabel (Capitan Tiago's cousin who took care of Maria Clara, after her mother's death) arrived in San Diego. Ibarra and his friends gave a picnic at the lake. Among those present in this picnic, were Maria Clara and her four girl friends — "the merry Siñang, the grave Victoria, the beautiful Iday, and the thoughtful Neneng;" Aunt Isabel, chaperon of Maria Clara; *Capitana* Tika, mother of Siñang; Andeng, foster-sister of Maria Clara; Albino, the ex-theological student who was in love with Siñang; and Ibarra and

his friends. One of the boatmen was a strong and silent peasant youth named Elias.

An incident of the picnic was the saving of Elias' life by Ibarra. Elias bravely grappled with a crocodile which was caught in the fish corral. But the crocodile struggled furiously so that Elias could not subdue it. Ibarra jumped into the water and killed the crocodile, thereby saving Elias.

Another incident, which preceded the above-mentioned near-tragic crocodile incident, was the rendering of a beautiful song by Maria Clara who had a sweet voice. Upon the insistent requests of her friends, she played the harp and sang:

THE SONG OF MARIA CLARA

"Sweet are the hours in one's native land,
Where all is dear the sunbeams bless;
Life-giving breezes sweep the strand,
And death is soften'd by love's caress

"Warm kisses play on mother's lips,
On her fond, tender breast awakening;
When round her neck the soft arm slips,
And bright eyes smile, all love partaking.

"Sweet is death for one's native land,
Where all is dear the sunbeams bless;
Death is the breeze that sweeps the strand,
Without a mother, home, or love's caress."

After Maria Clara's song and the crocodile incident, they went ashore. They made merry in the cool, wooded meadow. Padre Salvi, *Capitan Basilio* (former gobernadorcillo and Siñang's father), the *alferez* (lieutenant of the Guardia Civil) and the town officials were present. The luncheon was served, and everybody enjoyed eating.

The meal over, Ibarra and *Capitan* Basilio played chess, while Maria Clara and her friends played the "Wheel of Chance," a game based on a fortune-telling book. As the girls were enjoying their fortune-telling game, Padre Salvi came and tore to pieces the book, saying that it was a sin to play such a game. Shortly thereafter, a sergeant and four soldiers of the Guardia Civil suddenly arrived, looking for Elias, who was hunted for (1) assaulting Padre Damaso and (2) throwing the alferez into

a mudhole. Fortunately Elias had disappeared, and the Guardia Civil went away empty-handed. During the picnic also, Ibarra received a telegram from the Spanish authorities notifying him of the approval of his donation of a schoolhouse for the children of San Diego.

The next day Ibarra visited old Tasio to consult him on his pet project about the schoolhouse., He saw the old man's writings were written in hieroglyphics. Tasio explained to him that he wrote in hieroglyphics because he was writing for the future generations who would understand them and say, "Not all were asleep in the night of our ancestors!"

Tasio was pessimistic about the project of Ibarra to build a schoolhouse at his own expense. However, the construction of the schoolhouse continued under the supervision of the architect called Ñor Juan.

Meanwhile San Diego was merrily preparing for its annual fiesta, in honor of its patron saint San Diego de Alcala, whose feast day is the 11th of November. On the eve of the fiesta, hundreds of visitors arrived from the nearby towns, and there were laughter, music, exploding bombs, feasting and *moro-moro*. The music was furnished by five brass bands (including the famous Pagsanjan Band owned by the *escribano* Miguel Guevara) and three orchestras.

In the morning of the fiesta there was a high Mass in the church, officiated by Padre Salvi. Padre Damaso gave the long sermon, in which he expatiated on the evils of the times that were caused by certain men, who having tasted some education, spread pernicious ideas among the people.

After Padre Damaso's sermon, the Mass was continued by Padre Salvi. Elias quietly moved to Ibarra, who was kneeling and praying by Maria Clara's side, and warned him to be careful during the ceremony of the laying of the cornerstone of the schoolhouse because there was a plot to kill him.

Elias suspected that the yellowish man, who built the derrick, was a paid stooge of Ibarra's enemies. True to his suspicion, later in the day, when Ibarra, in the presence of a big crowd, went down into the trench to cement the cornerstone, the derrick collapsed. Elias, quick as a flash, pushed him aside, thereby

saving his life. The yellowish man was the one crushed to death by the shattered derrick.

At the sumptuous dinner that night under a decorated kiosk, a sad incident occurred. The arrogant Padre Damaso, speaking in the presence of many guests, insulted the memory of Ibarra's father. Ibarra jumped from his seat, knocked down the fat friar with his fist, and then seized a sharp knife. He would have killed the friar, were it not for the timely intervention of Maria Clara.

Ibarra's attack on Padre Damaso produced two results: (1) his engagement to Maria Clara was broken and (2) he was excommunicated. Fortunately, the liberal-minded governor general visited the town and befriended Ibarra. He told the young man not to worry. He persuaded *Capitan Tiago* to accept Ibarra as son-in-law and promised to see the Archbishop of Manila to lift the ban of excommunication.

The fiesta over, Maria Clara became ill. She was treated by the quack Spanish physician, Tiburcio de Espadaña, whose wife, a vain and vulgar native woman, was a frequent visitor in *Capitan* Tiago's house. This woman had hallucinations of being a superior Castillan, and, although a native herself, she looked down on her own people as inferior beings. She added another "de" to her husband's surname in order to be more Spanish. Thus she wanted to be called "Doctora Doña Victorina de los Reyes de De Espadaña." She introduced to *Capitan* Tiagoa young Spaniard, Don Alfonso Linares de Espadaña, cousin of Don Tiburcio de Espadaña and godson of Padre Damaso's brother-in-law. Linares was a penniless and jobless, fortune hunter who came to the Philippines in search of a rich Filipino heiress. Both Doña Victorina and Padre Damaso sponsored his wooing of Maria Clara, but the latter did not respond because she loved Ibarra.

A touch of comedy in the novel was the fight between two ludicrous señoras — Doña Consolacion, the vulgar mistress of the Spanish alferez, and Doña Victorina, the flamboyantly dressed wife of a henpecked Spanish quack doctor. Both insulted each other in gutter language, and, not satisfied with their verbal warfare, they squared off to come to blows. The timely arrival of Padre Salvi stopped the fight, much to the regret of the curious onlookers.

The story of Elias, like that of Sisa, was a tale of pathos and tragedy. He related it to Ibarra. Some 60 years ago, his grandfather, who was then a young bookkeeper in a Spanish commercial firm in Manila, was wrongly accused of burning the firm's warehouse. He was flogged in public and was left in the street, crippled and almost dead. His wife, who was pregnant, begged for alms and became a prostitute in order to support her sick husband and their son. After giving birth to her second son and the death of her husband, she fled, with her two sons, to the mountains.

Years later the first boy became a dreaded tulisan named Balat. He terrorized the provinces. One day he was caught by the authorities. His head was cut off and was hung from a tree branch in the forest. On seeing this gory object, the poor mother (Elias' grandmother) died.

Balat's younger brother, who was by nature kindhearted, fled and became a trusted laborer in the house of a rich man in Tayabas. He fell in love with the master's daughter. The girl's father, enraged by the romance, investigated his past and found out the truth. The unfortunate lover (Elias' father) was sent to jail, while the girl gave birth to twins, a boy (Elias) and a girl. Their rich grandfather (father of their mother) took care of them, keeping secret their scandalous origin, and reared them as rich children. Elias was educated in the Jesuit College in Manila, while his sister studied in La Concordia College. They lived happily until one day, owing to certain dispute over money matters, a distant relative exposed their shameful birth. They were disgraced. An old male servant, whom they used to abuse, was forced to testify in court and the truth came out that he was their real father.

Elias and his sister left Tayabas to hide their shame in another place. One day the sister disappeared. Elias roamed from place to place, looking for her. He heard later that a girl answering to his sister's description, was found dead on the beach of San Diego. Since then, Elias lived a vagabond life, wandering from province to province — until he met Ibarra.

Ibarra's enemies left no stone unturned to bring about his ruin. They engineered an attack on the barracks of the Guardia Civil, at the same time warning the *alferez* to alert his men that

night. They deceived the attackers by teling them that the mastermind was Ibarra. So that when the attack failed and the surviving attackers were caught. Ibarra was blamed for the catastrophe.

Elias, learning of Ibarra's arrest, burned all the papers that might incriminate his friend and set Ibarra's house on fire. Then he went to prison and helped Ibarra escape. He and Ibarra jumped into a banca loaded with *sacate* (grass). Ibarra stopped at the house of *Capitan* Tiago to say goodbye to Maria Clara. In the tearful last scene between the two lovers, Ibarra forgave Maria Clara for giving up his letters to her to the Spanish authorities who utilized them as evidence against him. On her part, Maria Clara revealed that those letters were exchanged with a letter from her late mother, Pia Alba, which Padre Salvi gave her. From this letter, she learned that her real father was Padre Damaso.

After bidding Maria Clara farewell, Ibarra returned to the banca. He and Elias paddled up the Pasig River toward Laguna de Bay. A police boat, with the Guardia Civil on board, pursued them as their banca reached the lake. Elias told Ibarra to hide under the *zacate*. As the police boat was overtaking the banca, Elias jumped into the water and swam swiftly toward the shore. In this way, he diverted the attention of the soldiers on his person, thereby giving Ibarra a chance to escape.

The soldiers fired at the swimming Elias, who was hit and sank. The water turned red because of his blood. The soldiers, thinking that they had killed the fleeing Ibarra returned to Manila. Thus Ibarra was able to escape.

Elias, seriously wounded, reached the shore and staggered into the forest. He met a boy, Basilio, who was weeping over his mother's dead body. He told Basilio to make a pyre on which their bodies (his and Sisa's) were to be burned to ashes. It was Christmas eve, and the moon gleamed softly in the sky. Basilio prepared the funeral pyre. As life's breath slowly left his body. Elias looked toward the east and murmured: "I die without seeing the dawn brighten over my native land! You, who have it to see, welcome it — and forget not those who have fallen during the night!"

The novel has an epilogue which recounts what happened to the other characters. Maria Clara, out of her loyalty to the memory of Ibarra, the man she truly loved, entered the Santa Clara nunnery. Padre Salvi left the parish of San Diego and became a chaplain of the nunnery. Padre Damaso was transferred to a remote province, but the next morning he was found dead in his bedroom. *Capitan* Tiago, the former genial host and generous patron of the church, became an opium addict and a human wreck. Doña Victorina, still henpecking poor Don Tiburcio, had taken to wearing eye-glasses because of weakening eyesight. Linares, who failed to win Maria Clara's affection, died of dysentery and was buried in Paco cemetery.

The *alferez,* who successfully repulsed the abortive attack on the barracks, was promoted major. He returned to Spain, leaving behind his shabby mistress, Doña Consolacion.

The novel ends with Maria Clara, an unhappy nun in Santa Clara nunnery — forever lost to the world.

The "Noli" Based on Truth. The *Noli Me Tangere,* unlike many works of fictional literature, was a true story of Philippine conditions during the last decades of Spanish rule. The places, the characters, and the situations really existed. "The facts I narrate there," said Rizal, "are all true and have happened; I can prove them."

The characters — Ibarra, Maria Clara, Elias, Tasio, Capitan Tiago, Padre Damaso, Padre Salvi, etc. — were drawn by Rizal from persons who actually existed during his times. Maria Clara was Leonor Rivera, although in real life she became unfaithful, unlike the heroine of the novel, and married an Englishman. Ibarra and Elias represented Rizal himself. Tasio the philosopher was his elder brother, Paciano. Padre Salvi was identified by Rizalists as Padre Antonio Piernavieja, the hated Augustinian friar in Cavite who was killed by the patriots during the Revolution. *Capitan* Tiago was Capitan Hilario Sunico of San Nicolas. Doña Victorina was Doña Agustina Medel. The two brothers Basilio and Crispin were the Crisostomo brothers of Hagonoy. Padre Damaso was typical of a domineering friar during the days of Rizal, who was arrogant, immoral, and anti-Filipino.

Missing Chapter of the Noli. In the original manuscript of *Noli Me Tangere,* there was a chapter entitled "Elias and Salome"

which follows Chapter XXIV — "In the Woods". This particular chapter on Elias and Salome was deleted by Rizal so that it was not included in the printed novel. His reason for doing so was definitely economic. By reducing the pages of the manuscript, the cost of printing would correspondingly be reduced. The missing chapter runs as follows:

In a nipa hut by the placid lake, Salome, a winsome girl in her early teens, sat on a bamboo batalan, sewing a camisa of bright colors. She was waiting for Elias to arrive. She was beautiful "like the flowerets that grow wild not attracting attention at first glance but whose beauty is revealed when we examine them carefully". When she heard footsteps, she laid aside her sewing, went to the bamboo stairway where Elias stood carrying a bundle of firewood and a bunch of bananas which he placed on the floor, while he handed a wiggling *dalag* to the girl.

Salome noticed her lover was sad and pensive. She tried to console him; asking about the girls at the picnic which the Guardia Civil soldiers disturbed, looking for him. He told her in a gay mood that there were many beautiful girls, among whom was Maria Clara, the sweetheart of a rich young man who had just returned from Europe.

Afterwards, Elias arose, preparing to leave. Speaking in a soft voice, he said: "Good-bye, Salome. The sun is setting, and it won't appear good for the people to know that night overtook me here." He paused for a moment, then continued: "But you've been crying. Don't deny it with your smile. You've been crying."

She was crying, for soon she would leave this house where she grew up. She explained: "It is not right for me to live alone. I'll go to live with my relatives in Mindoro. Soon I'll be able to pay the debt my mother left me when she died. . . to give up this house in which one was born and had grown up is something more than giving up one's being. A typhoon will come, a freshet, and everything will go to the lake. . ."

Elias remained silent for a moment; then he held her hands, and asked her: "Have you heard anyone speak ill of you? Have I sometimes worried you? Not that either? Then you are tired of my friendship and want to drive me away. . ."

She answered "No, don't talk like that. I am not tired of your friendship. God knows that I am satisfied with my lot. I only desire health that I may work. I don't envy the rich, the wealthy, but. . ."

"But what?"

"Nothing. I don't envy them as long as I have your friendship."

"Salome," replied the youth with bitter sorrow. "You know my cruel past and that my misfortune is not of my own making. If not for the fatality that at times keeps me thinking, with bitterness, if it were not that I don't want my children to suffer what my sister and I suffered, you would have been my wife in the eyes of God. But for the sake of this very love, for the sake of this future family, I have sworn to end with myself the misfortune that we have been inheriting from father to son, and it is better that it should be so, for neither you nor I would wish to hear our children lament our love, which would only bequeath them misery. You do well to go to the house of your relatives. Forget me, forget a love so mad and futile. Perhaps you'll meet there one who is not like me."

"Elias," exclaimed the girl reproachfully.

"You have misunderstood me. In my words, there is no complaint against you. Take my advice, go home to your relatives. . . Here you have no one but me, and the day when I fall into the hands of my pursuers, you will be left alone for the rest of your life. Improve your youth and beauty to get a good husband, such as you deserve, for you don't know what it is to live among men."

"I was thinking that you might go with me," Salome said softly.

"Alas," rejoined Elias shaking his head. "Impossible, and more so than ever . . . I haven't yet found what I came here to seek — it's impossible. Today, I forfeited my liberty."

Elias then narrated what happened earlier at the picnic that morning; how he was saved by Ibarra from the jaws of a crocodile. To show his gratitude, he vowed to repay the good deed done by Ibarra, even to the extent of sacrificing his life. He explained

that anywhere he would go, even to Mindoro, the past would still be discovered, sooner or later.

"Well then," Salome said, looking at him tenderly: "At least when I'm gone, live here, stay in this house. It will make you remember me; and I will not think in that distant land that the hurricane had carried my hut to the lake. When my thoughts turn to these shores, the memory of you and of my house will appear to me together. Sleep where I have slept and dream it will be as though I were beside you."

"Oh," exclaimed Elias, waving his hand in desperation. "Woman, you'll make me forget."

After disengaging himself from her tender embrace, he left with a heavy heart, following the lonely path lined with the shadows of somber trees in the twilight. She followed him with her gaze, listening sadly to the fading footsteps in the gathering darkness.

Rizal's Friends Praise the Noli. The friends of Rizal hailed the novel, praising it in glowing colors. As to be expected, Rizal's enemies condemned it. Rizal anticipated the vitriolic attacks of his enemies, who were sore to be told the truth of their evil ways. As he told Blumentritt: "The government and the friars will probably attack the work, refuting my statements, but I trust in the God of Truth and in the persons who have actually seen our sufferings."[5]

Of the numerous congratulatory letters received by Rizal from his friends about the *Noli*, that from Blumentritt was significant. "First of all," wrote Blumentritt," accept my cordial congratulations for your beautiful novel about customs which interests me extraordinarily. Your work, as we Germans say, has been written with the blood of the heart, and so the heart also speaks. I continue reading it with much interest, and I shall beg to ask you now and then for an explanation when I find words unknown to me; for instance, the word *filibustero* must have certain meaning in the Philippines that I do not find in the Spanish of the Peninsulars nor in that of the Spanish peoples of America."

"I knew already," continued Blumentritt, "that you were a man of extraordinary talent (I had said it to Pardo de Tavera,

and this could also be seen from the marvelous short time in which you have acquired my difficult and rough mother tongue); but in spite of this, your work has exceeded my hopes and I consider myself happy to have been honored with your friendship. Not only I but also your people can also be called lucky for having in you a son and a loyal patriot. If you will continue thus, you can become one of those great men who will exert a definite influence on the spiritual development of your people".[6]

In London, Dr. Antonio Ma. Regidor, Filipino patriot and lawyer who had been exiled due to his complicity in the Cavite Mutiny of 1872, read avidly the *Noli* and was very much impressed by its author. On May 3, 1887, he felicitated Rizal, saying: "If the Quixote immortalizes its author because it exposes to the world the ailments of Spain, your *Noli Me Tangere* will bring you an equal glory. With your modesty and your voracious and able appraisal, you have dealt a mortal blow to that old tree full of blemishes and decay. Every Filipino patriot will read your book with avity and upon discovering in every line a veracious idea and in every word a fitting advice, he will be inspired and he will regard your book as the masterpiece of a Filipino and the proof that those who thought us incapable of producing great intellects are mistaken or lying".[7]

* * * * *

Chapter 9

Rizal's Grand Tour of Europe with Viola (1887)

After the publication of the *Noli*, Rizal planned to visit the important places in Europe. Dr. Maximo Viola agreed to be his traveling companion.[1] Rizal had received Paciano's remittance of P1,000 which was forwarded by Juan Luna from Paris. He immediately paid Viola the sum of P300 which the latter kindly loaned so that the *Noli* could be printed. Having paid his debt, and with adequate funds in his pocket, he was ready to see Europe before returning to Calamba. First, he and Viola visited Potsdam, a city near Berlin, which Frederick the great made famous.

The Tour Begins. At dawn of May 11, 1887, Rizal and Viola, two brown-skinned doctors on a roaming spree, left Berlin by train. It was an ideal season for travel. Spring was in the air, and all over Europe the flowers were blooming, the meadows were turning green, and the villages were humming with activity. According to Viola, the luggage of Rizal included all the letters he had received from his (Rizal's) family and friends. Their destination was Dresden, "one of the best cities in Germany".

Dresden. Rizal and Viola tarried for some time in Dresden. Their visit coincided with the regional floral exposition. Rizal, who was interested in botany, studied the "numerous plant varieties of extraordinary beauty and size". They visited Dr. Adolph B. Meyer, who was overjoyed to see them. In the Museum of Art, which they also visited, Rizal was deeply impressed by a painting of "Prometheus Bound" and recalled seeing a representation of the same idea in an art gallery in Paris.

While strolling at the scene of the Floral Exposition, they met Dr. Jagor. Upon hearing of their plan to visit Leitmeritz (now Litomerice, Czechoslovakia) in order to see Blumentritt for the first time, Dr. Jagor advised them to wire Blumentritt of their coming because the old professor was of a nervous disposition and he might suffer a shock at their sudden visit.

Teschen (now Decin, Czechoslovakia) was their next stopover after leaving Dresden. Rizal and Viola sent a wire to Blumentritt, as per suggestion of Dr. Jagor.

First Meeting with Blumentritt. At 1:30 p.m. of May 13, 1887, the train, with Rizal and Viola on board, arrived at the railroad station of Leitmeritz, Bohemia. Professor Blumentritt, who had received their wire, was at the station. He was carrying a pencil sketch of Rizal which the latter had previously sent him, so that he could identify his Filipino friend. He warmly received Rizal and Viola.

For the first time, the two great scholars — Rizal and Blumentritt — who came to know each other by correspondence, met in person. They greeted each other in fluent German. Blumentritt was a kind-hearted, old Austrian professor. Upon seeing the talented Rizal for the first time, he immediately took him into heart, loving him as a son.

Professor Blumentritt, the genial host, helped Rizal and Viola get a room at Hotel Krebs, after which he brought them to his home and introduced them to his wife and family. The two Filipino tourists spent many pleasant hours at the home of their kind host. They stayed in Leitmeritz from May 13 to May 16, 1887.

Beautiful Memories of Leitmeritz. Rizal had beautiful memories of his visit to Leitmeritz. He enjoyed the warm hospitality of the Blumentritt family. The professor's wife Rosa, was a good cook, and she prepared special Austrian dishes which Rizal liked very much. His children were Dolores (called Dora or Dorita by Rizal), Conrad, and Fritz.

Blumentritt proved to be a great tourist guide as well as a hospitable host. He showed the scenic and historical spots of Leitmeritz to his visitors. One afternoon he invited them to a beer garden where the best beer of Bohemia was served. At a

near table there was a lively discussion among the drinkers about the advisability of having the railroad pass through a neighboring town. One of the men in the group was the burgomaster (town mayor) of that town, Blumentritt knew the burgomaster, so that he approached the party and delightfully introduced his two Filipino friends. Rizal talked in fluent German, for which reason the burgomaster and his friends were amazed. The burgomaster asked Rizal how long it took him to learn German. And Rizal replied: "Eleven months, sir". The burgomaster was further amazed, and in great admiration, he lauded the "privileged talent" of Rizal. Blumentritt embraced Rizal, telling him that few Germans could speak well their own language as Rizal could.

On another afternoon Rizal and Viola were invited to a meeting of the Tourists' Club of Leitmeritz, of which Blumentritt was the secretary. Rizal spoke extemporaneously in fluent German to the officers and members, praising Austria's idyllic scenes and its hospitable, nature-loving, and noble people. The audience wildly applauded him, for they were enchanted by his eloquence and fluency in German.

Rizal, desiring to commemorate his happy hours at the Blumentritt home, painted a portrait of the kind professor and gave it to him. Blumentritt was pleased with the gift.

It was during his visit to Leitmeritz when Rizal met another renowned scientist of Europe, Dr. Carlos Czepelak. Blumentritt brought him to Czepelak's home, and Rizal had a nice conversation with this Polish scholar. Blumentritt also introduced Rizal to Professor Robert Klutschak, an eminent naturalist.

On their last night in Leitmeritz, Rizal and Viola, to reciprocate Blumentritt's hospitality, tendered a banquet — a farewell dinner — in his honor at their hotel.

On May 16, at 9:45 A.M., Rizal and Viola left Leitmeritz by train. Blumentritt, his wife, and children were at the railroad station to see them off, and they all shed tears in parting as the train slowly departed.

Rizal carried unto his grave the beautiful memories of his visit to Leitmeritz. In a letter to Blumentritt, written in Vienna on May 24, 1887, Rizal expressed his and Viola's concern for the illness of Dora, the professor's little daughter, "Viola and

I," thus wrote Rizal, "are very sad because our little friend Dora is sick. We still remember her little blue eyes; we hear her merry laughter, and we see her little teeth. Poor Dorita! I saw her run after us when the train was leaving! With all my heart I wish her prompt recovery".[2]

In another letter, written in Brunn, Austria, on May 19, 1887, three days after leaving Leitmeritz, Rizal wrote to Blumentritt: "I shall make my good friends of Leitmeritz the objects of my thoughts and I shall say of myself: You are not alone, Rizal; in a small corner of Bohemia there are good, noble, and friendly souls who like you; think of them; consider them as if they were with you, as if they saw you; they will rejoice over your joys, and will weep over your suffering . . . Please kiss the children for me, express my greetings to your wife, and to your good father and the friends in Leitmeritz. I am at heart an inhabitant of Leitmeritz just as you yourself are a Filipino in sentiments. I believe Austria will always live in my heart".[3] In the same letter, Rizal told Blumentritt that he forgot his diamond stickpin at his room in Hotel Krebs.

Prague. After Leitmeritz, Rizal and Viola visited the historic city of Prague. They carried letters of recommendation from Blumentritt to Dr. Willkomm, professor of natural history in the University of Prague. The good professor and his charming wife and daughters welcomed them and showed them the city's historic spots.

Rizal and Viola visited the tomb of Copernicus, the famous astronomer; the museum of natural history; the bacteriological laboratories; the famous cave where San Juan Nepomuceno, the Catholic saint, was imprisoned; and the bridge from which this saint was hurled into the river.

After saying good-bye to Professor Willkomm and his family, the two tourists went to Brunn. According to Viola, "nothing of importance happened" in this city.

Vienna. On May 20, Rizal and Viola arrived in the beautiful city of Vienna, capital of Austria-Hungary. Famous in song and story, this city fascinated Rizal because of its beautiful buildings, religious images, haunting waltzes, and majestic charm. Vienna was truly the "Queen of the Danube".

Rizal and Viola, armed with a letter of recommendation from Blumentritt, met Norfenfals, one of the greatest novelists in Europe during that time. This great Austrian novelist was favorably impressed by Rizal, and years later he spoke highly of Rizal, "whose genius he so much admired".

In Vienna, Rizal received his lost diamond stickpin. It was found by a maid in Hotel Krebs and was given to Blumentritt, who, in turn, forwarded it to Rizal in Vienna.

Rizal and Viola stayed at Hotel Metropole. They visited the city's interesting places, such as churches, museums, art galleries, theaters, and public parks. They met two good friends of Blumentritt — Masner and Nordmann, Austrian scholars.

Danubian Voyage to Lintz. On May 24, Rizal and Viola left Vienna on a river boat to see the beautiful sights of the Danube River. As they traveled along the famous river, Rizal observed keenly the river sights — the barges loaded with products, the flowers and plants growing along the river banks, the boats with families living on them, and the quaint villages on the riversides. We particularly noticed that the passengers on the river boat were using paper napkins during the meals, which was a novelty to him. His fellow passenger, Viola, commented that the paper napkins were "more hygienic and economical than cloth napkins".

From Lintz to Rheinfall. The river voyage ended in Lintz. They traveled overland to Salzburg, and from there to Munich where they sojourned for a short time to savor the famous Munich beer, reputed to be the best in Germany.

From Munich, they went to Nuremberg, one of the oldest cities of Germany. Among the sights which they saw in this city were the horrible torture machines used by the Inquisition. Rizal examined carefully these torture machines. He and Viola were impressed by the manufacture of dolls which was the biggest industry of the city.

After Munich, they visited Ulm. The cathedral of this city was "the largest and tallest in all Germany". Viola related that he and Rizal climbed its many hundred steps. He rested twice on the way to the tower and felt dizzy from the strain upon reaching the top. Rizal, on the other hand, ascended without resting and was not tired when he reached the top.[4]

From Ulm, they went to Stuttgart, Baden, and then Rheinfall (Cascade of the Rhine). At Rheinfall, they saw the waterfall, "the most beautiful waterfall of Europe".

Crossing the Frontier to Switzerland. From Rheinfall, they crossed the frontier to Schaffhausen, Switzerland. They stayed in this city from June 2 to 3, 1887. They continued their tour to Basel (Bale), Bern, and Lausanne.

Geneva. After sightseeing in Lausanne, Rizal and Viola left on a little boat, crossing the foggy Leman Lake to Geneva. This Swiss city is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, visited by world tourists every year. The people of Geneva were linguists, speaking French, German, and Italian. Rizal conversed with them in these three languages.

Aside from visiting the tourist spots, Rizal and Viola went boating on the lake. In this aquatic excursion, Rizal showed his rowing prowess which he acquired during his boyhood days in Calamba.

On June 19, 1887, Rizal treated Viola to a blow-out. It was his 26th birthday. According to a Filipino custom, he celebrated his birthday with a sumptuous meal.

Rizal and Viola spent fifteen delightful days in Geneva. On June 23, they parted ways — Viola returned to Barcelona while Rizal continued the tour to Italy.

Rizal Resents Exhibition of Igorots in 1887 Madrid Exposition. While Rizal, accompanied by Dr. Viola, was happily touring Europe, an Exposition of the Philippines was held in Madrid, Spain. Upon reaching Geneva (Switzerland), he received sad news from his friends in Madrid of the deplorable conditions of the primitive Igorots who were exhibited in this exposition, some of whom died, and whose scanty clothing (G-strings) and crude weapons were objects of mockery and laughter by the Spanish people and press.

Being a champion of human dignity, Rizal was outraged by this degradation of his fellow countrymen the Igorots of Northern Luzon. In a letter to his friend, Blumentritt, dated Geneva, June 6, 1887, he said:[5]

> 'My poor compatriots (Igorots — Z.) who are now being exhibited in Madrid are mocked by Spanish newspapers, except *El Liberal* which says that it is not consistent with human dignity to be exhibited side by side with animals and plants. I have done everything possible to prevent the display of this degradation of men of my race, but I have not succeeded. Now one woman died of pneumonia. The Igorots were housed in a *barraca* (rustic house made of bamboo, grass, and tree branches — Z.). And *El Resumen* still makes mean jokes about it!"

In another letter to Blumentritt, dated Geneva, June 19, 1887, Rizal said he was in favor of holding an exposition, "but not an exhibition of odd individuals, showing our countrymen as a curiosity to entertain the idle inhabitants of Madrid".[6] He emphatically reiterated: "We want an industrial exposition, but not an exhibition of human beings who are compelled to live almost outdoors and die of nostalgia and pneumonia or typhus!"

Rizal in Italy. From Geneva, Rizal went to Italy. He visited Turin, Milan, Venice, and Florence. On June 27, 1887, he reached Rome, the "Eternal City" and also called the "City of the Caesars"

He was thrilled by the sights and memories of the Eternal City. Describing to Blumentritt, the "grandeur that was Rome", he wrote on June 27, 1887.[7]

> I am in Rome! Everything I step on is the dust of heroes. Here I breathe the same air which the Roman heroes have breathed. I salute every statue with reverence, and to me, a humble native of a small island, it seems that I am in a sanctuary. I have already seen the Capitolium, the Tarpeian Rock, the Palatinum, the Forum Romanum, the Amphitheatre, etc. Everything here is glorious except the cafes and the cafe singers. I do not enter these (cafes) because I loathe to hear their French songs or see modern industries. My favorite places are the Amphitheatre and the Roman Forum; there I remain seated for hours, contemplating everything and restoring life to the ruins . . . I have also visited some churches and museums, like the Capitoline Museum and the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which is also grandiose.

On June 29th, the Feast Day of St. Peter and St. Paul, Rizal visited for the first time the Vatican, the "City of the Popes" and the capital of Christendom. He was deeply impressed

by the magnificent edifices, particularly of St. Peter's Church, the rare works of art, the vast St. Peter's Square, the colorful Papal Guards and the atmosphere of religious devotion that pervaded the Vatican.

Every night, after sightseeing the whole day, Rizal returned to his hotel, very tired. "I am tired as a dog," he wrote to Blumentritt, "but I will sleep as a god".[8]

After a week of wonderful sojourn in Rome, he prepared to return to the Philippines. He had already written to his father that he was coming home.

* * * * *

Chapter 10
First Homecoming, 1887-88

All the alluring beauties of foreign countries and all the beautiful memories of his sojourn in alien lands could neither make Rizal forget his fatherland nor turn his back to his own nationality. True that he studied abroad, acquired the lore and languages of foreign nations, and enjoyed the friendship of many great men of the Western world; but he remained at heart a true Filipino with an unquenchable love for the Philippines and an unshakable determination to die in the land of his birth. Thus, after five years of memorable sojourn in Europe, he returned to the Philippines in August 1887 and practised medicine in Calamba. He lived the quiet life of a country doctor. But his enemies, who resented his *Noli*, persecuted him, even threatening to kill him.

Decision to Return Home. Because of the publication of the *Noli Me Tangere* and the uproar it caused among the friars, Rizal was warned by Paciano (his brother), Silvestre Ubaldo (his brother-in-law), Chengoy (Jose M. Cecilio), and other friends not to return home. But he did not heed their warning. He was determined to return to the Philippines for the following reasons: (1) to operate on his mother's eyes; (2) to serve his people who had long been oppressed by Spanish tyrants; (3) to find out for himself how the *Noli* and his other writings were affecting Filipinos and Spaniards in the Philippines; and (4) to inquire why Leonor Rivera remained silent.

In a letter to Blumentritt, written in Geneva on June 19, 1887, Rizal said: "Your advice that I live in Madrid and continue to write from there is very benevolent but I cannot accept it. I cannot endure the life in Madrid where everything is a voice in a wilderness. My parents want to see me, and I want to see

them also. All my life I desire to live in my country by the side of my family. Until now I am not Europeanized like the Filipinos of Madrid; I always like to return to the country of my birth".[1]

In Rome, on June 29, 1887, Rizal wrote to his father, announcing his homecoming. "On the 15th of July, at the latest", he wrote, "I shall embark for our country, so that from the 15th to the 30th of August, we shall see each other".[2]

Delightful Trip to Manila. Rizal left Rome by train for Marseilles, a French port, which he reached without mishap. On July 3, 1887, he boarded the steamer *Djemnah*, the same steamer which brought him to Europe five years ago. There were about 50 passengers, including 4 Englishmen, 2 Germans, 3 Chinese, 2 Japanese, many Frenchmen, and 1 Filipino (Rizal).

Rizal was the only one among the passengers who could speak many languages, so that he acted as interpreter for his companions.[3]

The steamer was enroute to the Orient via the Suez Canal. Rizal thus saw this historic canal for the second time, the first time was when he sailed to Europe from Manila in 1882. On board, he played chess with fellow passengers and engaged in lively conversation in many languages. Some passengers sang; others played on the piano and accordion. After leaving Aden, the weather became rough and some of Rizal's books got wet.

At Saigon, on July 30, he transferred to another steamer *Haiphong* which was Manila-bound. On August 2, this steamer left Saigon for Manila.

Arrival in Manila. Rizal's voyage from Saigon to Manila was pleasant. On August 3rd the moon was full, and he slept soundly the whole night. The calm sea, illumined by the silvery moonlight, was a magnificent sight to him.

Near midnight of August 5, the *Haiphong* arrived in Manila. Rizal went ashore with a happy heart for he once more trod his beloved native soil. He stayed in the city for a short time to visit his friends. He found Manila the same as when he left it five years ago. There were the same old churches and buildings, the same holes in the roads, the same boats on the Pasig River, and the same heary walls surrounding the city.

Happy Homecoming. On August 8th, he returned to Calamba. His family welcomed him affectionately, with plentiful tears of joy. Writing to Blumentritt of his homecoming, he said: "I had a pleasant voyage. I found my family enjoying good health and our happiness was great in seeing each other again. They shed tears of joy and I had to answer ten thousand questions at the same time".[4]

The rejoicings of Rizal's return over, his family became worried for his safety. Paciano did not leave him during the first days after arrival to protect him from any enemy assault. His own father would not let him go out alone, lest something might happen to him.

In Calamba, Rizal established a medical clinic. His first patient was his mother, who was almost blind. He treated her eyes, but could not perform any surgical operation because her eye cataracts were not yet ripe. News of the arrival of a great doctor from Germany spread far and wide. Patients from Manila and the provinces flocked to Calamba. Rizal, who came to be called "Doctor Uliman" because he came from Germany, treated their ailments and soon he acquired a lucrative medical practice. His professional fees were reasonable, even gratis to the poor. Within a few months, he was able to earn P900 as a physician. By February, 1888, he earned a total of P5,000 as medical fees.

Unlike many successful medical practitioners, Rizal did not selfishly devote all his time to enriching himself. He opened a gymnasium for young folks, where he introduced European sports. He tried to interest his townmates in gymnastics, fencing and shooting so as to discourage the cockfights and gambling.[5]

Rizal suffered one failure during his six months of sojourn in Calamba — his failure to see Leonor Rivera. He tried to go to Dagupan, but his parents absolutely forbade him to go because Leonor's mother did not like him for a son-in-law. With a heavy heart, Rizal bowed to his parent's wish. He was caught within the iron grip of the custom of his time that marriages must be arranged by the parents of both groom and bride.

Storm over the Noli. Meanwhile, as Rizal was peacefully living in Calamba, his enemies plotted his doom. Aside from practising medicine, attending to his gymnasium, which he established, and taking part in the town's civic affairs, he painted

several beautiful landscapes and translated the German poems of Von Wildernath into Tagalog.

A few weeks after his arrival, a storm broke over his novel. One day Rizal received a letter from Governor General Emilio Terrero (1885-88) requesting him to come to Malacañan Palace. Somebody had whispered to the governor's ear that the *Noli* contained subversive ideas.

Rizal went to Manila and appeared at Malacañang. When he was informed by Governor General Terrero of the charge, he denied it, explaining that he merely exposed the truth, but he did not advocate subversive ideas. Pleased by his explanation and curious about the controversial book, the governor general asked the author for a copy of the *Noli* so that he could read it. Rizal had no copy then because the only copy he brought home was given to a friend. However, he promised to secure one for the governor general.

Rizal visited the Jesuit fathers to ask for the copy he sent them, but they would not part with it. The Jesuits, especially his former professors — Fr. Francisco de Paula Sanchez, Fr. Jose Bech, and Fr. Federico Faura — were glad to see him. He had a spirited discussion with Father Faura, who ventured an opinion that "everything in it was the truth", but added: "You may lose your head for it".

Fortunately, Rizal found a copy in the hands of a friend. He was able to get it and gave it to Governor General Terrero. The governor general, who was a liberal-minded Spaniard, knew that Rizal's life was in jeopardy because the friars were powerful. For security measure, he assigned a young Spanish lieutenant, Don Jose Taviel de Andrade, as bodyguard of Rizal. This lieutenant belonged to a noble family. He was cultured and knew painting, and could speak English, French, and Spanish.

Governor General Terrero read the *Noli* and found nothing wrong with it. But Rizal's enemies were powerful. The Archbishop of Manila, Msgr. Pedro Payo (a Dominican) sent a copy of the *Noli* to Father Rector Gregorio Echavarria of the University of Santo Tomas for examination by a committee of the faculty. The committee, which was composed of Dominican professors, submitted its report to the Father Rector, who immediately transmitted it to Archbishop Payo. The archbishop,

in turn, lost no time in forwarding it to the governor general. This report of the faculty members of the University of Santo Tomas stated that the *Noli* was "heretical, impious, and scandalous in the religious order, and anti-patriotic, subversive of public order, injurious to the government of Spain and its function in the Philippine Islands in the political order".[6]

Governor General Terrero was dissatisfied with the report of the Dominicans, for he knew that the Dominicans were prejudiced against Rizal. He sent the novel to the Permanent Commission of Censorship which was composed of priests and laymen. The report of this commission was drafted by its head, Fr. Salvador Font, Augustinian cura of Tondo, and submitted to the governor general on December 29. It found the novel to contain subversive ideas against the Church and Spain, and recommended "that the importation, reproduction and circulation of this pernicious book in the islands be absolutely prohibited".[7]

When the newspapers published Font's written report of the censorship commission, Rizal and his friends became apprehensive and uneasy. The enemies of Rizal exulted in unholy glee. The banning of the *Noli* only served to make it popular. Everybody wanted to read it. News about the great book spread among the masses. What the hated Spanish masters did not like, the oppressed masses liked very much. Despite the government prohibition and the vigilance of the cruel Guardia Civil many Filipinos were able to get hold of copies of the *Noli* which they read at night behind closed doors.

Thanks to Governor General Terrero, there were no mass imprisonment or mass execution of Filipinos. He refused to be intimidated by the friars who clamored for harsh measures against people caught reading the novel and its author.

Attackers of the *Noli*. The battle over the *Noli* took the form of a virulent war of words. Father Font printed his report and distributed copies of it in order to discredit the controversial novel. Another Augustinian, Fr. Jose Rodriguez, Prior of Guadalupe, published a series of eight pamphlets under the general heading *Cuestiones de Sumo Interes* (Questions of Supreme Interest) to blast the *Noli* and other anti-Spanish writings. These eight pamphlets were entitled as follows:

1. *Porque no los he de leer?* (Why Should I not Read Them?).
2. *Guardaos de ellos. Porque?* (Beware of Them. Why?).
3. *Y-que me dice usted de la peste?* (And What Can You Tell Me of Plague?)
4. *Porque triunfan los impios?* (Why Do the Impious Triumph?).
5. *Cree usted que de veras no hay purgatorio?* (Do You Think There Is Really No Purgatory?).
6. *Hay o no hay infierno?* (Is There or Is There No Hell?).
7. *Que le parece a usted de esos libelos?* (What Do You Think of These Libels?).
8. *Confesion o condenacion?* (Confession or Damnation?).

Copies of these anti-Rizal pamphlets written by Fray Rodriguez were sold daily in the churches after Mass. Many Filipinos were forced to buy them in order not to displease the friars, but they did not believe what their author said with hysterical fervor.

Repercussions of the storm over the *Noli* reached Spain. It was fiercely attacked on the session hall of the Senate of the Spanish Cortes by various senators, particularly General Jose de Salamanca on April 1, 1888, General Luis M. de Pando on April 12, and Sr. Fernando Vida on June 11. The Spanish academician of Madrid, Vicente Barrantes, who formerly occupied high government positions in the Philippines, bitterly criticized the *Noli* in an article published in *La España Moderna* (a newspaper of Madrid) in January, 1890.

Defenders of the *Noli*. The much-maligned *Noli* had its gallant defenders who fearlessly came out to prove the merits of the novel or to refute the arguments of the unkind attackers. Marcelo H. del Pilar, Dr. Antonio Ma. Regidor, Graciano Lopez Jaena, Mariano Ponce, and other Filipino reformists in foreign lands, of course, rushed to uphold the truths of the *Noli*. Father Sanchez, Rizal's favorite teacher at the Ateneo, defended and praised it in public. Don Segismundo Moret, former Minister of the Crown; Dr. Miguel Morayta, historian and statesman; and Professor Blumentritt, scholar and educator, read and liked the novel.

A brilliant defense of the *Noli* came from an unexpected source. It was by Rev. Vicente Garcia, a Filipino Catholic priest-scholar, a theologian of the Manila Cathedral, and a Tagalog translator of the famous Imitation of Christ by Thomas a Kempis. Father Garcia, writing under the penname Justo Desiderio Magalang, wrote a defense of the *Noli* which was published in Singapore as an appendix to a pamphlet dated July 18, 1888. He blasted the arguments of Fr. Rodriguez as follows:

> 1. Rizal cannot be an "ignorant man", as Fr. Rodriguez alleged, because he was a graduate of Spanish universities and was a recipient of scholastic honors.
>
> 2. Rizal does not attack the Church and Spain, as Fr. Rodriguez claimed, because what Rizal attacked in the *Noli* were the bad Spanish officials and not Spain, and the bad and corrupt friars and not the Church.
>
> 3. Father Rodriguez said that those who read the *Noli* commit a mortal sin; since he (Rodriguez) had read the novel, therefore he also commits a mortal sin.

Later, when Rizal learned of the brilliant defense of Father Garcia of his novel, he cried because his gratitude was overwhelming.[8] Rizal, himself defended his novel against Barrantes' attack, in a letter written in Brussels, Belgium, in February, 1880. In this letter, he exposed Barrantes' ignorance of Philippine affairs and mental dishonesty which is unworthy of an academician.[9] Barrantes met in Rizal his master in satire and polemics.

During the days when the *Noli* was the target of a heated controversy between the friars (and their minions) and the friends of Rizal, all copies of it were sold out and the price per copy soared to unprecedented level. Both friends and enemies of the *Noli* found it extremely difficult to secure a copy. According to Rizal, in a letter to Fernando Canon from Geneva, June 13, 1887, the price he set per copy was five pesetas (equivalent to one peso), but the price later rose to fifty pesos per copy.

Rizal and Taviel de Andrade. While the storm over the *Noli* was raging in fury, Rizal was not molested in Calamba. This is due to Governor General Terrero's generosity in assigning a bodyguard to him. Between this Spanish bodyguard, Lt. Jose Taviel de Andrade, and Rizal, a beautiful friendship bloomed.

Together, Rizal and Andrade, both young, educated and cultured, made walking tours of the verdant countrysides, discussed topics of common interest, and enjoyed fencing, shooting, hunting and painting. Lt. Andrade became a great admirer of the man he was ordered to watch and protect. Years later, he wrote of Rizal: "Rizal was refined, educated and gentlemanly. The hobbies that most interested him were hunting, fencing, shooting, painting, and hiking . . . I well remember our excursion to Mount Makiling, not so much for the beautiful view . . . as for the rumors and pernicious effects that result from it. There was one who believed and reported to Manila that Rizal and I, at the top of the mountain, hoisted the German flag and proclaimed its sovereignty over the Philippines. I imagined that such nonsense emanated from the friars of Calamba, but did not take the trouble to make inquiries about the matter".[10]

What marred Rizal's happy days in Calamba with Lt. Andrade were (1) the death of his older sister, Olimpia, and (2) the groundless tales circulated by his enemies that he was "a German spy, an agent of Bismarck, a Protestant, a Mason, a witch, a soul beyond salvation, etc."[11]

Calamba's Agrarian Trouble. Governor General Terrero, influenced by certain facts in *Noli Me Tangere*, ordered a government investigation of the friar estates to remedy whatever iniquities might have been present in connection with land taxes and with tenant relations. One of the friar estates affected was the Calamba Hacienda which the Dominican Order owned since 1883. In compliance with the governor general's orders, dated December 30, 1887, the Civil Governor of Laguna Province directed the municipal authorities of Calamba to investigate the agrarian conditions of their locality.

Upon hearing of the investigation, the Calamba folks solicited Rizal's help in gathering the facts and listing their grievances against the hacienda management, so that the central government might institute certain agrarian reforms.

After a thorough study of the conditions in Calamba, Rizal wrote down his findings which the tenants and three of the officials of the hacienda signed on January 8, 1888. These findings, which were formally submitted to the government for action, were the following:[12]

1. The hacienda of the Dominican Order comprised not only the lands around Calamba, but also the town of Calamba.

2. The profits of the Dominican Order continually increased because of the arbitrary increase of the rentals paid by the tenants.

3. The hacienda owner never contributed a single centavo for the celebration of the town fiesta, for the education of the children, and for the improvement of agriculture.

4. Tenants who had spent much labor in clearing the lands were dispossessed of said lands for flimsy reasons.

5. High rates of interest were charged the tenants for delayed payment of rentals, and when the rentals could not be paid, the hacienda management confiscated their carabaos, tools, and homes.

Farewell to Calamba. Rizal's exposure of the deplorable conditions of tenancy in Calamba infuriated further his enemies. The friars exerted pressure on Malacañan Palace to eliminate him. They asked Governor General Terrero to deport him, but the latter refused because there was no valid charge against Rizal in court. Anonymous threats against Rizal's life were received by his parents. The alarmed parents, relatives and friends (including Lt. Taviel de Andrade) advised him to go away, for his life was in danger.

One day Governor General Terrero summoned Rizal and "advised" him to leave the Philippines for his own good. He was giving Rizal a chance to escape the fury of the friars' wrath.

This time Rizal had to go. He could not very well disobey the governor general's veiled orders. But he was not running like a coward from a fight. He was courageous, a fact which his worst enemies could not deny. A valiant hero that he was, he was not afraid of any man and neither was he afraid to die. He was compelled to leave Calamba for two reasons: (1) his presence in Calamba was jeopardizing the safety and happiness of his family and friends and (2) he could fight better his enemies and serve his country's cause with greater efficacy by writing in foreign countries.

A Poem for Lipa. Shortly before Rizal left Calamba in 1888 his friend from Lipa requested him to write a poem in commem-

oration of the town's elevation to a villa (city) by virtue of the Becerra Law of 1888. Gladly, he wrote a poem dedicated to the industrious folks of Lipa. This was the *"Himno Al Trabajo"* (Hymn to Labor). He finished it and sent it to Lipa before his departure from Calamba. It runs as follows:[13]

HYMN TO LABOR

CHORUS:

For our country in war,
For our country in peace
The Filipino will be ready,
While he lives and when he dies.

MEN:

As soon as the East is tinted with light
Forth to the fields to plow the loam!
Since it is work that sustains the man,
The motherland, family and the home.
Hard though the soil may prove to be,
Implacable the sun above,
For motherland, our wives and babes,
'Twill be easy with our love.

WIVES:

Courageously set out to work.
Your home is safe with a faithful wife
Implanting in her children, love
For wisdom, land, and virtuous life.
When nightfall brings us to our rest,
May smiling fortune guard our door;
But if cruel fate should harm her man,
The wife would toil on as before.

GIRLS:

Hail! Hail! Give praise to work!
The country's vigour and her wealth;
For work lift up your brow serene
It is your blood, your life, your health.
If any youth protests his love
His work shall prove if he be good.

That man alone who strives and toils
Can find the way to feed his brood.

BOYS:

Teach us then the hardest tasks
For down thy trails we turn our feet
That when our country calls tomorrow
Thy purposes we may complete.
And may our elders say, who see us.
See! How worthy of their sires!
No incense can exalt our dead ones
Like a brave son who aspires!

* * * * *

Chapter 11
In Hong Kong and Macao, 1888

Hounded by powerful enemies, Rizal was forced to leave his country for a second time in February 1888. He was then a full-grown man of 27 years of age, a practising physician, and a recognized man-of-letters. The first time he went abroad in June 1882, he was a mere lad of 21, a youthful student in search of wisdom in the Old World, a romantic idealist with beautiful dreams of emancipating his people from bondage by the magic power of his pen. Times had changed. Rizal at 27 was an embittered victim of human iniquities, a disillusioned dreamer, a frustrated reformer.

The Trip to Hong Kong. On February 3, 1888, after a short stay of six months in his beloved Calamba, Rizal left Manila for Hong Kong on board the Zafiro. He was sick and sad during the crossing of the choppy China Sea. He did not get off his ship when it made brief stopover at Amoy on February 7. For three reasons: (1) he was not feeling well, (2) it was raining hard, and (3) he heard that the city was dirty. He arrived in Hong Kong on February 8.

During his stay in Hong Kong, a British colony, Rizal wrote a letter to Blumentritt, dated February 16, 1888, expressing his bitterness. This letter runs as follows:[1]

> At last I can write freely. At last I can express my thoughts without fear of censorship from the chief! They forced me to leave my country. Half sick I left the house.
>
> Oh, dear Blumentritt, you have no idea of my minor odyssey. Without the aid of my friend Lieutenant Taviel de

> Andrade, what would become of me! Without the sympathies of the Governor General, the directors of the civil administration and civil government, I would now be in some dungeon.
>
> All the provincials and the archbishop went daily to the Governor General to complain against me. The Syndic of the Dominicans wrote a denunciation to the alcalde that at night they saw me hold secret meetings with men and women on top of a hill. It is true I went walking at dawn to a hill accompanied by many men, women, and children, for the purpose of enjoying the coolness of the morning, but always escorted by the lieutenant of the Guardia Civil who knows Tagalog. Who is the conspirator of secret sessions that will hold them in the open air among women and children? I allowed the accusation to reach the Governor General so he could see what kind of enemies I have.
>
> My countrymen offered me money to leave the islands. They asked me to do so not only for my own interest but also theirs, because I have many friends and acquaintances whom they would have deported with me to Balabag or the Marianas Islands. Thus, half sick, I bade a hasty farewell to my family. I am returning to Europe by way of Japan and the United States. We should see each other again. I have so much to tell you.

In Hong Kong, Rizal stayed at Victoria Hotel. He was welcomed by the Filipino residents, including Jose Maria Basa, Balbino Mauricio, and Manuel Yriarte (son of Francisco Yriarte, alcalde mayor of Laguna).

A Spaniard, Jose Sainz de Varanda, who was a former secretary of Governor General Terrero, shadowed Rizal's movement in Hong Kong. It is believed that he was commissioned by the Spanish authorities to spy on Rizal.

"Hong Kong," wrote Rizal to Blumentritt on February 16, 1888, "is a small, but very clean city. Many Portuguese, Hindus, English, Chinese, and Jews live in it. There are some Filipinos, the majority of whom being those who had been exiled to the Marianas Islands in 1872. They are poor, gentle, and timid. Formerly they were rich mechanics, industrialists, and financiers."[2]

Visit to Macao. On February 18, Rizal, accompanied by Basa, boarded the ferry steamer *Kiu-Kiang* for Macao. He was surprised to see among the passengers a familiar figure — Sainz de Varanda.

Macao is a Portuguese colony near Hong Kong. "The city of Macao," wrote Rizal, in his diary, "is small, low, and gloomy. There are many junks, sampans, but few steamers. It looks sad and is almost dead."[3]

In Macao, Rizal and Basa stayed at the home of Don Juan Francisco Lecaros, a Filipino gentleman married to a Portuguese lady. He was rich and spent his days cultivating plants and flowers, many of which came from the Philippines.

During his two-day sojourn in Macao, Rizal visited the theatre, casino, cathedral and churches, pagodas, botanical garden, and bazaars. he also saw the famous Grotto of Camoens, Portugal's national poet. In the evening of February 19, he witnessed a Catholic procession, in which the devotees were dressed in blue and purple dresses and were carrying unlighted candles.

On February 20, Rizal and Basa returned to Hong Kong, again on board the ferry steamer *Kiu Kiang*.

Experiences in Hong Kong. During his two-week visit in Hong Kong, Rizal studied Chinese life, language, drama, and customs. He wrote down in his own diary the following experiences:[4]

1. Noisy celebration of the Chinese New Year which lasted from February 11th (Saturday) to 13th (Monday). Continuous explosions of firecrackers. The richer the Chinese, the more firecrackers he exploded. Rizal himself fired many firecrackers at the window of his hotel.

2. Boisterous Chinese theatre, with noisy audience and noisier music. In the Chinese dramatic art, Rizal observed the following: (1) a man astride a stick means a man riding on horseback, (2) an actor raising his leg means he is entering a house, (3) a red dress indicates a wedding, (4) a girl about to be married coyly covers her face with a fan even in the presence of her fiance, and (5) a man raising a whip signifies he is about to ride a horse.

3. The marathon lauriat party, wherein the guests were served numerous dishes, such as dried fruits, geese, shrimps, century eggs, shark fins, bird nests, white ducks, chicken with vinegar, fish heads, roasted pigs, tea, etc. The longest meal in the world.

4. The Dominican Order was the richest religious order in Hong Kong. It engaged actively in business. It owned more than 700 houses for rent and many shares in foreign banks. It had millions of dollars deposited in the banks which earned fabulous interests.

5. Of the Hong Kong cemeteries belonging to the Protestants, Catholics, and Muslims, that of the Protestants was the most beautiful because of its well-groomed plants and clean pathways. The Catholic cemetery was most pompous, with its ornate and expensive mausoleums and extravagantly carved sepulchers. The Muslim cemetery was the simplest, containing only a little mosque and tombstones with Arabic inscriptions.

Departure From Hong Kong. On February 22, 1888, Rizal left Hong Kong on board the *Oceanic*, an American steamer. His destination was Japan. He did not like the meals on board, but he liked the ship because it was clean and efficiently managed. His cabinmate was a British Protestant missionary who had lived in China for 27 years and knew the Chinese language very well. Rizal called him "a good man".[5]

Other passengers, with whom Rizal conversed in their own languages, were two Portuguese, two Chinese, several British, and an American woman Protestant missionary.

* * * * *

Chapter 12
Romantic Interlude in Japan (1888)

One of the happiest interludes in the life of Rizal was his sojourn in the Land of the Cherry Blossoms for one month and a half (February 28 — April 13, 1888). He was enchanted by the natural beauty of Japan, the charming manners of the Japanese people, and the picturesque shrines. Moreover, he fell in love with a Japanese girl, whose loveliness infused joy and romance in his sorrowing heart. Her real name was Seiko Usui. Rizal affectionately called her O-Sei-San. Fate, however, cut short his happy days in Japan. He had to sacrifice his own happiness to carry on his work for the redemption of his oppressed people.

Rizal Arrives in Yokohama. Early in the morning of Tuesday, February 28, 1888, Rizal arrived in Yokohama. He registered at the Grand Hotel.

The next day he proceeded to Tokyo and took a room at Tokyo Hotel, where he stayed from March 2 to 7. He was impressed by the city of Tokyo. He wrote to Professor Blumentritt: "Tokyo is more expensive than Paris. The walls are built in cyclopean manner. The streets are large and wide."[1]

Rizal in Tokyo. Shortly after Rizal's arrival in Tokyo, he was visited at his hotel by Juan Perez Caballero, secretary of the Spanish Legation. The latter invited him to live at the Spanish Legation.

Rizal, being an intelligent man, realized that the Spanish diplomatic authorities were instructed from Manila to monitor his movements in Japan. He accepted the invitation for two

reasons: (1) he could economize his living expenses by staying at the legation and (2) he had nothing to hide from the prying eyes of the Spanish authorities.

On March 7, Rizal checked out of Tokyo Hotel and lived at the Spanish Legation. He and Perez Caballero became good friends. In a letter to Blumentritt, he described the Spanish diplomat as "a young, fine, and excellent writer" and "an able diplomat who had traveled much".[2]

During his first day in Tokyo, Rizal was embarrassed because he did not know the Japanese language. He looked like a Japanese, but could not talk Japanese. He had a hard time shopping, for he could not be understood and the Japanese children laughed at him. Thus he wrote to Blumentritt. "Here you have your friend, Rizal the wonder of the Japanese, who has the face of a Japanese but does not speak Japanese. On the streets, when I go shopping, people look at me and ill-educated children laugh because I speak such a strange language. In Tokyo very few persons speak English, but in Yokohama many speak it. Some believe I am an Europeanized Japanese who does not want to be taken as such."[3]

To avoid further embarrassment, Rizal decided to study the Japanese language. Being a born linguist, he was able to speak it within a few days. He also studied the Japanese drama (kabuki), arts, music, and judo (Japanese art of self-defense). He browsed in the museums, libraries, art galleries, and shrines. He visited Meguro, Nikko, Hakone, Miyanoshita, and the charming villages of Japan.

Rizal and the Tokyo Musicians. One cool afternoon in March, 1888, Rizal was promenading in a street of Tokyo near a park. It was a beautiful spring afternoon. There were many people at the park.

As he approached the park, Rizal heard the Tokyo band playing a classical work of Strauss. He was impressed by the superb performances of the Western music. He stopped and listened in rapt attention. He thought: "How admirable was the rendition. I wonder how these Japanese people have assimilated the modern European music to the extent of playing the beautiful musical masterpieces of the great European composers so well!"

The band stopped playing. The musicians descended from the bandstand and walked around for a rest. Some began to converse. To Rizal's amazement, they were talking in Tagalog. He approached them, inquiring in Tagalog: "Paisano, taga saan po kayo?" (Compatriot, where are you from?).

The musicians were equally surprised and delighted to meet him.[4] They told him they were Filipinos and that the principal instruments in the band were Japanese, but they were playing only the secondary instruments.

Rizal's Impression of Japan. Rizal was favorably impressed by Japan. He was a keen observer, taking copious notes on the life, customs, and culture of the people. He was no silly, light-headed tourist who merely enjoys attractive sights that appealed only to the senses. The things which favorably impressed Rizal in Japan were:[5]

1. The beauty of the country — its flowers, mountains, streams, and scenic panoramas.

2. The cleanliness, politeness, and industry of the Japanese people.

3. The picturesque dress and simple charm of the Japanese women.

4. There were very few thieves in Japan so that the houses remained open day and night, and in the hotel room one could safely leave money on the table.

5. Beggars were rarely seen in the city streets, unlike in Manila and other cities.

However, there is one thing which he did not like in Japan, and that was the popular mode of transportation by means of rickshaws drawn by men. His sensitive soul recoiled at seeing human beings working like horses, pulling the carts called rickshaws. He felt disgusted at the way a human being was employed like a horse.[6]

Romance with O-Sei-San. One spring afternoon, a few days after he had moved to the Spanish Legation in the Azabu district of Tokyo, Rizal saw a pretty Japanese girl walking past the legation gate. Being a man with an eye for feminine beauty, he was attracted by her regal loveliness and charm. He craved to meet her — but how?

Rizal made inquiries among the legation employees and learned from one of them (a Japanese gardener) that she was Seiko Usui, who lived in her parents' home and that she used to pass by the legation during her daily afternoon walk.

The following afternoon, Rizal and the Japanese gardener waited at the legation gate and watched for the girl.[7] As she approached, he took off his hat and politely introduced himself, as was the custom in Germany. At that time, Rizal's Japanese was still very poor so that the gardener came to his aid and explained to the girl that the young man was a physician from Manila who was a guest of the Spanish Legation.

Seiko-san was mildly amused at the gallant gentleman from the Philippines who spoke in halting Japanese. She replied in English, for she knew that language and also French. The two then conversed in both English and French — the language barrier was thus eliminated.

Since that first meeting, Rizal and O-Sei-San, as Rizal called her, met almost daily. Together, they visited the interesting spots of the city — the Imperial Art Gallery, the Imperial Library, the universities, the Shokubutsu-en (Botanical Garden), the city parks (particularly Hibiya Park), and the picturesque shrines.

Both found happiness in each other's company. Rizal was then a lonely physician of 27 years old, disillusioned by his frustrated romance with Leonor Rivera and embittered by Spanish injustices at home. O-Sei-San was a lonely samurai's daughter of 23 years old and had never yet experienced the ecstasy of true love. Affinity of interest in the arts paved the way for their romance.

Rizal saw in lovely O-Sei-San the qualities of his ideal womanhood — beauty, charm, modesty, and intelligence. No wonder, he fell deeply in love with her. O-Sei-San reciprocated his affection, for it was the first time her heart palpitated with joys to see a man of gallantry, dignity, courtesy, and versatile talents.

O-Sei-San helped Rizal in many ways. More than a sweetheart, she was his guide, interpreter, and tutor. She guided him in observing the shrines and villages around Tokyo. She improved his knowledge of Nippongo (Japanese language) and

Japanese history. And she interpreted for him the Kabuki plays and the quaint customs and mores of the Japanese people.

O-Sei-San's beauty and affection almost tempted Rizal to settle down in Japan. At the same time, he was offered a good job at the Spanish Legation. If he were a man of lesser heroic mould, of lesser will power, he would have lived permanently in Japan — and happily at that with O-Sei-San; but then the world, in general, and the Philippines, in particular, would have lost a Rizal.

Rizal on O-Sei-San. Rizal's great love for O-Sei-San is attested by the hero's diary. On the eve of his departure, he wrote in his diary:[8]

> "Japan has enchanted me. The beautiful scenery, the flowers, the trees, and the inhabitants — so peaceful, so courteous, and so pleasant. O-Sei-San, Sayonara, Sayonara! I have spent a happy golden month; I do not know if I can have another one like that in all my life. Love, money, friendship, appreciation, honors — these have not been wanting.
>
> To think that I am leaving this life for the uncertain, the unknown. There I was offered an easy way to live, beloved and esteemed. . . .
>
> To you I dedicate the final chapter of these memoirs of my youth. No woman, like you, has ever loved me. No woman, like you has ever sacrificed for me. Like the flower of the chodji that falls from the stem fresh and whole without falling leaves or without withering — with poetry still despite its fall — thus you fell. Neither have you lost your purity nor have the delicate petals of your innocence faded — Sayonara, Sayonara!
>
> You shall never return to know that I have once more thought of you and that your image lives in my memory; and undoubtedly, I am always thinking of you. Your name lives in the sight of my lips, your image accompanies and animates all my thoughts. When shall I return to pass another divine afternoon like that in the temple of Meguro? When shall the sweet hours I spent with you return? When shall I find them sweeter, more tranquil, more pleasing? You the color of the camellia, its freshness, its elegance. . .

> Ah! last descendant of a noble family, faithful to an unfortunate vengeance, you are lovely like. . . everything has ended! Sayonara, Sayonara!

With this tenderly tragic entry in his own diary, Rizal bade farewell to lovely O-Sei-San.[9]

Sayonara, Japan. On April 13, 1888, Rizal boarded the *Belgic*, an English steamer, at Yokohama, bound for the United States. He left Japan with a heavy heart, for he knew that he would never again see this beautiful "Land of the Cherry Blossoms" and his beloved O-Sei-San. Truly, his sojourn in Japan for 45 days was one of the happiest interludes in his life.

O-Sei-San After Rizal's Departure. As everything on earth has to end, the beautiful romance between Rizal and O-Sei-San inevitably came to a dolorous ending. Sacrificing his personal happiness, Rizal had to carry on his libertarian mission in Europe, accordingly, he resumed his voyage, leaving behind the lovely O-Sei-San, whom he passionately loved.

Broken-hearted by the departure of Rizal, the first man to capture her heart, O-Sei-San mourned for a long time the loss of her lover. Eventually, she became resigned to her fate, cherishing unto death the nostalgic memories of her romance with Rizal.[10]

About 1897, a year after Rizal's execution, she married Mr. Alfred Charlton, British teacher of chemistry of the Peers' School in Tokyo. Their wedlock was blessed by only one child — a daughter named Yuriko. After many years of teaching, Charlton was awarded by the Japanese government with an imperial decoration — Order of Merit, 5th Class. He died on November 2, 1915, survived by O-Sei-San, whose real name was Seiko Usui, and their daughter Yuriko. This daughter later married Yoshiharu Takiguchi, son of a Japanese senator.

Mrs. Charlton (O-Sei-San), as a widow, lived in a comfortable home in Shinjuko district, Tokyo. She survived World War II, but her home was destroyed in 1944 by the U.S. bombing of Tokyo. She died on May 1, 1947 at the age of 80. She was buried in her husband's tomb at Zoshigawa Cemetery. A Japanese inscription on their tomb reads as follows:

> **Alfred Charlton, 5th Order of Merit, and wife Seiko**

Voyage Across the Pacific. Despite his sorrowing heart, Rizal enjoyed the pleasant trans-Pacific voyage to the United States. On board the ship, he met a semi-Filipino family — Mr. Reinaldo Turner, his wife Emma Jackson (daughter of an Englishman, their children, and their maid servant from Pangasinan.[10]

One day one of the children, a bright young boy, asked Rizal:

"Do you know, sir, a famous man in Manila named Richal? He wrote a novel, *Noli Me Tangere*.

"Yes, hijo, I am Richal," replied Rizal.

In great joy the boy rushed to his mother, informing her that the famous man is their fellow passenger, she felicitated Rizal, feeling proud that they were travelling with a celebrity.

Rizal and Tetcho. Another passenger which Rizal befriended on board the Belgic was Tetcho Suehiro, a fighting Japanese journalist, novelist, and champion of human rights, who was forced by the Japanese government to leave the country, just as Rizal was compelled to leave the Philippines by the Spanish authorities. At the beginning of the voyage from Yokohama, Tetcho was miserably alone, for he knew only his own Japanese language and so he could not communicate with the ship officers and the passengers. Learning of his predicament, Rizal, who knew many foreign languages, including Japanese, befriended him and acted as his interpreter during their long trip from Yokohama to San Francisco, across the U.S. to New York until they reached London, where they parted.

Rizal and Tetcho were kindred spirits. Both were valiant patriots, implacable foes of injustice and tyranny. Both were men of peace using their trenchant pens as formidable weapons to fight for their peoples' welfare and happiness.

Rizal told Tetcho the story of his life's mission to emancipate his oppressed people from Spanish tyranny and of the persecutions which he and his family suffered from the vindictive Spanish officials and bad friars, causing him to flee to foreign countries where he could freely carry on his libertarian activities. During their intimate acquaintanceship of almost eight months (April 13-December 1, 1888) Tetcho came to admire Rizal, whose patriotism and magnificent talents greatly fascinated him and

influenced him to fortify his own crusade for human rights in his own country.

On December 1, 1888, after a last warm handshake and bidding each other "goodbye," Rizal and Tetcho parted ways — never to meet again. Rizal remained in London to conduct historical researches on Mora at the British Museum, while Tetcho returned to Japan.

In 1889, shortly after his return to Japan, he published his travel diary which contained his impressions of Rizal, as follows:[11]

> "Mr. Rizal was a citizen of Manila in the Philippines. Age about 27 to 29. Young as he was, he was proficient in seven languages."
>
> ---
>
> "It was in S/S *Belgic* that we first met. I came to England by way of America with him. Ever since I had been intercoursing with him."
>
> ---
>
> "Rizal was an open-hearted man. He was not hair-splitting. He was an accomplished, good at picture, skillful in exquisite wax work, especially."
>
> ---
>
> "I arrived at London late in May, 1888. I temporarily stayed at "King Henry's Road," then moved to Room 56 of Parliament Hill Road. I intended to stay here until February or March, but unfortunately London had been shrouded by fog since early October. I have a slight illness, and it appeared to be very hard for me to spend the coming winter here. I decided to go home, and scheduled to leave London on December the First.
>
> "On December the First, I got up early. It was a fine sunny day, after uncomfortable days of fog and rain. The sun rose as if it congratulated my lucky departure for home. I took a farewell of my people and at 9:30 A.M. when I was going down the Parliament Hill Road, I met Mr. Rizal coming up to my hotel. I called him to ride with me on the coach. Mr. Rizal came from Manila. He has a good command of seven different foreign languages at the age of only twenty-seven. . . He was a frank and daring fellow, fond of various arts, especially good at dearing. . . .

After the publication of his travel diary, Tetcho resigned his position as editor of Tokyo newspaper, *Choya*, and entered politics. In 1890 he was elected as member of the lower house of the First Imperial Diet (Japanese parliament), where he carried on his fight for human rights. The following year (1891) he published a political novel titled *Nankai-no-Daiharan* (Storm Over The South Sea) which resembles Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* in plot. Three years later (1894) he published another novel entitled *O-unabara* (The Big Ocean) which was similar to *El Filibusterismo*.

While still a member of the Imperial Diet, Tetcho died of heart attack in Tokyo in February, 1896 (ten months before Rizal's execution). He was then 49 years old.

Chapter 13
Rizal's Visit to the United States (1888)

Rizal first saw America on April 28, 1888. His arrival in this great country was marred by racial prejudice, for he saw the discriminatory treatment of the Chinese and the Negroes by the white Americans. He kept notes of what he observed during his trip from San Francisco to New York, where he took a ship for England. From his notes and his letters to his friends, we get a wealth of first-hand impressions of America, some of which were rather unfavorable but true. Rizal was a man of truth, and he wrote what he had seen and experienced.

Arrival in San Francisco. The steamer *Belgic*, with Rizal on board, docked at San Francisco on Saturday morning, April 28, 1888. All passengers were not allowed to land. The American health authorities placed the ship under quarantine on the ground that it came from the Far East where a cholera epidemic was alleged to be raging. Rizal was surprised because he knew there was no cholera epidemic at that time in the Far East. He joined the other passengers in protesting the unjustifiable action of the health authorities.[1] The American consul in Japan had given the ship a clean bill of health, and the British Governor of Hong Kong certified to the absence of cholera cases in China.[2]

He soon discovered that the placing of the ship under quarantine was motivated by politics. The ship was carrying 643 Chinese coolies.[3] At that time public opinion on the Pacific coast was against cheap coolie labor because the coolies from China were displacing white laborers in railroad construction camps. To win the votes of the whites in California (for election was near), the administration impeded the entry of Chinese coolies.

Rizal noticed that contrary to quarantine regulations 700 bales of valuable Chinese silk were landed without fumigation, that the ship doctor went ashore without protest on the part of the health officers, and the customs employees ate several times on board the supposedly cholera-infested ship.

After a week of quarantine, all first-class passengers, including Rizal, were permitted to land. But the Chinese and Japanese passengers of the second and third-class accommodations were forced to remain on board for a longer quarantine period.

Rizal in San Francisco. On Friday afternoon, May 4, 1888, the day he was permitted to go ashore, Rizal registered at the Palace Hotel, which was then considered a first-class hotel in the city. On this day, he wrote on his diary:[4]

> I lodged in Palace Hotel; $4 a day with bath and everything included. Stockton St., 312. I saw the Golden Gate. . . On Sunday the stores are closed. The best Street in San Francisco is Market Street.

Rizal mentioned in his diary the name of Leland Stanford, who was a millionaire senator representing California in the U.S. Senate at that time. This senator was the founder and benefactor of Stanford University at Palo Alto, California. Also recorded in Rizal's diary was a street — Dupont Street — in Chinatown which is Grant Avenue today.

Rizal stayed in San Francisco for two days — May 4 to 6, 1888. The President of the United States at that time was Grover Cleveland.

Across the American Continent. On May 6, 1888 — Sunday, 4:30 P.M. — Rizal left San Francisco for Oakland, nine miles across San Francisco Bay, by ferry boat.

In Oakland, he boarded the train for his trip across the continent. He took his supper at Sacramento for 75¢ and slept in his coach.

Early the following morning (May 7), he awoke and had a good breakfast at Reno, Nevada, now glamourized by American high-pressure propaganda as "The Biggest Little City in the World." Rizal's diary recounts his travel observation as follows:[5]

> Monday, May 7. I saw an Indian attired in semi-European suit, and semi-Indian suit, leaning against a wall. Wide

> deserts without plants nor trees. Unpopulated. Lonely place. Bare mountains. Sands. A big extension of white land, like chalk. Far from this desert can be seen some blue mountains. It was a fine day. It was warm, and there was still snow on the top of some mountains.
>
> Tuesday, May 8. This is a beautiful morning. We stop from place to place. We are near Ogden. I believe with a good system of irrigation this place could be cultivated. We are at Utah state, the 3rd state we passed over. In approaching Ogden the fields are seen with horses, oxen, and trees. Some small houses are seen from a distance. From Ogden to Denver. The clock is set one hour ahead of time. We are now beginning to see flowers with yellow color on the way. The mountains at a distance are covered with snow. The banks of Salt Lake are more beautiful than other things we saw. The mules are very big. There are mountains in the middle of the lake like the island of Talim in Laguna de Bay. We saw three Mormon boys at Farminton. There were sheep, cows, and horses in the meadows. This region is not thickly populated. A flock of ducks in the lake . . . Children greeted us at Salt Lake City. In Utah, the women serve at the table . . . We changed train at Ogden, and we will not have any change until Denver. In Provo I ate much for 75¢. We are passing between two mountains through a narrow channel.
>
> Wednesday, May 9. We are passing through the mountains and rocks along a river; the river is noisy and its noise gives life to the lifeless territory. We woke up at Colorado, the 5th state we crossed over. At 10:30 we climb up a certain height, and this is why snow is seen along the way. There are many pines. We passed through tunnels made of wood to protect the road against snow. Icicles in these tunnels are very bright which gave majestic effect. The porter of the Pullman Car, an American, is a sort of thief. Colorado has more trees than the three states we passed over. There are many horses.
>
> Thursday, May 10. We woke up in Nebraska. The country is a plain. We reached Omaha, a big city — the biggest since we left San Francisco. The Missouri River is twice as wide as the Pasig River in its widest part. It is marshy . . . The train passed over the Missouri bridge for 2 and ½ minutes; the train goes slowly. We are now in Illinois.

Friday, May 11. We woke up near Chicago. The country is cultivated. It shows our nearness to Chicago. We left Chicago at 8:14 Friday night. What I observed in Chicago is that every cigar store has an Indian figure, and always different. (2775 Washington Street, Boston, Miss C.G. Smith).

Saturday, May 12. A good Wagner Car — we were proceeding in a fine day. The country is beautiful and well populated. We shall arrive at the English territory (Canada — Z.) in the afternoon, and we shall soon see Niagara Falls. We stop for some time to see the points that are beautiful; we went to the side below the Falls; I was between two rocks and this is the greatest cascade I ever saw. It is not so beautiful nor so fine as the falls at Los Baños (sic Pagsanjan — Z.); but much bigger, more imposing . . . The cascade has various falls, various parts. We left the place at night. There is a mysterious sound and persistent echo.

Sunday, May 13. We woke up near Albany. This is a big city. The Hudson River which runs along carries many boats. We crossed over a bridge. The landscape is beautiful; and it is not inferior to the best in Europe. We are going along the banks of the Hudson. They are very beautiful although a little more solitary than those of the Pasig . . . The Hudson is wide. Beautiful ships. Sliced granite rocks were paved along the railroads . . . There were beautiful houses between trees. Day fine. Our grand transcontinental trip ended on Sunday, May 13, at 11:10 A.M.

Rizal in New York. On Sunday morning, May 13, Rizal reached New York, thus ending his trip across the American continent. He stayed three days in this city, which he called the "big town". He visited the scenic and historic places. He was awed and inspired by the memorial to George Washington. Of this great American, he wrote to Ponce: "He is a great man who, I think, has no equal in this country".[6]

On May 16, 1888, he left New York for Liverpool on board the *City of Rome*. According to Rizal, this steamer was "the second largest ship in the world, the largest being the Great Eastern".[7] He saw with thrilling sensation the colossal Statue of Liberty on Bedloe Island as his ship steamed out of New York Harbor.

Rizal's Impression of America. Rizal had good and bad impressions of the United States. The good impressions were (1) the material progress of the country as shown in the great cities, huge farms, flourishing industries, and busy factories; (2) the drive and energy of the American people; (3) the natural beauty of the land; (4) the high standard of living; and (5) the opportunities for better life offered to poor immigrants.

One bad impression Rizal had of America was the lack of racial equality. There existed racial prejudice which was inconsistent with the principles of democracy and freedom of which the Americans talk so much but do not practise. Thus he wrote to Ponce: "They do not have true civil liberty. In some states the Negro cannot marry a White woman, nor a White man a Negress. Hatred against the Chinese leads to difficulty for other Asiatics who, like the Japanese, are mistaken for Chinese by the ignorant, and therefore being disliked, too".[8]

In 1890, two years after Rizal's visit to the United States, Jose Alejandro, who was then studying engineering in Belgium, roomed with him on 38 Rue Philippe Champagne, Brussels. Alejandro had never been in America, so that one day he asked Rizal: "What impressions do you have of America?"

"America," answered Rizal, "is the land par excellence of freedom but only for the whites".[9]

* * * * *

Chapter 14

Rizal in London (1888-89)

After visiting the United States, Rizal lived in London from May, 1888 to March, 1889. He chose this English city to be his new home for three reasons: (1) to improve his knowledge of the English language, (2) to study and annotate Morga's Sucesos de las Islas Filipinas, a rare copy of which he heard to be available in the British Museum, and (3) London was a safe place for him to carry on his fight against Spanish tyranny. In London, he engaged in Filipiniana studies, completed annotating Morga's book, wrote many articles for *La Solidaridad* in defense of his people against Spanish critics, penned a famous letter to the young women of Malolos, carried on his voluminous correspondence with Blumentritt and relatives, and had a romance with Gertrude Beckett.

Trip Across the Atlantic. The trans-Atlantic voyage of Rizal from New York to Liverpool was a pleasant one. He won many friends of different nationalities on board the palatial *City of Rome* because of his friendly nature and his ability as a linguist.

Rizal entertained the American and European passengers with his marvelous skill with the yo-yo as an offensive weapon. The *yo-yo* is a small wooden disc attached to a string from the finger. It is used by Filipino children as a toy. But Rizal manipulated it as a weapon of offense, to the great amazement of the foreigners.[1]

On board the steamer were some American newspapermen on their way to Europe. Rizal discussed with them the current social and political problems of mankind, and found them to be inadequate in geo-politics. He could not enjoy their companionship because they were intellectually inferior to him.

Rizal arrived at Liverpool, England, on May 24, 1888. He stayed one day in this port city, spending the night at the Adelphi Hotel. "Liverpool", he wrote to his family, "is a big and beautiful city and its celebrated port is worthy of its great fame. The entrance is magnificent and the customhouse is quite good".[2]

Life in London. On May 25, 1888, a day after docking at Liverpool, Rizal went to London. For a short time, he stayed as guest at the home of Dr. Antonio Ma. Regidor, an exile of 1872 and a practising lawyer in London.[3] By the end of May, he found a modest boarding place at No. 37 Chalcot Crescent, Primrose Hill.[4] He was a boarder of the Beckett family.[5] The Becketts were Mr. Beckett, organist of St. Paul's Church, Mrs. Beckett (his wife), two sons and four daughters. The oldest of the Beckett sisters was Gertrude, called "Gettie" or "Tottie" by her friends.

The Beckett home was to Rizal conveniently located. It was near the public parks and was within easy walking distance to the British Museum where he expected to do much research work.

Rizal came to know Dr. Reinhold Rost, the librarian of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and an authority on Malayan languages and customs. Dr. Rost was impressed by Rizal's learning and character, and he gladly recommended him to the authorities of the British Museum. He called Rizal "a pearl of a man" *(una perla de hombre)*.[6]

Rizal spent much of his time in the British Museum poring over the pages of Morga's Sucesos and other rare historical works on the Philippines. He frequently visited Dr. Regidor and discussed with him problems pertaining to Philippine affairs.

He spent Sundays in the house of Dr. Rost, with whom he had many pleasant discussions on linguistics. He also played cricket (popular English game) and boxed with Dr. Rost's sons.

News from Home, Good and Bad. Both good and bad news from home reached Rizal in London. Of the bad news, were the injustices committed by the Spanish authorities on the Filipino people and the Rizal family. Among which were as follows:

1. Persecution of the Filipino patriots who signed the "Anti-Friar Petition of 1888" which was presented by Doroteo Cortes, prominent Mason and lawyer, to Jose

Centeno, Civil Governor of the Province of Manila, on March 1, 1888. This petition was signed by about 800 patriots and was actually written by M.H. del Pilar. It was addressed to the Queen Regent of Spain requesting the expulsion of the friars, including Archbishop Pedro Payo (Dominican)[7] of Manila.

2. Persecution of the Calamba tenants, including Rizal's family and relatives, for their courage to petition the government for agrarian reforms.

3. Furious attacks on Rizal by Senators Salamanca and Vida in the Spanish Cortes and by Desengaños (Wenceslao E. Retana) and Quioquiap (Pablo Feced) in Spanish newspapers.

4. Rizal's brother-in-law, Manuel T. Hidalgo, husband of Saturnina, was exiled by Governor General Weyler to Bohol without due process of law.

5. A friend of Rizal, Laureano Viado, a medical student at the University of Santo Tomas, was arrested and jailed in Bilibid Prison because copies of the *Noli* were found in his house.

One good news cheered Rizal, and that was Rev. Vicente Garcia's defense of the *Noli* against the attacks of the friars. He heard this good news from Mariano Ponce. He was deeply gratified by the courageous action of Father Garcia, a venerable Filipino canon of the Manila Cathedral. Later, On January 7, 1891, he wrote to Father Garcia, expressing his personal thanks. In this famous letter, he said:[8]

> We young Filipinos are trying to make over a nation and must not halt in our onward march, but from time to time turn our gaze upon our elders. We shall wish to read in their countenances approval of our actions. We are anxious to learn of the Philippines' past which we need to understand in order to plan intelligently for the future. We want to know all that our ancestors knew, and then add our own studies to theirs. Thus we shall progress the faster because we can go on from where they left off.

Annotating Morga's Book. The greatest achievement of Rizal in London was the annotating of Morga's book, Sucesos de las Islas Filipinas (Historical Events of the Philippine Islands) which was published in Mexico, 1609. He spent many days in

the reading room of the British Museum poring over the pages of this book and laboriously reading the old histories of the Philippines, such as those written by Fr. Chirino, Fr. Colin, Fr. Argensola, Fr. Plasencia, etc. Of all written histories published during the early years of the Spanish regime, that of Dr. Morga was, in his considered opinion, the best.

In a letter to Blumentritt, dated September 17, 1888, Rizal said: "Morga's work is an excellent book; it can be said that Morga is a modern scholarly explorer. He does not have the superficiality and exaggeration which are found among Spaniards today: he writes very simply, but one has to read between the lines . . . . ."[9]

For about ten months (May 1888-March 1889), Rizal was deeply immersed in his historical studies in London. During which time his compatriots in Spain were waging the crusade for Philippine reforms. At one time, Mariano Ponce, whom he had never yet met and who was then living in Barcelona, urged him to edit a newspaper which would defend the Filipino interests from the scurrilous attacks of their Spanish detractors. He refused Ponce's request because he was busy. "Today," he wrote to Ponce on October 12, 1888, "I am dedicated day and night to certain studies, so that I do not want to edit any newspaper".[10]

Short Visit to Paris and Spain. Early in September, 1888, he visited Paris for a week, in order to search for more historical materials in the Bibliotheque Nationale. He was entertained in this gay French metropolis by Juan Luna and his wife (Paz Pardo de Tavera), who proudly showed him their little son Andres (nickname Luling). After poring over the old books and manuscript in the Bibliotheque Nationale, he returned to London.

On December 11, 1888, he went to Spain, visiting Madrid and Barcelona. He contacted his compatriots and surveyed the political situation with regards to the agitation for Philippine reforms. For the first time, he met Marcelo H. del Pilar and Mariano Ponce, two titans of the Propaganda Movement. He exchanged ideas with these new friends and promised to cooperate in the fight for reforms.

Christmas in London (1888). Rizal returned to London on December 24 and spent Christmas and New Year's Day with the Becketts. He experienced a delightful Christmas Eve, his

first on English soil. That night he wrote to Blumentritt: "it is now Noche-Buena (Christmas Eve); it is the holiday I like best to celebrate. It reminds me of the many good days not only of my infancy, but also of history. Whether or not Christ was born exactly on this day, I do not know; but exact chronology is immaterial to see the joy of this night. A great Genius was born who preached truth and love. He suffered on accounf of His mission, but because of His sufferings the world had improved, if not saved. How it shocks me to see people misuse His name to commit many crimes".[11]

To his friend, Blumentritt, Rizal sent as Christmas gift a bust of Emperor Augustus which he had made. This emperor was the ruler of the Roman Empire when Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem. To another friend, Dr. Carlos Czepelak (Polish scholar), he gave as Christmas gift a bust of Julius Caesar.

Rizal's landlady, Mrs. Beckett, knowing of his interest in magic, gave him as Christmas gift a book entitled *The Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist*. Rizal was delighted to receive this book, for he had great admiration for this British magician who was famous for his ventriloquism.

Rizal Becomes leader of Filipinos in Europe. While busy in his historical studies in London, Rizal learned that the Filipinos in Barcelona were planning to establish a patriotic society which would cooperate in the crusade for reforms. This society, called *Asociacion La Solidaridad* (Solidaridad Association), was inaugurated on December 31, 1888, with the following officers: Galicano Apacible, president; Graciano Lopez Jaena, vice-president; Manuel Santa Maria, secretary; Mariano Ponce, treasurer; and Jose Ma. Panganiban, accountant.

By unanimous vote of all the members, Rizal was chosen honorary president. This was a recognition of his leadership among all Filipino patriots in Europe.

As the leader of his countrymen in Europe, Rizal wrote a letter addressed to the members of the Asociacion La Solidaridad, on January 28, 1889. In this letter, he expressed his thanks for the honor of making him honorary president and gave the following advice:[12]

> 1. In young associations the spirit of tolerance ought to prevail when it concerns trifles that do not affect the

> essential part of a thing; in the discussions, the conciliatory tendency ought to dominate before the tendency to oppose. No one should resent defeat. When any opinion is rejected, its author, instead of despairing and withdrawing, should on the contrary wait for another occasion in which justice may be done him. The individual should give way to the welfare of the society.
>
> 2. A great deal of integrity and much good will. No member should expect rewards or honors for what he does. He who does his duty in the expectation of rewards, is usually disappointed, because almost no one believes himself sufficiently rewarded. And so that there may not be discontented or ill-rewarded members, it is advisable for each one to do his duty just for its own sake and at best expect to be later treated unjustly, because in anomalous countries, injustice is the prize for those who fulfill their duties.
>
> Thrift, thrift, thrift.
>
> Seriousness and equal justice for all.

Rizal and The La Solidaridad Newspaper. On February 15, 1889, Graciano Lopez Jaena founded the patriotic newspaper called *La Solidaridad* in Barcelona, where he was then residing. This was a fortnightly periodical which served as the organ of the Propaganda Movement. Its aims were as follows: (1) to work peacefully for political and social reforms; (2) to portray the deplorable conditions of the Philippines so that Spain may remedy them; (3) to oppose the evil forces of reaction and medievalism; (4) to advocate liberal ideas and progress; and (5) to champion the legitimate aspirations of the Filipino people to life, democracy, and happiness.

Two days after the birth of *La Solidaridad*, M.H. del Pilar wrote to Rizal in London: "At last our little newspaper was born. It is democratic in its opinion, but very much more so in the organization of its staff. One should see how editor Graciano writes, corrects proofs, directs the printing, distributes the copies, and even takes them to the mail. Naning [Mariano Ponce — Z.], the manager, gathers the data, edits, corrects the proofs, writes the leads, prepares the correspondence, and also distributes the copies. I am the only idler, though the newspaper had me preoccupied during the period of its conception and birth, for which reason I am behind in my correspondence with you".[13]

Rizal congratulated Lopez Jaena and his associates in founding *La Solidaridad*. As evidence of his approval and cooperation, he prepared articles for the periodical which were subsequently published. In his letter to Lopez Jaena, he advised him that great care should be taken in publishing only the truth in *La Solidaridad*. "Be careful", he admonished, "not to publish exaggerations or lies or imitate others, who avail themselves of dishonest means and of vulgar and ignoble language to attain their ends. See that the periodical is just, honest, and truthful so that its opinion may always be respected. It is necessary that we show our enemies that we are more worthy than they, morally and humanly speaking. Should we tell the truth we shall have won our cause because reason and justice are on our side. There is no need for knaveries".[14]

First Article in La Solidaridad. Rizal's first article which appeared in *La Soli ridad* was entitled Los Agricultores Filipinos (The Filipino Farmers). It was published on March 25, 1889, six days after he left London for Paris.

In this initial article, he depicted the deplorable conditions in the Philippines which cause the backwardness of the country. He wrote:[15]

> The Filipino farmer has to struggle not only against petty tyrants and robbers. Against the first, defense indeed is permitted; against the latter, not always . . .
>
> After the floods, locusts, fires, bad harvests, and the like, the farmer capitalist has to deal with the constable who takes away from him his laborers for personal service, some public works, repair of roads, bridges, and others; with the civil guard who arrests them for various reasons, sometimes for not carrying with them their personal cedulas (certificates) for not saluting properly, for being suspicious persons or for no reason whatsoever, and they manacle them to clean the barracks and thus compel the capitalist to live on better terms with the chief and, if not, they take away his carabaos, oxen, in spite of many protests . . .
>
> At times it is not the constable or the civil guard who opposes so indirectly the minister of colonies. An official of the court or of the provincial government, dissatisfied with the farmer, urgently summons this or that laborer, if not two or three. The unfortunate man undertakes a trip

> of two or three days, uneasy and distrustful, spends his savings, arrives, presents himself, waits, returns the next day and waits, finally to be asked with a frown and the look of a judge, abstruse and unknown things. He is lucky if he comes out free from the questioning, for not infrequently after it, he is sent to jail from which he comes out later as stupid as before . . ."

Writings in London. While busy in research studies at the British Museum, Rizal received news on Fray Rodriguez' unabated attack on his *Noli*. In defense, he wrote a pamphlet entitled *La Vision del Fray Rodriguez* (The Vision of Fray Rodriguez) which was published in Barcelona under his nom-de-plume *Dimas Alang*. This opus is a satire depicting a spirited dialogue between St. Augustine and Fr. Rodriguez. St. Augustine told Fr. Rodriguez that he (St. Augustine) was commissioned by God to tell him (Fr. Rodriguez) of his stupidity and inform him of his penance on earth that he (Fr. Rodriguez) shall continue to write more stupidity so that all men may laugh at him.

In *La Vision del Fray Rodriguez*, Rizal demonstrated two things: (1) his profound knowledge of religion and (2) his biting satire.

In London, Rizal wrote the famous "Letter to the Young Women of Malolos" (February 22, 1889) in Tagalog.[16] He penned it, upon the request of M.H. del Pilar to praise the young ladies of Malolos for their courage to establish a school where they could learn Spanish, despite the opposition of Fr. Felipe Garcia, Spanish parish priest of Malolos. The main points of this letter were: (1) a Filipino mother should teach her children love of God, fatherland, and mankind; (2) the Filipino mother should be glad, like the Spartan mother, to offer her sons in the defense of the fatherland; (3) a Filipino woman should know how to preserve her dignity and honor; (4) a Filipino woman should educate herself, aside from retaining her good racial virtues; and (5) Faith is not merely reciting long prayers and wearing religious pictures, but rather it is living the real Christian way, with good morals and good manners.

Dr. Rost, editor of *Trubner's Record*, a journal devoted to Asian studies, requested Rizal to contribute some articles. In response to his request, the latter prepared two articles — (1)

"Specimens of Tagal Folklore" which was published in the journal in May, 1889; and (2) "Two Eastern Fables", published in June, 1889.[17]

The first article consisted of Filipino proverbs and puzzles, as follows:[18]

1. Proverbial Sayings

Malakas ang bulong sa sigaw, Low words are stronger than loud words.

Ang laki sa layaw karaniwa'y hubad, A petted child is generally naked (i.e. poor)

Hampas ng magulang ay nakatataba, Parent's punishment makes one fat.

Ibang hari ibang ugali, New king, new fashion.

Nagpuputol ang kapus, ang labis ay nagdurugtong, What is short cuts off a piece from itself, what is long adds another on (the poor gets poorer, the rich richer).

Ang nagsasabi ng tapos ay siyang kinakapus, He who finishes his words finds himself wanting.

Nangangako habang napapako, Man promises while in need.

Ang naglalakad ng marahan, matinik ma'y mababaw, He who walks slowly, though he may put his foot on a thorn, will not be hurt very much (Tagals mostly go barefooted).

Ang maniwala sa sabi'y walang bait sa sarili, He who believes in tales has no own mind.

Ang may isinuksok sa dingding, ay may titingalain, He who has put something between the walls may afterwards look on (the saving man may afterwards be cheerful). — The wall of a Tagal house is made of palm-leaves and bamboo, so that it can be used as a cupboard.

Walang mahirap gisingin na paris nang nagtutulogtulugan, The most difficult to rouse from sleep is the man who pretends to be asleep.

Labis sa salita, kapus sa gawa, Too many words, too little work.

Hipong tulog ay nadadala ng anod, The sleeping shrimp is carried away by the current.

Sa bibig nahuhuli ang isda, The fish is caught through the mouth.

II. Puzzles

Isang butil na palay sikip sa buong bahay, One rice-corn fills up all the house. — The light. The rice-corn with the husk is yellowish.

Matapang ako sa dalawa, duwag ako sa isa, I am brave against two, coward against one. — The bamboo bridge. When the bridge is made of one bamboo only, it is difficult to pass over; but when it's made of two or more it is very easy.

Dala ako niya, dala ko siya, He carries me, I carry him. — The shoes.

Isang balong malalim puno ng patalim, A deep well filled with steel blades. — The mouth.

Romance with Gertrude Beckett. Rizal had a romantic interlude with the oldest of the three Beckett sisters — Gertrude, Gettie, as she was affectionately called, was a buxom English girl with brown hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. She fell in love with Rizal. On cold winter mornings she had a sunny smile for him, chattering gaily like a humming bird. During the family picnics, she was particularly very happy because Rizal was with them and she gave him all her attention. And in rainy days when Rizal stayed at home, she helped him by mixing his colors for painting or assisted in preparing the clay for sculpturing.

Rizal, being a man of normal emotions, found exhilarating joy in Gertrude's company. Their friendship drifted towards romance. Rizal affectionately called her "Gettie," in reciprocation, she fondly called him "Pettie." As their flirtation was fast approaching the point of no return, Rizal suddenly realized that he could not marry Gettie for he had a mission to fulfill in life.

With iron will, he suppressed the passionate yearning of his heart, and decided to go away so that "Gettie" may forget him.[19] Before leaving London, he finished four sculptural works — (1) Prometheus Bound, (2) "The Triumph of Death over Life," (3) "The Triumph of Science over Death," and (4) a composite carving of the heads of the Beckett sisters. The last-named carving he gave as a farewell gift to the Beckett sisters. He packed "The

Triumph of Death our Life" and "The Triumph of Science over Death" and sent them to his friend, Professor Bluementritt, in Leitmeritz.

Adios, London. Suddenly on March 19, 1889, Rizal bade goodbye to the kind Beckett family (particularly Gertrude) and left London for Paris. He was sad as he crossed the English Channel, for he cherished so many beautiful memories of London.

* * * * *

Chapter 15
Rizal's Second Sojourn in Paris and the Universal Exposition of 1889

Paris in the spring of 1889 was bursting with gaiety and excitement because of the Universal Exposition. Thousands of visitors from all corners of the world crowded every hotel, inn, and boarding house. Everywhere in the metropolis the hotel rates and house rents were soaring skyhigh, Rizal, fresh from London, was caught in the whirl of gay Parisian life. Despite the social parties and the glittering lights of the city, he continued his fruitful artistic, literary, and patriotic labors. He published his annotated edition of Morga's *Sucesos;* founded three Filipino societies, the Kidlat Club, the Indios Bravos, and the R.D.L.M.; and wrote *Por Telefono,* a satire against Fr. Salvador Font.

Difficulty of Finding Quarters. In March 1889, it was extremely difficult for a visitor to find living quarters in Paris. The approaching Universal Exposition of 1889 which was scheduled to open on May 6, 1889 attracted thousands of tourists so that all hotel accommodations were taken. To the great disgust of Rizal, the cost of living spiralled high because the French landlords, taking advantage of the great demand for living quarters, raised the rents of their rooms.

For a short time, Rizal lived in the house of his friend Valentin Ventura, at No. 45 Rue Maubeuge, where he polished his annotated edition of Morga's book. He transferred his residence several times, moving from one hotel to another, from one boarding house to another.

Finally, he lived in a little room, together with two other Filipinos — Capitan Justo Trinidad former gobernadorcillo of Santa Ana, Manila, and a refugee from Spanish tyranny, and Jose Albert, a young student from Manila.[1]

Life in Paris. Although life in Paris was gay, with sparkling merriment and joyous social parties, Rizal continued to be busy in his serious pursuits. Hours were too precious for him to waste. He spent them frugally and fruitfully. He used most of his time in the reading room of the Bibliotheque Nationale (National Library) checking up his historical annotations on Morga's book, in his living quarters writing letters to his family and friends, in the gymnasium for his daily physical exercises, and visiting his friends.

In his spare hours, Rizal used to dine at the homes of his friends, such as the Pardo de Taveras, the Venturas, the Bousteads, the Lunas, etc. He was a good friend of the three Pardo de Taveras — Dr. Trinidad H. Pardo de Tavera, physician by vocation and philologist by avocation, Dr. Felix Pardo de Tavera, also physician by vocation and an artist and sculptor by avocation, and Paz Pardo de Tavera, wife of Juan Luna. These Pardo de Taveras were the children of Don Joaquin Pardo de Tavera, an exile of 1872 who escaped from the Marianas and lived in France.

On June 24, 1889, a baby girl was born to Juan Luna and Paz Pardo de Tavera. She was their second child, the first was a boy named Andres, whose pet name was Luling. Her baptismal godfather (ninong) was Rizal, who chose her name "Maria de la Paz, Blanca, Laureana, Hermenegilda Juana Luna y Pardo de Tavera."[2]

In his letter to his family in Calamba, Rizal gave an interesting account of his life in Paris. One of these letters (dated May 16, 1889) related:[3]

> My daily life in Paris is spent in the following manner: one or two hours in the gymnasium and in fencing, three or four hours in the library, the rest I use up in writing and visiting friends. . . Every other night from 8:00 to 11:00 we meet in a cafe where we play chess. On Saturdays I am invited to eat at Luna's house, on Sundays at Mrs. Juliana's, and on Fridays I visit the family of Boustead (also a Filipino) where sometimes I take tea."

In another letter to his family, written on September 21, 1889, he said: "We Filipinos gather four times a week and we sing the kundiman, we eat sotanghon, adobo, etc. On Wednesdays in the house of Doña Tula, on Thursdays in the house of Hidalgo, on Fridays in the house of Madam Boustead, on Saturdays in the house of Luna, on Sundays in the house of Doña Juliana."[4]

Rizal and Paris Exposition of 1889. Like any ordinary Filipino tourist in a foreign land, Rizal was fascinated by the Universal Exposition of Paris which opened on May 6, 1889. The greatest attraction of this exposition was the Eiffel Tower, 984 feet high, which was built by Alexander Eiffel, celebrated French engineer.

Rizal and his friends attended the opening ceremonies and saw the cutting of the ribbon by President Sadi Carnot of the Third French Republic. Paris was jammed with thousands of tourists coming from all parts of the world. Daily the Exposition drew a vast crowd of 200,000 persons or more.

One of the features of the Exposition was the international art competition, in which Felix R. Hidalgo, Juan Luna, Felix Pardo de Tavera, and Rizal participated. Hidalgo's painting was awarded second prize, the paintings of Juan Luna and F. Pardo de Tavera each obtained the third prize, while Rizal's entry (a bust which he modelled got no prize.[5] This bust was quite good to qualify for the exhibition, but not good enough to win an international prize.

Kidlat Club. On March 19, 1889, the same day when he arrived in Paris from London, Rizal organized his paisanos (compatriots) into a society called Kidlat Club. Among the members were Antonio and Juan Luna, Gregorio Aguilera, Fernando Canon, Lauro Dimayuga, Julio Llorente, Guillermo Puatu, and Baldomero Roxas.

The Kidlat Club was purely a social society of a temporary nature. It was founded by Rizal simply to bring together the young Filipinos in the French capital so that they could enjoy their sojourn in the city during the duration of the Universal Exposition. Thus he told Blumentritt in a letter dated March

19, 1889: "Today we have formed a Kidlat Club. Kidlat in Tagalog means "lightning" and for the same reasons this club will last only during the Exposition. We have thought of it and formed it in one hour. It will disappear also like lightning."[6]

Indios Bravos. In their sightseeing tour of the exposition grounds, Rizal and the members of the Kidlat Club were amazed to see the Buffalo Bull show which featured the American Indians. These red-skinned Indians were proudly riding their sturdy ponies, elegantly dressed in their native attire and wearing their war feathers and paints.

Rizal was enchanted by the dignified and proud bearing of the American Indians. He told his friends; "Why should we resent being called Indios by the Spaniards? Look at those Indios from North America — they are not ashamed of their name. Let us be like them. Let us be proud of the name Indio and make our Spanish enemies revise their conception of the term. We shall be Indios Bravos!"

Thus was born a new society of Filipino patriots in Paris – the Indios Bravos (Brave Indians). It replaced the ephemeral Kidlat Club. Its members pledged to excel in intellectual and physical prowess in order to win the admiration of the foreigners, particularly the Spaniards. They practised with great enthusiasm the use of the sword and pistol. Rizal taught them judo, an Asian art of self-defense, that he learned in Japan.

R.D.L.M. Society. Another society founded by Rizal in Paris during the Universal Exposition of 1889 was the mysterious Sociedad R.D.L.M. (R.D.L.M. Society) Many biographers of Rizal do not mention it. In fact, its existence and role in the crusade for reforms are really enigmatic. Of the numerous letters written by Rizal and his fellow propagandists, only two mentioned this secret society, as follows: (1) Rizal's Letter to Jose Maria Basa, Paris, September 21, 1889 and (2) Rizal's Letter to Marcelo H. del Pilar, Paris, November 4, 1889.[7]

According to Dr. Leoncio Lopez-Rizal, grandnephew of the hero, the society has a symbol or countersign represented by a circle divided into three parts by two semi-circles having in the center the interlocked letters I and B meaning *Indios Bravos,* and the letters R.D.L.M. placed outside an upper, lower, left and right sides of the circle."[8] The letters R.D.L.M. are believed

to be the initials of the society's secret name *Redencion de los Malayos* (Redemption of the Malays).

So much mystery surrounded the R.D.L.M. because Rizal rigidly guarded its secret existence. Evidently, it was patterned after Freemasonry. It had various degrees of membership, "with the members not knowing each other." Only a few of Rizal's trusted friends became members of the R.D.L.M., namely, Gregorio Aguilera, Jose Ma. Basa, Julio Llorente, Marcelo H. del Pilar, Mariano Ponce, Baldomero Roxas, and Father Jose Maria Changco (Filipino priest).

The aim of the secret society, as stated by Rizal was "the propagation of all useful knowledge — scientific, artistic, literary, etc. — in the Philippines." Evidently, there was another aim that is, the redemption of the Malay race. It must be noted that Rizal was inspired by a famous book entitled Max Havelaar (1860) written by Multatuli (pseudonym of E. D. Dekker, Dutch author). This book exposed the miserable conditions of the oppressed Malay inhabitants of the Netherlands East Indies under Dutch rule.

A discerning study of the available Rizaliana documents and Rizal's actuations show that the R.D.L.M. had something to do with the Malay race. As Dr. Leoncio Lopez-Rizal cogently stated, Rizal's colonization project in Borneo was "not merely to have a place where Filipinos could live and work with more liberty as well as free themselves from the oppressive conditions in the Philippines. . . but for something else more important, which is to have freedom of action to attain the aims of the R.D.L.M. which means. . . the Redemption of the Malay Race."[9]

Rizal, writing to Blumentritt from Hong Kong on February 23, 1892, revealed his intention to be a leader of freedom, if not in the Philippines, then in other lands "In Borneo," he told Blumentritt, "I shall not be a planter (plantador) but the leader (caudillo) of the planters who are thinking of emigrating there with me. I feel flattered by the idea that I can still serve my country with my pen. You know very well that always, at all times, I am ready to serve my fatherland not only with my pen, but also with my life whenever my fatherland would demand this sacrifice. But as I see that I am getting old, my ideals and

dreams are fading; if it is impossible for me to give freedom to my country, at least I should like to give it to these noble compatriots in other lands."[10]

Moreover, the contract for his Bornean colonization included such provisions as the right of the colonists to buy the lands, the free use of the seashores, and the unusual long term of lease for 999 years, "a period of time long enough for many generations to form a nation and to consolidate its status" and to realize Rizal's dream of redeeming the Malay race.

Annotated Edition of Morga Published. Rizal's outstanding achievement in Paris was the publication in 1890 of his annotated edition of Morga's *Sucesos*, which he wrote in the British Museum. It was printed by Garnier Freres. The Prologue was written by Professor Blumentritt, upon the request of Rizal.

In his Prologue, Blumentritt commended Rizal for his fine historical scholarship. However, he frankly censured Rizal for two things which revealed Rizal's errors, namely: (1) Rizal commits the error of many historians in appraising the events of the past in the light of present standards and (2) Rizal's attacks on the Church were unfair and unjustified because the abuses of the friars should not be construed to mean that Catholicism is bad. Thus Blumentritt said:[11]

> The high estimation of your notes (Rizal's annotations — Z.) does not prevent me from confessing that more than once, I observed that you participate in the error of many modern historians, who judge events of centuring past, in the light of concepts that correspond to contemporary ideas. This should not be. The historian should not impute to the men of the 16th century the wide horizon of ideas that move the 19th century.
>
> The second point with which I am not in agreement has to do with some of your fulminations against Catholicism. I believe that not in religion but in the cruel method and the abuses of many priests should we look for the origin of many events lamentable for religion, for Spain, and for the good name of the European race.

Notwithstanding the two blemishes of Rizal's work, it is a splendid piece of historiography. Rizal annotated and published Morga's *Sucesos* because it was the best of the many histories

of the Philippines written by the early Spanish writers, being accurate in the narration of events, unbiased in judgement, and unmarred by childish fantasies.

Rizal dedicated his new edition of Morga to the Filipino people so that they would know of their glorious past. His dedication is as follows:

TO THE FILIPINOS

> In the *Noli Me Tangere* I started to sketch the present state of our Fatherland: the effect which my attempt produced made me realize, before proceeding to develop before your eyes other pictures to follow, the necessity of first giving an understanding of the past in order the better to judge the present and measure the path traversed during the three centuries.
>
> Born and reared in ignorance of our past like almost all of you: without voice nor authority to speak of what we have not seen nor studied I deemed it necessary to invoke the testimony of an illustrious Spaniard who controlled the destinies of the Philippines at the beginning of its new era and personally witnessed the last days of our ancient nationality. It is, therefore, the shadow of our ancestors' civilization which the author now shall call before you. I transmit to you faithfully his words without changing them nor mutilating them, adapting, only in so far as possible, to modern orthography and introducing greater clearness in the rather defective punctuations of the original, to facilitate its reading. The office, the nationality, and the virtues of Morga, together with the date and testimonies of his contemporaries, Spaniards for the most part, commend the work to your serious consideration.
>
> If the book succeeds in awakening in you, the consciousness of our past blotted from memory, and in rectifying what has been falsified and calumniated then I shall not have labored in vain, and with this basis, slight though it be, we can all devote ourselves to the study of the future.

In this historical work, Rizal proved that the Filipinos were already civilized before the advent of Spain. They had clothes, government, laws, writing, literature, religion, arts, sciences and commerce with neighboring Asian nations. Rizal thus blasted

the historical heresies of the Spanish writers who claimed that the early Filipinos were savages and were of low mentality.

Comment on Morga's Publication Date. The title page of Rizal's annotated edition of Morga reads: "Paris, Libreria de Garnier Hermanos, 1890." From this printed date, all biographers of Rizal came to assert that his edition of Morga was published in 1890.

However, there is documentary evidence to show that Rizal's edition of Morga must have come off the press in 1889-not 1890. On October 12, 1889, Blumentritt wrote to Rizal from Leitmeritz, saying: "I have just received your magnificent edition of Morga. This edition with your erudite notes will glorify your name."[12]

Rizal himself, in his letter to Dr. Baldomero Roxas from Paris, December 28, 1889, stated: "Today I sent to Lipa four copies of Morga. Later I will send some more."[13]

From Barcelona, Mariano Ponce wrote to Rizal on December 31, 1889, saying: "I received the book *Sucesos*. Many thanks. I have read only Blumentritt's prologue. Truly excellent. Please send me immediately about ten copies that I can send to the Philippines by the first mail that is going there."[14]

The three letters cited above — from Blumentritt, B. Roxas, and M. Ponce — are incontrovertible proofs that Morga's *Sucesos* by Rizal actually came off the press in 1889. Otherwise, how could these three friends of Rizal read the book before 1890?

Rizal as Historian. Rizal's research studies in the British Museum (London) and in the Bibliotheque Nationale (Paris) enriched his historical knowledge. His splendid annotations to Morga's book showed his familiarity with the basic principles of historiography. As he once told Isabelo de los Reyes: "A historian ought to be rigorously imparted. . . I never assert anything on my own authority. I cite texts and when I do, I have them before me."[15]

His knowledge of foreign languages enabled Rizal to read historical documents and books in the languages in which they were originally written. For instance, he read Pigafetta's famous *First Voyage Around the World* in Italian; the historical works of Marsden, Raffles, Lord Stanley, and Wallace in English; the writings of Blumentritt, Jagor, and Virchow in German; the

books of M. Jacquet, J. Mallat, and A. Marche in French; and the works of T.H. Pardo de Tavera, Pedro A. Paterno, Miguel Morayta, and Pi y Margall in Spanish. By his extensive reading of archival sources and books in foreign countries, he acquired wide knowledge not only of Philippine history, but also the history of European colonization in Asia.

Aside from his excellent annotations on Morga's book, Rizal wrote other works which qualify him to be a real historian. Among them were the two historical commentaries written in London, *Ma-yi* (December 6, 1888) and *Tawalisi* of Ibn Batuta (January 7, 1889); *Filipinas dentro de Cien Años* (The Philippines Within a Century), published in *La Solidaridad* in four issues on September 30, October 31, December 15, 1889 and February 15, 1890; *Sobre la Indolencia de los Filipinos* (The Indolence of the Filipinos), published in *La Solidaridad* in five successive issues on July 15, July 31, August 1, August 31, and September 1, 1890; *La Politica Colonial on Filipinas* (Colonial Policy in the Philippines), no date; *Manila en el mes de Diciembre,* 1872 (Manila in the Month of December, 1872), no date; *Historia de la Familia Rizal de Calamba* (History of the Rizal family of Calamba); no date and *Los Pueblos del Archipielago Indico* (The Peoples of the Indian Archipelago), no date.

The Philippines Within a Century. In this article Rizal expressed his views on the Spanish colonization in the Philippines and predicted with amazing accuracy the tragic end of Spain's sovereignty in Asia. He portrayed at the beginning of his article the glorious past of the Filipino people, then described their economic stagnation and unhappiness under the harsh and bungling Spanish rule. Toward the last paragraphs of the article, he peered into the future and warned Spain of what would happen to her colonial empire in Asia if she would not adopt a more liberal and enlightened policy toward the Philippines.

Significant passages in this historical essay are as follows:[16]

> To recapitulate: the Philippines will remain Spanish if they enter upon the life of law and civilization, if the rights of their inhabitants are respected, if the other rights due them are granted, if the liberal policy of the government is carried out without trickery or meanness, without subterfuges or false interpretations.

> Otherwise, if an attempt is made to see in the Islands a lode to be exploited, a resource to satisfy ambitions. . . shutting its ears to all cries of reason, then, however great may be the loyalty of the Filipinos, it will be impossible to hinder the operations of the inexorable laws of history. Colonies established to subserve the policy and commerce of the sovereign country, all eventually become independent. . . .
>
> If the Philippines secure their independence after heroic and stubborn conflict, they can rest assured that neither England nor Germany, nor France, and still less Holland will dare to take up what Spain has been unable to hold.
>
> Perhaps the great American Republic, whose interests lie in the Pacific and who had no hand in the spoliation of Africa may some day dream of foreign possession. This is not impossible, for the example is contagious, covetousness and ambition are among the strongest vices. . .
>
> Very likely, the Philippines will defend with inexpressible valor the liberty secured at the price of so much blood and sacrifice. With the new men that will spring from their soil and with the recollection of their past, they will perhaps strive to enter freely upon the wide road of progress, and all will labor together to strengthen their fatherland. . . Then the mines will be made to give up their gold for relieving distress, iron for weapons, copper, lead, and coal. Perhaps the country will revive the maritime and mercantile life for which the islanders are fitted by their nature, ability, and instincts, and once more free, like the bird that leaves its cage, like the flower that unfolds to the air, will recover the pristine virtues that are gradually dying out and will again become addicted to peace — cheerful, happy, joyous, hospitable and daring.

The Indolence of the Filipinos. This other essay of Rizal is also a prestigious work of historical scholarship. It is an able defense of the alleged indolence of the Filipinos. In the spirit of a real scholar, Rizal made a critical study of the causes why his people did not work hard during the Spanish regime. His main thesis was that the Filipinos are not by nature indolent.

Long before the coming of the Spaniards, he pointed out, the Filipinos were industrious and hard-working:[17] They were very active in agriculture, industries, and commerce. The Spanish

conquest of the country brought about a decline in economic activities because the Filipinos had abandoned their pre-Spanish industries and worked less than their ancestors. Such decline in economic life was due to certain causes: (1) the native revolts and other internal disorders which followed the establishment of Spanish rule, (2) the wars which the Filipinos fought for Spain against the Dutch, Portuguese, English, and other enemies; (3) the frightful raids on the coastal towns and village of Christian Philippines by the Muslim pirates of Mindanao and Sulu; (4) the forced labor which compelled thousands of Filipino laborers to work in shipyards, roads, bridges, and other public works, resulting in the abandonment of industry, commerce, and agriculture; (5) lack of stimulus to work harder because the people could not enjoy the fruits of their labor; (6) government neglect and indifference to agriculture, industry, and commerce; (7) the bad example shown by the Spaniards in despising manual labor; (8) the teaching of Spanish missionaries that it is easier for a poor man to enter heaven than for a rich man, hence the Filipinos prefer not to work and be poor so that they could easily enter heaven after they die; (9) encouragement and propagation of gambling by the Spanish authorities; and (10) system of Spanish education did not promote economic enterprise and activity, for, as Rizal asserted, the education of the native was "from his birth until he sinks into his grave. . . is brutalizing, depressive and anti-human" and "deprives him of his dignity"

It is true, admitted Rizal, that the Filipinos are easy-going and do not work so hard because they are wise enough to adjust themselves to their warm, tropical climate. They do not have to kill themselves working hard in order to live because nature gives them abundant harvests by working less than those in temperate and arid countries. "The fact," explained Rizal, "is that in tropical countries violent work is not a good thing, as it is death, destruction, annihilation. Nature knows this and like a just mother has therefore made the earth more fertile, and more productive, as a compensation. An hour's work under that burning sun, in the midst of pernicious influences springing from nature in activity, is equal to a day's labor in a temperate climate; it is, then, just that the earth yields a hundredfold!"

International Association of Filipinologists. Taking advantage of world attention which was then focused at the Universal Expos-

ition of 1889 in Paris, Rizal proposed to establish an "International Association of Filipinologists" and have its inaugural convention in the French capital. He first submitted this idea to Blumentritt in a letter dated January 14, 1889, and the latter gladly supported him. He wrote the prospectus of this international association. According to his prospectus, the aim of the association is "to study the Philippines from the scientific and historical point of view." The officers were as follows:[18]

President ..... Dr. Ferdinand Blumentritt (Austrian)

Vice-President ..... Mr. Edmund Plauchut (French)

Counsellor ..... Dr. Reinhold Rost (Anglo-German)

Counsellor ..... Dr. Antonio Ma. Regidor (Filipino-Spanish)

Secretary ..... Dr. Jose Rizal (Filipino)

Rizal scheduled the holding of the inaugural convention of the International Association of Filipinologists in Paris in August 1889. He prepared the agenda and invited renowned scholars in Europe, such as Dr. Reinhold Rost, Sir Henry Yule, Dr. Feodor Jagor, Dr. A.B. Meyer, Dr. H. Kern, and Dr. Czepelak, to take part in the proceedings.[19] Unfortunately, their inaugural convention did not materialize because the French government discouraged the holding of conferences by private organizations during the period of the international exposition.

Project for Filipino College in Hong Kong. Another magnificent project of Rizal in Paris which also fizzled out was his plan to establish a modern college in Hong Kong. He wrote to his friend, Jose Maria Basa, about this matter. According to Rizal, this college aims "to train and educate men of good family and financial means in accordance with the demands of modern times and circumstances". A rich Filipino resident in Paris, Mr. Mariano Cunanan, from Mexico, Pampanga, promised to help him raise P40,000 as initial capital for the college.

The curriculum consisted of the following subjects:

Ethics — Study of Religion — Natural Law — Civil Law — Deportment — Hygiene.

Mathematics — Physics and Chemistry — Natural History — Geography — Political Economy.

Universal History — Philippine History — Logic, Rhetoric, and Poetics.

Spanish — English — French — German — Chinese — Tagalog.

Gymnastics — Equitation — Fencing — Swimming — Music — Drawing — Dancing.

Unfortunately, this project of Rizal to establish a modern college in Hong Kong did not materialize. However, years later, during his exile in Dapitan, he actually founded a school for boys, in which he put into practice some of his splendid pedagogical concepts.

"Por Telefono." We have mentioned before that Rizal defended his *Noli* from the slanderous attack of Fray Jose Rodriguez by penning a satirical booklet entitled *La Vision del Fray Rodriguez*. In the fall of 1889 he wrote another satirical work entitled *Por Telefono* as a reply to another slanderer, Fr. Salvador Font, who masterminded the banning of his *Noli*.

Por Telefono was published in booklet form in Barcelona, 1889. Rizal received the printed copies from Mariano Ponce, as revealed by his letter to the latter, dated Paris, August 13, 1889.

This satirical pamphlet under the authorship of "Dimas Alang" (one of Rizal's pen-names) is a witty satire which ridicules Father Font. It describes in comical vein a telephone conversation between Father Font who was in Madrid and the father provincial of the San Agustin Convent in Manila.

Incidentally, *Por Telefono* demonstrates not only Rizal's sparkling wit, but also his prophetic insight. Its opening paragraph reads as follows:[20]

> In the year 1900 the Philippines for the first time was connected to the Metropolis (Madrid—Z.) by means of the telephone laid out by an Anglo-Catalan company called The Trans-Oceanic Telephone Company, so well-known in its time for its truly bold ideas.

By this opening paragrapn, Rizal predicted much ahead of his times that people could carry on overseas telephonic conversations. It is amazing how he could have foreseen this phenomenon, which we enjoy now. History shows that the first radio-telegraph signals received by Marconi across the Atlantic was in 1901 — twelve years after the publication of Rizal's *Por Telefono*.

Christmas in Paris. December 25, 1889 was a wintry day in Paris. Rizal and Jose Albert, who were living frugally in a small room occupied by Capitan Justo Trinidad, planned to have a sumptuous Christmas dinner. They scraped enough money to celebrate Yuletide. They prepared a Christmas dinner with fried chicken, rice and vegetables. This dinner proved to be Rizal's last Christmas dinner in Paris.

Shortly after New Year, Rizal made a brief visit to London. Biographers do not know the purpose of this visit. It may be due to two reasons: (1)to check up his annotated edition of Morga's *Sucesos* with the original copy in the British Museum and (2) to see Gertrude Beckett for the last time.

By the middle of January 1890, he was back in Paris. He complained of a terrible headache. At that time an epidemic of influenza was raging in Europe. Fortunately, he was not stricken with flu.

Chapter 16
In Belgian Brussels (1890)

On January 28, 1890, Rizal left Paris for Brussels, capital of Belgium.[1] Two reasons impelled Rizal to leave Paris, namely: (1) the cost of living in Paris was very high because of the Universal Exposition and (2) the gay social life of the city hampered his literary works, especially the writing of his second novel *El Filibusterismo*. His friends, including M.H. del Pilar and Valentin Ventura, were of the belief that he left because he was running away from a girl just as he left London.[2] When he told them that the reason for his leaving Paris was economic because his money was dwindling, Ventura generously invited him to live with him in Paris without paying rent. He could not accept Ventura's invitation, for he had a high sense of dignity and would not accept charity from any man.

Life in Brussels. Rizal was accompanied by Jose Albert when he moved to Brussels. They lived in a modest boarding house on 38 Rue Philippe Champagne, which was run by two Jaceby sisters (Suzanne and Marie). Later Albert left the city, and was replaced by Jose Alejandro, an engineering student.

In Brussels, Rizal was busy writing his second novel which was a continuation of the *Noli*. He was never idle even for an hour. Aside from writing its chapters, he wrote articles for *La Solidaridad* and letters to his family and friends. Being a physician, he spent part of his time in the medical clinic. For recreation, he had gymnastics at the gymnasium and target practice and fencing at the armory. Thus he wrote to Antonio Luna: "I go to the clinic, I read, I write, I go to the gymnasium and to the armory. Speaking of shooting, I am sending you a target containing ten bullet holes; it was seven and a half meters from me. at twenty-five meters I can put all my shots into a twenty-centimeter target."[3]

Speaking of Rizal's frugality Jose Alejandro, his roommate in Brussels, said: "In Brussels we took our meals in a house and Rizal on one occasion suggested that we eat pansit. We were spending so much a day and so we spent one day's appropriation for the purchase of the necessary ingredients. It seems, however, that he committed an error in his calculations this time for we spent two day's appropriation and the pansit came out more than what we intended to have. In order to remedy the error we were compelled to have pansit for lunch and supper for two days."[4]

Articles Published in La Solidaridad. During his sojourn in Brussels, Rizal wrote articles for *La Solidaridad* in defense of his oppressed people and to point out the evils of Spanish rule in the Philippines. Among these articles which appeared in the patriotic periodical were:

1. "A La Defensa" (To La Defensa), April 30, 1889 This was a reply to an anti-Filipino writing of a Spanish author Patricio de la Escosura which was published by *La Defensa* on March 30, 1889.

2. "La Verdad Para Todos" (The Truth For All), May 31, 1889. Rizal's defense against the Spanish charges that the native local officials were ignorant and depraved.

3. "Vicente Barrantes' *Teatro Tagalo*," June 15, 1889. In this article, Rizal exposes Barrantes' ignorance on the Tagalog theatrical art.

4. "Una Profanacion" (A Profanation), July 31, 1889. A bitter attack against the friars for denying Christian burial to Mariano Herbosa in Calamba because he was a brother-in-law of Rizal. Herbosa, husband of Lucia, died of cholera on May 23, 1889.

5. "Verdades Nuevas" (New Truths), July 31, 1889. A reply to Vicente Belloc Sanchez' letter published in *La Patria*, Madrid newspaper, on July 4, 1889, which asserted that the granting of reforms in the Philippines would ruin the "peaceful and maternal rule" of the friars.

6. "Crueldad" (Cruelty), August 15, 1889. A brilliant defense of Blumentritt from the scurrillous attacks of his enemies.

7. "Diferencias" (Differences), September 15, 1889. A reply to a biased article entitled "Old Truths" published in *La Patria* on August 14, 1889, which ridiculed those Filipinos who asked for reforms.

8. "Inconsequencias" (Inconsequences), November 30, 1889. A defense of Antonio Luna against the attack of Pablo Mir Deas in the Barcelona newspaper *El Pueblo Soberano*.

9. "Llanto y Risas" (Tears and Laughter), November 30, 1889. A denunciation of Spanish racial prejudice against the brown Filipinos.

Rizal mentioned in this article how the audience, composed mostly of Spaniards and mestizos, stopped applauding when he received first prize in the literary contest in 1880 because of his brown color.

10. "Ingratitudes" (Ingratitude), January 15, 1890. A reply to Governor General Valeriano Weyler who, while visiting Calamba, told the people that they "should not allow themselves to be deceived by the vain promises of their ungrateful sons."

New Orthography of Tagalog Language. In spite of his European education and his knowledge of foreign languages, Rizal loved his own native language. He was the first to advocate the Filipinization of its orthography. For instance, the Tagalog letters *k* and *w* should be used instead of the Spanish *c* and *o*. Thus the Hispanized Tagalog word *salacot* (peasant's head-gear) should be written *salakot* and the Hispanized Tagalog term *arao* be changed into *araw*.

As early as in September, 1886, when he was in Leipzig, Rizal adopted the Filipinized Tagalog orthography in his Tagalog translations of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* and Andersen's *Fairy Tales* and again he used it in his first novel *Noli Me Tangere* (Berlin, 1887).

While he was sojourning in Brussels, his article entitled "Sobre la Nueva Ortografia de la Lengua Tagala" (The new Orthography of the Tagalog Language) was published in *La Solidaridad* on April 15, 1890. In this article he laid down the rules of the new Tagalog orthography and, with modesty and sincerity, he gave the credit for the adoption of this new orthog-

raphy to Dr. Trinidad H. Pardo de Tavera, author of the celebrated work *El Sanscrito en la Lengua Tagala* (Sanskrit in the Tagalog Language) which was published in Paris, 1884.

"I put this on record," wrote Rizal, "so that when the history of this orthography is traced, which is already being adopted by the enlightened Tagalists, that what is Caesar's be given to Caesar. This innovation is due solely to Dr. Pardo de Tavera's studies on Tagalismo. I was one of its most zealous propagandists."[5]

Rizal Criticizes Madrid Filipinos for Gambling. In Brussels, Rizal received news from Juan Luna and Valentin Ventura that the Filipinos in Spain were destroying the good name of their nation by gambling too much. These two compatriots in Paris urged him to do something about it.

Accordingly, Rizal wrote to M.H. del Pilar on May 28, 1890 to remind the Filipinos in Madrid that they did not come to Europe to gamble, but to work for their Fatherland's freedom. His letter runs as follows:[6]

> Luna in Paris complains of the gambling of the Filipinos in Madrid, so does Ventura. They say that, according to news from the Philippines, the parents are very much disgusted. . . I am afraid we are serving the friars' scheme. There is nothing at home to remind them that the Filipino does not come to Europe to gamble and amuse himself, but to work for his liberty and for the dignity of his race. It is not necessary to leave the Philippines to gamble, for there they already gamble very much. If we who are called upon to do something, if we in whom the poor people place their modest hopes, spend our time in these things precisely when the years of youth should be employed in something more noble and lofty for the very reason that youth is noble and lofty, I fear much that we are fighting for a useless illusion and that, instead of being worthy of liberty, we are worthy of slavery.
>
> I appeal to the patriotism of all Filipinos to give the Spanish people proof that we are superior to our misfortune and that neither are we capable of being brutalized, nor can our noble sentiments be deafened with the corruption of customs.

The gambling Filipinos in Madrid were angry when they learned of Rizal's moralizing. They derisively called him "Papa" (Pope) instead of "Pepe".

Bad News from Home. Letters from home which Rizal received in Brussels worried him. The Calamba agrarian trouble was getting worse. The management of the Dominican hacienda continually raised the land rents until such time that Rizal's father refused to pay his rent. Other tenants, inspired by Don Francisco's courage, also refused to pay the unreasonable rents.

The Dominican Order filed a suit in court to dispossess the Rizal family of their lands in Calamba. Meanwhile the tenants, including the Rizal family, were persecuted. Paciano and the brothers-in-law Antonio Lopez (husband of Narcisa) and Silvestre Ubaldo (husband of Olympia) were deported to Mindoro. Another brother-in-law, Manuel T. Hidalgo (husband of Saturnina) was banished for a second time to Bohol.

The sad news from home depressed Rizal. His heart bled to know the sorrowful plight of his parents, brother, and brothers-in-law. From Brussels, he wrote to his sister Soledad on June 6, 1890:[7]

> I have caused much harm to our family, but at least there remains to us the consolation of knowing that the motive is not disgraceful nor does it humiliate anybody. On the contrary it raises us up and gives us more dignity in the eyes of our very enemies themselves; to fall with the head high and the brow serene is not to fall, it is to triumph. The sad thing is to fall with the stain of dishonor. Moreover, I may be what my enemies desire me to be, yet never an accusation are they able to hurl against me which makes me blush or lower my forehead, and I hope that God will be merciful enough with me to prevent me from committing one of those faults which would involve my family.

Presentiment of Death. In his moment of despair Rizal had bad dreams during the nights in Brussels when he was restless because he was always thinking of his unhappy family in Calamba. Although he was not superstitious, he feared that he would not live long. He was not afraid to die, but he wanted to finish his second novel before he went to his grave.

This morbid presentiment of early death was divulged by him to M.H. del Pilar, in a letter from Brussels dated June 11, 1890, as follows: "Sad presentiments assault me though I do not give them entire credence. In my childhood I had a strange belief that I would not reach thirty years of age. I do not know why I thought, this. There were two months during which almost every night I had no other dream than that my friends and relatives were dead. Once I dreamed that I descended by a path a multitude of persons seated, dressed in white, with white faces, silent and surrounded by white light. There I saw my two brethren, one of them already dead and the other one still alive. Although I do not believe in these things and although my body is very strong and I have no illness and have no fear, I am preparing myself for death and for any eventuality. "Laong Laan" (Ever Ready) is my true name. For this reason, I want to finish at all costs the second volume of the *Noli* and if it is possible I do not want to leave unfinished what nobody else could continue. . . Do not believe that I am depressed or sad; every two days I go to the gymnasium and practise fencing and shooting, but who can tell any misfortune that may come?"[8]

Preparation to Go Home. In the face of the sufferings which afflicted his family, Rizal planned to go home. He could not stay in Brussels writing a book while his parents, relatives, and friends in the distant Philippines were persecuted.

Upon hearing that Graciano Lopez Jaena was planning to go to Cuba, he wrote to Ponce on July 9, 1890, opposing Graciano's plan of action. He said that Graciano should not go to Cuba to die of yellow fever, instead he "ought to go to the Philippines to allow himself to be killed in defense of his ideals" Adding, Rizal said "We have only once to die, and if we do not die well, we lose an opportunity which will not again be presented to us."[9]

In another letter to Ponce, dated July 18, 1890, he expressed his determination to go home, as follows:[10]

> I want to go back to the Philippines, and although I know it would be daring and imprudent, what does that matter? The Filipinos are all very prudent, and that is why our country is going the way she is. As it seems to me that we are not making any progress by following prudence, I

> am going to look for another pathway! The only thing that can detain me is a doubt whether my parents agree. I am afraid to disturb their last years. In case they should object to my homecoming, I would work for a livelihood in some other part of the world.

All his friends, including Blumentritt, Jose Ma. Basa, and Ponce, were horrified by Rizal's plan to return to the Philippines. They warned him of the danger that awaited him at home.

Decision to Go to Madrid. Rizal ignored the dire warning of his friends. No threat of danger could change his plan.

Something, however, happened that suddenly made him change his mind. It was a letter from Paciano which related that they lost the case against the Dominicans in Manila, but they appealed it to the Supreme Court in Spain, hence a lawyer was needed to handle it in Madrid. Accordingly, Rizal wrote to M.H. del Pilar on June 20, 1890 retaining the latter's services as lawyer. He further informed Del Pilar that he was going to Madrid, in order to supervise the handling of the case.

In another letter to Ponce, written at Brussels, July 29, 1890, Rizal announced that he was leaving Brussels at the beginning of the following month and would arrive in Madrid about the 3rd or 4th (August).[11]

"To My Muse" (1890). It was against a background of mental anguish in Brussels, during those sad days when he was worried by family disasters, that he wrote his pathetic poem, "A Mi. . ." (To my Muse). This poem lacks the exquisiteness of "To the Flowers of Heidelberg" and is less polished than "To the Filipino Youth," but it is passionate in feeling. It runs as follows:[12]

TO MY MUSE

Invoked no longer is the Muse
The lyre is out of date:
The poets it no longer use,
And youth its inspiration now imbues
With other form and state.

If today our fancies aught
Of verse would still require,
Helicon's hill remains unsought;
And without heed we but inquire.
Why the coffee is not brought.

In the place of thought sincere
That our hearts may feel,
We must seize a pen of steel,
And with verse and line severe
Fling abroad a jest and jeer.

Muse, that in the past inspired me,
And with songs of love hast fired me;
Go thou now to full repose,
For today in sordid prose
I must earn the gold that hired me.

Now must I ponder deep,
Meditate, and struggle on;
E'en sometimes I must weep;
For he who love would keep
Great pain has undergone.

Fled are the days of ease,
The days of Love's delight;
When flowers still would please
And give to suffering souls surcease
From pain and sorrow's blight.

One by one they have passed on,
All I love and moved among;
Dead or married — from me gone,
For all I place my heart upon
By fate adverse are stung.

Go thou, too, O Muse, depart,
Other regions fairer find;
For my land but offers art
For the laurel, chains that bind,
For a temple prisons blind.

But before thou leavest me, speak:
Tell me with thy voice sublime,
Thou couldst ever from me seek
A song of sorrow for the weak,
Defiance to the tyrant's crime.

Romance with Petite Jacoby. Two things brought some measure of cheer to the despondent Rizal, as he was preparing for his trip to Madrid. First was the summertime festival of Belgium,

which was celebrated in carnival style — with colorful costumes, fantastic floats, and many days of merriment. Second was his romance with Petite Jacoby, the pretty niece of his landladies.

Rizal was so charming and dignified a gentleman that Petite Susanne was attracted to him. He was lonely in a strange country and Leonor Rivera was so far away. Naturally, being a normal young man, he found certain bliss in the company of a pretty Belgian girl. He might have flirted with Petite Susanne, but he could not stoop low to a deceptive amorous relationship.

Like other women — Segunda Katigbak, Orang Valenzuela, Leonor Rivera, O-Sei-San, Gettie Beckett, Consuelo Ortiga y Perez and the Nellie Boustead — Suzanne fell in love with Rizal. She cried when he left toward the end of July, 1890 for Madrid, stopping for a few days in Paris.

Although Rizal was in faraway Madrid, Suzanne could not forget him. She wrote to him in French:[13]

> Where are you now? Do you think of me once in a while? I am reminded of our tender conversations, reading your letter, although it is cold and indifferent. Here in your letter I have something which makes up for your absence. How pleased I would be to follow you, to travel with you who are always in my thoughts.
>
> You wish me all kinds of luck, but forget that in the absence of a beloved one a tender heart cannot feel happy.
>
> A thousand things serve to distract your mind, my friend; but in my case, I am sad, lonely, always alone with my thoughts — nothing, absolutely nothing relieves my sorrow. Are you coming back? That's what I want and desire most ardently — you cannot refuse me.
>
> I do not despair and I limit myself to murmuring against time which runs so fast when it carries us toward a separation, but goes so slowly when it's bringing us together again.
>
> I feel very unhappy thinking that perhaps I might never see you again.
>
> Goodbye! You know with one word you can make me very happy. Aren't you going to write to me?

* * * * *

Chapter 17
Misfortunes in Madrid (1890-91)

Early in August, 1890, Rizal arrived in Madrid. He tried all legal means to seek justice for his family and the Calamba tenants, but to no avail. Disappointment after disappointment piled on him, until the cross he bore seemed insuperable to carry. He almost fought two duels — one with Antonio Luna and the other with Wenceslao E. Retana. On top of his misfortunes, Leonor Rivera married a British engineer. The infidelity of the girl, with whom he was engaged for eleven years, broke his heart. With resilient strength of character, he survived the bitter pangs of love's disillusionment and continued his mission to redeem his oppressed people.

Failure to Get Justice for Family. Upon arrival in Madrid, Rizal immediately sought the help of the Filipino colony, the Asociacion Hispano-Filipina, and the liberal Spanish newspapers (*La Justicia, El Globo, La Republica, El Resumen,* etc.) in securing justice for the oppressed Calamba tenants, including his family.[1] Together with M.H. del Pilar (who acted as his lawyer) and Dr. Dominador Gomez (secretary of the Asociacion Hispano-Filipina), he called on the Minister of Colonies (Señor Fabie) in order to protest the injustices committed by Governor General Valeriano Weyler and the Dominicans against the Calamba folks.

Nothing came out of Rizal's interview with Minister Fabie. As *El Resumen,* a Madrid newspaper which sympathized with the Filipino cause, said: "To cover the ears, open the purse, and fold the arms — this is the Spanish colonial policy".[2]

More terrible news reached Rizal in Madrid as he was waging a futile fight for justice. From his brother-in-law, Silvestre Ubaldo, he received a copy of the ejectment order by the Dominicans against Francisco Rizal and other Calamba tenants.[3] From his sister, Saturnina, he learned of the deportation of Paciano (Rizal), Antonino (Lopez), Silvestre (Ubaldo), Teong (Mateo Elejorde), and Dandoy (Dr. Rizal's relative) to Mindoro; these unfortunate deportees were arrested in Calamba and were shipped out of Manila on September 6, 1890. He further learned from Saturnina's letter that their parents had been forcibly ejected from their home and were then living in the house of Narcisa (Antonino's wife).[4]

In his desperation, Rizal sought the aid of the liberal Spanish statesmen, who were former members of the Ministry, including Becerra and Maura. Again, he was disappointed, for these statesmen merely gave him honeyed words of sympathy, and nothing else.

Blumentritt in Leitmeritz hearing of his friend's plight, urged him to see Queen Regent Maria Cristina[5] (then ruler of Spain during the minority of Alfonso XIII). But how could he see Her majesty? He had neither powerful friends to bring him to the queen's presence nor gold to grease the palms of influential courtiers.

Rizal's Eulogy to Panganiban. Barely had Rizal settled down in Madrid, when he experienced another disappointment. This was the doleful news that his friend, Jose Ma. Panganiban, his talented co-worker in the Propaganda Movement, died in Barcelona on August 19, 1890, after a lingering illness. He deeply mourned the passing of this Bicol hero.

With a sorrowing heart, Rizal took up his pen and wrote a great eulogy to Panganiban as follows:[6]

> Panganiban, that excellent companion of labor and difficulty, that amiable friend and countryman beloved, has just described to the tomb at the early age of 27 years. We just caught his last whisper, saw him expire in our arms, as it were, and it seems as if we are listening to his phrases saturated with energetic patriotism, inspired by the purest love of his native land . . .

His was a desperation to die far, very far from the native soil, separated from his family, from his deepest affections, and in the flower of his youth, in his rosiest illusions and hopes, when a rosy future was in sight . . .

That is why his last words were of loving remembrance of his idolized Fatherland, were a heartfelt farewell to the Philippines. And if we still take into account certain events of his life consecrated to a most vehement love of his native land, we understand the sorrow his heart must have felt to see buried with him legitimate hopes, ardent desires, and just aspirations.

August 19, (1890), was a day of mourning to numerous Filipinos in Europe. And what a fatal coincidence on the same month and day of the year just passed we had to deplore the death of another friend and countryman, Feliciano Gonzales Timbang.

A sad fate! Panganiban, endowed with uncommon talent, with privileged intelligence, and with indefatigable industry, was one of the sacred, legitimate hopes of his unfortunate country. That head has been buried in the dust, that vigorous intelligence has been prematurely ended. Filipinas, how unfortunate thou art!

Aborted Duel With Antonio Luna. Towards the end of August, 1890, Rizal attended a social reunion of the Filipinos in Madrid. As was customary in these weekly reunions of the paisanos, wine was served. After drinking so many glasses, the guests became more loquacious and the conversations flowed freely. One of them, Antonio Luna, became drunk.

At that time, Luna was bitter because of his frustrated romance with Nellie Boustead. Deep in his heart, he was blaming Rizal for his failure to win her, although Rizal had previously explained to him that he had nothing to do about it. In a fit of jealousy, which his alcohol-befogged mind could not control, Luna uttered certain unsavory remarks about Nellie.

Rizal heard him. His high sense of chivalry could not tolerate any slur against the honor of any woman. Angered by the slanderous remarks, he challenged Luna, his friend, to a duel.[7]

Rizal was a better pistol shot than Luna. But the latter was his superior as a swordsman. Luna, as the challenged party, had

the choice of weapons. Logically, he would have to choose the sword; in which case, Rizal's life would be in jeopardy.

The Filipinos were shocked by the incident. They tried to pacify Rizal and Luna, pointing out to both that such a duel would damage their cause in Spain.

Fortunately, Luna, when he became sober, realized that he had made a fool of himself during his drunken state. He apologized for his bad remarks about the girl. Rizal immediately accepted his apology, and the two became good friends again.[8]

Rizal Challenges Retana to Duel. Rizal was, by nature, neither hot-tempered nor pugnacious. But when the honor of his people, family, women, or friends was besmirched, he never hesitated to fight even if he were risking his own life. On another occasion, he challenged another man to a duel — Wenceslao E. Retana, his bitter enemy of the pen.

Retana, a talented Spanish scholar, was then a press agent of the friars in Spain. He used to attack the Filipinos, including Rizal, in various newspapers in Madrid and other cities in Spain. One day he imprudently wrote an article in *La Epoca*, an anti-Filipino newspaper in Madrid, asserting that the family and friends of Rizal had not paid their rents so that they were ejected from their lands in Calamba by the Dominicans.

Such an insult stirred Rizal to action. Immediately, he sent his seconds to Retana with his challenge to a duel. Only Retana's blood or his apology could vindicate the good name of Rizal's family and friends.

Because he believed that discretion is the better part of valor, and, more so to save his own skin, Retana at once published a retraction and an apology in the newspapers. His seconds had warned him that he had no chance whatsoever against Rizal on a field of honor, for Rizal was his superior in both pistol and sword.[9]

The incident silenced Retana's pen against Rizal. He developed a great admiration for the latter, and years afterward he wrote the first book-length biography of the greatest Filipino hero, whose talents he came to recognize and whose martyrdom he glorified.[10]

Infidelity of Leonor Rivera. In the autumn of 1890 Rizal was feeling bitter at so many disappointments he encountered in Madrid. One night he and some friends attended a play at Teatro Apolo, and there he lost his gold watch chain with a locket containing the picture of Leonor Rivera, his beloved sweetheart.

The loss of the locket proved to be a bad omen. Early in December, 1890, with the cold winds of winter sweeping across the shivering city, Rizal received a letter from Leonor, announcing her coming marriage to an Englishman (the choice of her mother) and asking his forgiveness. This letter was a great blow to him. He was stunned, his eyes dimmed with tears, and his heart broke.[11]

Several agonizing weeks passed before he could confide to his best friend, Blumentritt. In his reply to Rizal, dated February 15, 1891, Blumentritt consoled him, saying: "Your last letter filled us with sadness; after all the misfortunes that have befallen you, now your beloved has abandoned you. My wife cannot understand how a woman whom a Rizal has honored with his love would be able to abandon him; she is disgusted with this girl. I myself feel it deeply, but only on your account, for I know how your heart is pained; but you are one of the heroes who conquer pain from a wound inflicted by a woman, because they follow higher ends. You have a courageous heart, and you are in love with a nobler woman, the Motherland. Filipinas is like one of those enchanted princesses in the German legends, who is a captive of a horrid dragon, until she is freed by a valiant knight".[12]

Three months later, Blumentritt sent another comforting letter saying: "I am grieved with all my heart that you have lost the girl to whom you were engaged, but if she was able to renounce a Rizal, she did not possess the nobility of your spirit. She is like a child who cast away a diamond to seize a pebble . . . In other words, she is not the woman for Rizal".[13]

Rizal-Del Pilar Rivalry. Toward the closing days of 1890 there arose an unfortunate rivalry between Rizal and M.H. del Pilar for supremacy. Rizal, the most talented Filipino of his time, was until then the undisputed leader of the Filipinos in

Europe. On the other hand, Del Pilar, the fearless lawyer-journalist, was gaining prestige in Madrid for his vigorous editorials in *La Solidaridad*, which he came to own. He had purchased this fortnightly periodical from Pablo Rianzares, its first proprietor, and had replaced Graciano Lopez Jaena as its editor.

As leader, Rizal tried to imbue his compatriots with his own idealism for he believed that to gain prestige for the Propaganda Movement and to win the respect of the Spanish people they must possess high standards of morality, dignity, and spirit of sacrifice. Unfortunately, his idealism was not shared by certain frivolous countrymen, who loved wine, women, and cards. Consequently, Rizal's leadership declined. Some of his former admirers, who supported his leadership turned against him because they resented his interference in their private lives. They became supporters of Del Pilar.

The editorial policy of *La Solidaridad* under Del Pilar's management enhanced the cleavage between Rizal and Del Pilar. Rizal and his close friends objected to the periodical's editorial policy which was occasionally contrary to Rizal's political views.

To avert the break-up between Rizal and M.H. del Pilar, the Filipinos in Madrid, numbering about ninety, met on January 1, 1891, New Year's Day, to patch up their differences and to intensify the campaign for reform. It was decided in this meeting that a leader called Responsable, be chosen to direct the affairs of the Filipino community and to determine the editorial policy of *La Solidaridad*. Del Pilar opposed the proposition that the periodical be placed under the control of the Responsable on the ground that it was a private enterprise; however, he was willing to publish articles that would express the aspirations and demands of the Filipino people.

Owing to Del Pilar's opposition, the proposition to place *La Solidaridad* under the control of the Responsable was abandoned. The meeting proceeded to the business of electing the Responsable. It was agreed that the Responsable should be elected by a two-thirds vote of the Filipino community.

Rizal Abdicates His Leadership. The election took place during the first week of February, 1891. The Filipinos were divided into two hostile camps — the Rizalistas and the Pilaristas.

Passion ran high, inflaming animosity and disunity in the ranks of the compatriots. From the very beginning, on the first day of the voting, Rizal was winning, but he could not obtain the required two-thirds vote to be proclaimed Responsable. On the second day of balloting, the result was again indecisive — Rizal won but the votes cast for him did not reach the required two-thirds.

The situation was becoming explosive and critical. On the third day, Mariano Ponce appealed to his countrymen with stirring eloquence to vote for Rizal. Some Pilaristas, evidently, heeded his plea. For the voting that day resulted in Rizal's victory. Having obtained the necessary two-thirds vote, he became the *Responsable*.

But Rizal graciously declined the coveted position. He was a man of honor and dignity, with a high sense of delicadeza, which many politicians in all countries and in all ages, seldom possess, so that he did not relish being a leader of a divided people. He knew that some of his compatriots who supported Del Pilar despised or disliked him. So he preferred to abdicate his leadership rather than be the cause of disunity and bitterness among his countrymen.

Adios, Madrid. Rizal wrote a brief note thanking his compatriots for electing him as Responsable. Sadly, he packed up his bags, paid his bills, and boarded a train leaving for Biarritz.

As his train pulled out of the railway station, he gazed through its window at the city of Madrid, where he was happy during his first sojourn (1882-85) but unhappy on his second visit (1890-91). It was the last time he saw Madrid. His agonizing heart bade goodbye to the metropolis, of which he had written years ago:[14]

> Madrid is one of the gayest cities of the world which combines the spirit of Europe and the East, which has adopted the orderliness, the convenience, the bon ton of civilized Europe without disdaining, without repelling, the brilliant colors, the ardent passions, the primitive customs of the African tribes, of the chivalrous Arabs whose traces are still recognizable everywhere, in the look, feelings, and prejudices of the people, and even in their laws.

Chapter 18
Biarritz Vacation and Romance with Nelly Boustead (1891)

To seek solace for his disappointments in Madrid, Rizal took a vacation in the resort city of Biarritz on the fabulous French Riviera. He was a guest of the rich Boustead family at its winter residence — Villa Eliada. He had befriended Mr. Eduardo Boustead[1] and his wife and two charming daughters (Adelina and Nellie) in Paris in 1889-90. He used to fence with the Boustead sisters at the studio of Juan Luna and to attend parties at the Boustead Parisian home. It was in Biarritz where he had a serious romance with Nellie and finished the last chapter of his second novel, *El Filibusterismo*.

With the Bousteads in Biarritz. When Rizal arrived in Biarritz at the beginning of February, 1891, he was warmly welcomed by the Bousteads, particularly Mr. Boustead who had taken a great liking for him because of his remarkable talents. As a family guest, he was treated with friendliness and hospitality by Mrs. Boustead, Adelina, Nellie, and Aunt Isabel (Mrs. Boustead's sister).

The one-month vacation in Biarritz worked wonders for Rizal. The scenic beaches filled with tourists from all parts of the world, the refreshing breezes of the Atlantic ocean, and the festive atmosphere of the city cheered his despondent spirit and made him forget the bitter memories of Madrid. His sorrowing heart began to sing once more with joy and his health improved with remarkable swiftness. Writing from Biarritz to Mariano

Ponce on February 11, 1891, he said: "I have put on much weight since I arrived here; my cheeks are no longer shrunken as before for the reason that I go to bed early and I have no cares."[2]

Romance with Nellie Boustead. Biarritz, with its romantic gardens, delightful villas, and panoramic beauties, is an ideal setting for romance. On an emotional rebounce, Rizal having lost his beloved Leonor, came to entertain considerable affection for Nellie, the prettier and younger daughter of his host. He found her to be a real Filipina, highly intelligent, vivacious in temperament, and morally upright. He wrote to his intimate friends, except Professor Blumentritt, of his love for Nellie, also called Nelly, and his intention to propose marriage to her.

As early as on February 4, 1891, M.H. del Pilar teased him about changing the "o" in *Noli* to an "e", which means *Noli* to Nelly.[3] Five days later, Tomas Arejola told Rizal:[4]

> In your letter you talk repeatedly of Boustead who can be a madame or a mademoiselle. Several times here since last year I have been told about this young woman who, according to your letter is also a Filipino. They told me that she is highly commendable for her thorough education, her very beautiful moral and physical qualities, and in addition, for being a Filipino. On this occasion and all the time you are there exposed to the warmth of the treatment and attentions of that family, may I take the liberty for making the following reflections. Through you yourself, I know that you are now free from your engagement in the Philippines. On the other hand, while conditions there are not altered, your permanence in our country is not advisable; and even if it were so, they would never leave you in peace at your home. Consequently, by marrying there, I fear that instead of happiness, you would only find bitterness and trouble.
>
> And what is the remedy? . . . See if Mademoiselle Boustead suits you, court her, and marry her, and we are here to applaud such a good act.

Antonio Luna, who had previously loved and lost Nelly, encouraged Rizal to woo and marry her. From Madrid, he wrote to Rizal, saying:[5]

> With respect to Nelly, frankly, I think there is nothing between us more than one of those frfendships enlivened

> by being fellow countrymen. It seems to me that there is nothing more. My word of honor. I had been her fiance, we wrote to each other. I like her because I knew how worthy she was, but circumstances beyond our control made all that happiness one cherished evaporate. She is good; she is naturally endowed with qualities admirable in a young woman and I believe that she will bring happiness not only to you but to any other man who is worthy of her . . . I congratulate you as one congratulates a friend. Congratulations!

With the encouragement of his close friends, Rizal courted Nelly who, in turn, reciprocated his affection. Unfortunately, their romance beneath the lovely Biarritz moon did not have a happy fairy tale finale. Rizal's marriage proposal failed for two reasons: (1) he refused to give up his Catholic faith and be converted to Protestantism, as Nelly demanded, and (2) Nelly's mother did not like Rizal as a son-in-law.

Nelly Boustead, being a good Protestant, wanted Rizal to espouse Protestantism before their marriage. Rizal, being a man of firm conviction, refused. Although he became a Mason, he remained loyal to the Catholic religion, the faith of his clan. Years later, when he was living in exile in Dapitan, he refuted Father Pablo Pastells' accusation that he was a Protestant as follows: "As to being a Protestant . . . If Your Reverence only knew what I had lost for not accepting Protestantism, you would not say such a thing. Had I not always respected the religious idea, had I held religion as a matter of convenience or an art getting along in this life, instead of being a poor exile, I would now be a rich man, free, and covered with honors."[6]

Nelly's mother, like the mother of Leonor Rivera, had no wish to entrust her daughter's happiness to a man who was poor in material things, a physician without a paying clientele, a writer who earned nothing from his pen, and a reformer who was persecuted by the friars and government officials in his own country.[7]

Although they could not get married, Rizal and Nellie parted as good friends. When she learned that Rizal was leaving Europe, she sent him a farewell letter, saying: "Now that you are leaving I wish you a happy trip and may you triumph in your undertakings, and above all, may the Lord look down on you with favor

and guide your way giving you much blessings, and may you learn to enjoy! My remembrance will accompany you as also my prayers."[8]

El Filibusterismo Finished in Biarritz. Frustrated in romance, Rizal found consolation in writing. Evidently, while wooing Nellie and enjoying so "many magnificent moonlight nights" with her, he kept working on his second novel which he began to write in Calamba in 1887.

On March 29, 1891, the eve of his departure from Biarritz to Paris, he finished the manuscript of *El Filibusterismo*. Writing to Blumentritt on that date, he said:[9]

> I have finished my book! Oh, no, I have not written in it my idea of revenge against my enemies but only what is for the good of those who are suffering, for the rights of the Tagalog race, though brown and may not have good features!
>
> Surely, I will leave tomorrow for Paris, and from there I don't know where I am going.

To Paris and Back to Brussels. As he had written to Blumentritt, Rizal bade farewell to the hospitable and friendly Bousteads (parents and daughters) on March 30, 1891 and proceeded to Paris by train. He stayed at the home of his friend, Valentin Ventura, on 4 Rue de Chateaudum.

From Paris, he wrote to his friend, Jose Ma. Basa, in Hong Kong, on April 4, expressing his desire to go to that British colony and practise ophthalmology in order to earn his living.[10] Moreover, in this letter, he requested Basa to advance him the amount for a first class steamer ticket from Europe to Hong Kong.

By the middle of April, 1891, Rizal was back in Brussels, where he was happily received by Marie and Suzanne Jacoby (his landladies) and, above all, by Petite Suzanne (the Belgian girl who loved him).

Retirement from the Propaganda Movement. Since abdicating his leadership in Madrid in January, 1891, owing to the intrigues of his jealous compatriots, Rizal retired from the Propaganda Movement, or reform crusade. He desired to publish his second novel, to practise his medical profession, and later, when

he became financially independent, he expected to make a more vigorous campaign for his country's redemption.

From Brussels, on May 1, 1891, he notified the Propaganda authorities in Manila to cancel his monthly allowance and devote the money to some better cause, such as the education of a young Filipino student in Europe. His notification was contained in a letter addressed to Mr. A.L. Lorena (pseudonym of Deodato Arellano), as follows:[11]

> Through the kindness of J.A.; I received your letter of 13 February with a draft of P100 that the Propaganda is sending me for the months of January and February and I thank you for such attention.
>
> In order to avoid increasing its attentions I believe my retirement is necessary. I will establish myself and earn my living. My chosen place is either in the Philippines, Hong Kong, or Japan, because Europe seems to me a place of exile and I am hereby notifying the Propaganda of my intention so that it may make its decision.
>
> With the P50 that it send me monthly it could do something better, which is to defray the cost of the education of another young man who is not in the same situation as I am. Though such an amount is sufficient to live on in any place in Europe, it is not enough for one who wishes to accomplish something and to carry out the plans that he may cherish.
>
> Consequently, I have asked Friend Bâsa to furnish me with the funds for my return, so that I can start earning a small fortune. If at last, after the end of a few years, I become financially independent, I shall be able to undertake a more vigorous and effective campaign than that I have been doing until now.

Rizal Stopped Writing for La Solidaridad. Simultaneous with his retirement from the Propaganda Movement, Rizal ceased writing articles for *La Solidaridad*. Many of his friends in Spain urged him to continue writing for the patriotic periodical, because his articles always attracted considerable attention in European countries.

M.H. del Pilar himself realized the need for Rizal's collaboration in both the Propaganda Movement and in the *La Solidaridad* newspaper because the enthusiasm for the reform

crusade in Spain was declining. On August 7, 1891, he wrote to Rizal begging forgiveness for any resentment and requesting him (Rizal) to resume writing for the *La Solidaridad*. "In short," he said in his letter, "if you have any resentment, I beg you to put it aside; if you consider me at fault, and this fault is pardonable, forgive me . . . We would much like that you resume writing for it; not only would we strengthen *La Solidaridad* but we would defeat the friar intrigue in the Philippines."[12]

In his reply to Del Pilar's letter, Rizal wrote denying any resentment and explaining why he stopped writing for *La Solidaridad* as follows:[13]

> I am extremely surprised at your letter, telling me about resentments, disagreements, and reconciliations, etc. I believe it is useless to talk about what does not exist, and if it has existed, it ought to have evaporated in the past. I think like you do, that there being nothing, one ought not to waste time talking about it.
>
> If I stopped writing for *La Solidaridad*, it was because of several reasons: 1st, I need time to work on my book; 2nd, I wanted other Filipinos to work also; 3rd, I considered it very important to the party that there be unity in the work; and you are already at the top and I also have my own ideas, it is better to leave you alone to direct the policy such as you understand it and I do not meddle in it. This has two advantages: It leaves both of us free, and it increases your prestige, which is very necessary, inasmuch as men of prestige are needed in our country. This does not mean to say that I need not work and follow the course of your work. I am like an army corps who, at a needed moment, you will see arrive to descend upon the flanks of the enemy before you. Only I ask God to give me the means to do it . . . I fight for the nation, the Philippines.

Revising the Fili for Publication. In Brussels Rizal worked day after day revising the finished manuscript of *El Filibusterismo* and readied it for printing. Apparently, the revision was mostly completed on May 30, 1891. On this date, he wrote Jose Ma. Basa: "My book is now ready to go to press; the first twenty chapters are already corrected and can be printed and I am recopying the rest. If I receive any money you will surely have it in July. I am writing it with more ardor than the *Noli* and

although it is not so cheerful, at least it is more profound and more perfect . . . In case I do not receive money, will you ask them to send me money for the printing of my book? If not, I will be leaving this place and be with you."[14]

Two weeks later, on June 13, Rizal informed Basa: "I am now negotiating with a printing firm and as I do not know if it will be printed here (Belgium) or in Spain, I cannot send it to you as yet. In case it is not published here, I will send it to you by the next mail. Only three chapters are left to be corrected. It is longer than the *Noli*, first part. It will be finished before the 16th of this month. If by chance anything happens to me, I leave its publication to Antonio Luna, including its correction . . . If my *Noli* (sic. *Fili* — Z.) is not published, I shall board a train on the following day when I receive your letter with the passage-money; but if my book is published I shall have to wait until it comes off the press."[15]

* * * * *

Chapter 19
El Filibusterismo Published in Ghent (1891)

Days flew swiftly for Rizal in Brussels like flying arrows. Day in and day out, he was busy revising and polishing the manuscript of *El Filibusterismo* so that it could be ready for the press. He had begun writing it in October, 1887, while practising medicine in Calamba.[1] The following year (1888), in London, he made some changes in the plot and corrected some chapters already written.[2] He wrote more chapters in Paris and Madrid, and finished the manuscript in Biarritz on March 29, 1891.[3] It took him, therefore, three years to write his second novel.

Privations in Ghent. On July 5, 1891, Rizal left Brussels for Ghent, a famous university city in Belgium. His reasons for moving to Ghent were (1) the cost of printing in Ghent was cheaper than in Brussels and (2) to escape from the enticing attraction of Petite Suzanne. In Ghent, he met two compatriots, Jose Alejandro (from Pampanga) and Edilberto Evangelista (from Manila), both studying engineering in the world-famed University of Ghent.

Owing to his limited funds, Rizal lived in a cheap boarding house, with Jose Alejandro as room-mate. Theirs was a very frugal life, subsisting on the barest necessities. To economize further, they prepared their own daily breakfast in their room.

Years later Alejandro, who became a general during the Filipino-American War of 1899-1902 and an engineer, recounted in his memoirs their hard life in Ghent, as follows:[4]

> In Ghent we lived in a room paying so much for our lodging and breakfast. Rizal asked me: "How much would the room cost us without the breakfast?"

> I talked to the landlady and she told me that she would reduce the rent so much if without breakfast. Rizal made his calculations and concluded that if we made our own breakfast we could save something. He bought tea, sugar, alcohol and a box of biscuits. Upon arriving at the house he opened the biscuits and counted and divided them equally between us. He told me that we owned so many biscuits each and that, by dividing the number of biscuits by 30 days, we would have so many biscuits for each breakfast. The first day, because of my personal pride, I contented myself with my ration. And so with the following day. But on the third day, I told him that my ration was not enough for me. Then he answered: "You may borrow from your ration for tomorrow". Thru frequent borrowing I ate up all my shares in 15 days, while he rigorously limited himself to his daily ration.

The Printing of El Filibusterismo. Shortly after his arrival in Ghent, Rizal searched for a printing shop that could give him the lowest quotation for the publication of his novel. At last, he did find a publisher — F. MEYER-VAN LOO PRESS, No. 66 Viaanderen Street — who was willing to print his book on instalment basis. He pawned his jewels in order to pay the down payment and the early partial payments during the printing of the novel.

Meanwhile, as the printing was going on, Rizal became desperate because his funds were running low and the money he expected from his friends did not arrive. He had received some money from Basa and P200 from Rodriguez Arias for the copies of Morga's *Sucesos* sold in Manila. But these funds were also used up, and much more were needed to pay the printer.

Writing to Basa from Ghent on July 1891, Rizal said: "I have already pawned all my jewels, I live in a small room, I eat in the cheapest restaurant in order to economize and be able to publish my book; soon I will have to stop its publication if no money comes . . . ."[5]

On August 6, the printing had to be suspended, as Rizal feared, because he could no longer give the necessary funds to the printer. On this date, he wrote to Basa in Hong Kong: "As you will see in the enclosed clipping, the printing of the second part (sequel to the *Noli* — Z.) is advanced, and I am now on

page 112. Because no money is forthcoming and I owe everybody and I am broke, I will have to suspend the publication and leave the work half-finished".[6]

Ventura, Savior of the Fili. Rizal's Calvary in connection with the printing of the *Noli* was repeated in the *Fili's* printing. His funds ran out in Ghent, a similar calamity that he experienced in Berlin in the winter of 1886. Once more he felt the dolorous grip of despair. In a moment of bitter disillusionment, he almost hurled the manuscript of the *Fili* into the flames, just as he almost did the *Noli* in Berlin.

"I do not know," Rizal told Basa in woeful mood, "if the money which I expect does not arrive by the next mail, I will give up the book and all, and I will embark to live and work for myself . . . At times I feel like burning my manuscript. But then I think of you, and I know that there are many good men like you, good men who truly love their country" [7]

When everything seemed lost, help came from an unexpected source. Valentin Ventura in Paris learned of Rizal's predicament and immediately sent him the necessary funds. With his financial aid, the printing of the *Fili* was resumed.

The Fili Comes Off the Press. At last, on September 18, 1891, *El Filibusterismo* came off the press. Rizal, now a very happy man, immediately sent on this date two printed copies to Hong Kong — one for Basa and the other for Sixto Lopez.[8]

To his friend in Paris, Valentin Ventura, who generously loaned him the funds needed to finish the printing of the novel, Rizal gratefully donated the original manuscript and an autographed printed copy. He sent other complimentary copies to Blumentritt, Mariano Ponce, G. Lopez Jaena, T.H. Pardo de Tavera, Antonio and Juan Luna, and other friends.

Filipino patriots in foreign lands and in the Philippines praised the novel to the skies. The members of the Filipino colony of Barcelona published a tribute in *La Publicidad*, a Barcelona newspaper, eulogizing the novel's original style which "is comparable only to the sublime Alexander Dumas" and may well be offered as "a model and a precious jewel in the now decadent literature of Spain".[9]

The liberal Madrid newspaper, *El Nuevo Regimen*, serialized the novel in its issues of October, 1891.

Practically all copies of the first edition (Ghent edition) of *El Filibusterismo* were placed in wooden boxes and shipped to Hong Kong, but almost all the boxes were confiscated and the books were lost. So it came to pass that the book immediately became rare, and the few available Ghent copies were sold at very high prices, reaching as high as 400 pesetas per copy.

Dedicated to Gom-Bur-Za. Evidently, Rizal in all the years of his studies, travels, and labors in foreign lands, had not forgotten the martyrdom of Fathers Gomez, Burgos, and Zamora, which Paciano related to him when he was a mere lad in Calamba. He dedicated *El Filibusterismo* to them. His dedication reads as follows:

> To the memory of the priests, Don Mariano Gomez (85 years old), Don Jose Burgos (30 years old), and Don Jacinto Zamora (35 years old). Executed in Bagumbayan Field on the 28th of February, 1872.
>
> The Church, by refusing to degrade you, has placed in doubt the crime that has been imputed to you; the Government, by surrounding your trials with mystery and shadows, causes the belief that there was some error, committed in fatal moments; and all the Philippines, by worshipping your memory and calling you martyrs, in no sense recognizes your culpability. In so far, therefore, as your complicity in the Cavite mutiny is not clearly proved, as you may or may not have been patriots, and as you may or may not have cherished sentiments for justice and for liberty, I have the right to dedicate my work to you as victims of the evil which I undertake to combat. And while we wait expectantly upon Spain some day to restore your good name and cease to be answerable for your death, let these pages serve as a tardy wreath of dried leaves over your unknown tombs, and let it be understood that every one who without clear proofs attacks your memory stains his hands in your blood!

Never in the annals of mankind has a hero written such a sublime and touching tribute to other heroes as Rizal.

To straighten historical records, however, we must rectify Rizal's historical inaccuracies in his dedicatory note. First of all, the martyrdom of Gomez, Burgos, and Zamora occurred on

February 17, 1872 — not on the 28th. Secondly, Father Gomez was 73 years old — not 85, Father Burgos was 35 years old — not 30, and Father Zamora was 37 years old — not 35.

The Manuscript and the Book. The original manuscript of *El Filibusterismo* in Rizal's own handwriting is now preserved in the Filipiana Division of the Bureau of Public Libraries, Manila. It had been acquired by the Philippine Government from Valentin Ventura for P10,000. It consists of 279 pages of long sheets of paper.

The author's corrections are seen throughout the manuscript. Only a few pages have not been revised by Rizal.

Two features in the manuscript do not appear in the printed book, namely: the FOREWORD and the WARNING. These were not put into print, evidently, to save printing cost.

The FOREWORD appears just before the dedicatory page in the manuscript. It runs as follows:[10]

> We have so often been frightened by the phantom of filibusterism that from only a nurse's narration it has become a positive and real being whose name alone (in depriving us of our serenity) makes us commit the greatest myths in order not to meet the feared reality. Instead of fleeing, we shall look at its face, and with determined, if inexpert, hand we shall raise the veil to uncover before the multitude the mechanism of its skeleton.
>
> If, upon seeing it, our country and its government reflect, we shall consider ourselves happy no matter whether they censure us for the audacity, no matter whether we pay for it like the young student of Sais who wished to penerate the secret of the priestly imposure. (On the other hand, if in the face of reality, instead of being soothed, one's fear is increased and the trepidation of another is aggravated, then they will have to be left in the hands of time which educates the living, in the hands of fatality which weaves the destinies of peoples and their governments with the faults and errors that they are committing every day.)
>
> Europe, 1891
> **The Author**

The WARNING is found on the other side of the dedication. It is as follows:

> They are going to waste their time who would attack this book by holding on to trifles, or who from other motives, would try to discover in it more or less known physiognomies. True to his purpose of exposing the disease, of the patient, and, in order not to divert himself nor divert the reader, whilst he narrates only real facts which happened recently and are absolutely authentic in substance, he has disfigured his characters so that they may not turn to be the typical pictures some readers found in his first book. Man passes; his vices remain, and to accentuate or show their effects, the pen of the writer aspires.

Inscription on Title Page. The title page of *El Filibusterismo* contains an inscription written by Ferdnand Blumentritt. This inscription, which is not found in many published English translations, is as follows:[11]

> It can easily be supposed that a rebel (filibustero) has secretly bewitched the league of friar-zealots and retrogrades so that, unwittingly following his incitements, they should favor and foment that policy which pursues one sole end; to spread ideas of rebellion throughout the length and breadth of the land, and to convince every Filipino that there is no salvation except through separation from the Mother Country.
>
> **Ferdinand Blumentritt**

Synopsis of El Filibusterismo. This novel is a sequel to the *Noli*. It has little humor, less idealism, and less romance than the *Noli Me Tangere*. It is more revolutionary, more tragic than the first novel.

The hero of *El Filibusterismo* is a rich jeweler named Simoun. He was Crisostomo Ibarra of the *Noli*, who, with Elias' help, escaped from the pursuing soldiers at Laguna de Bay, dug up his buried treasure, and fled to Cuba where he became rich and befriended many Spanish officials. After many years, he returns to the Philippines, where he freely moved around. He is a powerful figure not only because he is a rich jeweler, but also because he is a good friend and adviser of the governor general.

Outwardly, Simoun is a friend of Spain. However, deep in his heart, he is secretly cherishing a terrible revenge against the Spanish authorities. His two magnificent obsessions are (1) to rescue Maria Clara from the nunnery of Santa Clara and (2) to foment a revolution against the hated Spanish masters.

The story of *El Filibusterismo* begins on board the clumsy, roundish shaped steamer *Tabo*, so appropriately named. This steamer is sailing upstream the Pasig from Manila to Laguna de Bay. Among the passengers are Simoun, the rich jeweler; Doña Victorina, the ridiculously pro-Spanish native woman who is going to Laguna in search of her henpecked husband, Tiburcio de Espadaña, who has deserted her; Paulita Gomez, her beautiful niece; Ben-Zayb (anagram of Ibañez), a Spanish journalist who writes silly articles about the Filipinos; Padre Sibyla, Vice-Rector of the University of Santo Tomas; Padre Camorra, the parish priest of the town of Tiani; Don Custodio, a pro-Spanish Filipino holding a high position in the government; Padre Salvi, thin Franciscan friar and former cura of San Diego; Padre Irene, a kind friar who was a friend of the Filipino students; Padre Florentino, a retired scholarly and patriotic Filipino priest; Isagani, a poet-nephew of Padre Florentino and a lover of Paulita; and Basilio, son of Sisa and promising medical student, whose medical education is financed by his patron, Capitan Tiago.

Simoun, a man of wealth and mystery, is a very close friend and confidante of the Spanish governor general. Because of his great influence in Malacañang, he was called the "Brown Cardinal" or the "Black Eminence". By using his wealth and his political influence, he encourages corruption in the government, promotes the oppression of the masses, and hastens the moral degradation of the country so that the people may become desperate and fight. He smuggles arms into the country with the help of a rich Chinese merchant, Quiroga, who wants very much to be Chinese consul of Manila. His first attempt to begin the armed uprising did not materialize because at the last hour he hears the sad news that Maria Clara died in the nunnery. In his agonizing moment of bereavement, he did not give the signal for the outbreak of hostilities.

After a long time of illness brought about by the bitter loss of Maria Clara, Simoun perfects his plan to overthrow the

government. On the occasion of the wedding of Paulita Gomez and Juanito Pelaez, he gives as wedding gift to them a beautiful lamp. Only he and his confidential associate, Basilio (Sisa's son who joined his revolutionary cause), know that when the wick of his lamp burns lower the nitroglycerine, hidden in its secret compartment, will explode, destroying the house where the wedding feast is going to be held and killing all the guests, including the governor general, the friars, and the government officials. Simultaneously, all the government buildings in Manila will be blown by Simoun's followers.

As the wedding feast begins, the poet Isagani, who has been rejected by Paulita because of his liberal ideas, is standing outside the house, watching sorrowfully the merriment inside. Basilio, his friend, warns him to go away because the lighted lamp will soon explode.

Upon hearing the horrible secret of the lamp, Isagani realizes that his beloved Paulita was in grave danger. To save her life, he rushes into the house, seizes the lighted lamp, and hurls it into the river, where it explodes.

The revolutionary plot was thus discovered. Simoun was cornered by the soldiers, but he escaped. Mortally wounded, and carrying his treasure chest, he sought refuge in the home of Padre Florentino by the sea.

The Spanish authorities, however, learns of his presence in the house of Padre Florentino. Lieutenant Perez of the Guardia Civil informs the priest by letter that he would come at eight o'clock that night to arrest Simoun.

Simoun eluded arrest by taking poison. As he is dying, he confesses to Padre Florentino, revealing his true identity, his dastardly plan to use his wealth to avenge himself, and his sinister aim to destroy his friends and enemies.

The confession of the dying Simoun is long and painful. It is already night when Padre Florentino, wiping the sweat from his wrinkled brow, rises and begins to meditate. He consoles the dying man, saying: "God will forgive you, Señor Simoun. He knows that we are fallible. He has seen that you have suffered, and in ordaining that the chastisement for your faults should come as death from the very ones you have instigated

to crime, we can see His infinite mercy. He has frustrated your plans one by one, the best conceived, first by the death of Maria Clara, then by a lack of preparation, then in some mysterious way. Let us bow to His will and render him thanks!"

Watching Simoun die peacefully with a clear conscience and at peace with God, Padre Florentino murmurs:

> "Where are the youth who will consecrate their golden hours, their illusions, and their enthusiasm to the welfare of their native land? Where are the youth who will generously pour out their blood to wash away so much shame, so much crime, so much abomination? Pure and spotless must the victim be that the sacrifice may be acceptable! Where are you, youth, who will embody in yourselves the vigor of life that has left our veins, the purity of ideas that has been contaminated in our brains, the fire of enthusiasm that has been quenched in our hearts! We await you, O youth! Come, for we await you!"

Padre Florentino falls upon his knees and prays for the dead jeweler. He takes the treasure chest and throws it into the sea. As the waves close over the sinking chest, he invokes:

> "May nature guard you in her deep abysses among the pearls and corals of her eternal seas. When for some holy and sublime purposes man may need you, God will in His wisdom draw you from the bosom of the waves. Meanwhile, there you will not work woe, you will not distort justice, you will not foment avarice!"

There are other characters in *El Filibusterismo*. There is Cabesang Tales, who is dispossessed of his land in Tiani by the friars like that of Rizal's father. In desperation, he becomes a bandit chieftain named Matanglawin. His daughter Juli, sweetheart of Basilio (Sisa's son), kills herself rather than be dishonored by Padre Camorra. There is Macaraig, a rich student and leader of the Filipino students in their movement to have an academy where they could learn Spanish. There is the bigoted Dominican friar-professor, Padre Millon, who teaches physics in the University of Santo Tomas without scientific experiments. One of his students, Placido Penitente from Batangas, becomes discontented with the poor method of instruction in the university. And there is Señor Pasta, the old Filipino lawyer, who

refuses to help the Filipino students in their petition to the government for educational reforms.

Other characters in *El Filibusterismo* are Tandang Selo, grandfather of Juli and Cabesang Tales' father; Mr. American impressario who owned the sideshow at the feria (fair) of Quiapo exhibiting an Egyptian mummy; Sandoval, a Spanish student who supports the cause of the Filipino students to propagate the teacing of Spanish; Pecson, one of the Filipino students who agitates for the teaching of Spanish; Cabesana Andang, the mother of Placido Penitente; Pepay; the pretty dancer and mistress of Don Custodio; Padre Fernandez, a good Dominican friar and friend of Isagani; Don Timoteo, the father of Juanito Pelaez; Tano, the son of Cabesang Tales and brother of Juli; and Chichay, the silversmith who made the bridal earrings for Paulita Gomez.

As in the *Noli* the characters in *El Filibusterismo* were drawn by Rizal from real life. For instance, Padre Florentino was Father Leoncio Lopez, Rizal's friend and priest of Calamba; Isagani, the poet was Vicente Ilustre, Batangueño friend of Rizal in Madrid and Paulita Gomez, the girl who loved Isagani but married Juanito Pelaez, was Leonor Rivera.

"Noli" and "Fili" Compared. The two novels of Rizal vary in many respects, although they are written by the same author and are supposed to be dealing with the same story and have the same characters. The *Noli* is a romantic novel; it is a "work of the heart" — a "book of feeling"; it has freshness, color, humor, lightness, and wit.

On the other hand, the *Fili* is a political novel; it is a "work of the head" — a "book of the thought"; it contains bitterness, hatred, pain, violence, and sorrow.

The original intention of Rizal was to make the *Fili* longer than the *Noli*. As printed, however, it is shorter than the *Noli*. It contains 38 chapters as against the *Noli's* 64. Rizal had to cut the *Fili* drastically owing to lack of funds.

The friends of Rizal and our Rizalists today differ in opinion as to which is the superior novel — the *Noli* or the *Fili*. Rizal himself considered the *Noli* as superior to the *Fili* as a novel, thereby agreeing with M.H. del Pilar who had the same opinion.[12]

Retana, Rizal's first Spanish biographer, also believes that the *Noli* is superior to the *Fili*.[13]

However, others — including Blumentritt, Graciano Lopez Jaena, and Dr. Rafael Palma[14] — are of the opinion that the *Fili* is superior to the *Noli*. Lopez Jaena, in a letter to Rizal dated October 2, 1891, said: "*El Filibusterismo* is a novel superior to your *Noli Me Tangere*, as much for its exquisite delicate, literary style, its easy and correct dialogue, its clear phraseology, vigorous and elegant, as for its profound ideas and sublime thoughts".[15] However he was not satisfied fully with the *Fili* as a political novel because its "end is not a worthy climax to a work so beautiful". Accordingly, he advised Rizal to write another novel which would give a definite solution to the country's problem so that "the coming of the beautiful day of our redemption" may be hastened.

The issue of which is the superior novel — the *Noli* or the *Fili* — is purely academic. Both are good novels from the point of view of history. Both depict with realistic colors the actual conditions of the Philippines and the Filipinos during the decadent days of Spanish rule; both are instrumental in awakening the spirit of Filipino nationalism; and both are responsible in paving the ground for the Philippine Revolution that brought about the downfall of Spain. Neither the *Noli* nor the *Fili* is superior to one another. As Mariano Ponce aptly told Rizal, after reading the *Fili:* "It is, indeed, excellent, I can say nothing of your book, but this: It is really marvelous like all the brilliant productions of your pen. It is a true twin of the *Noli*".[16]

Rizal's Unfinished Third Novel. Even before Lopez Jaena suggested the writing of another novel, Rizal had already in mind to pen a third novel. On September 22, 1891, four days after the *Fili* came off the press, he wrote to Blumentritt: "I am thinking of writing a third novel, a novel in the modern sense of the word, but this time politics will not find much space in it, but ethics will play the principal role. I shall deal mainly with the habits and customs of the Filipinos, and only two Spaniards, the friar curate and the lieutenant of the Guardia Civil will be there. I wish to be there. I wish to be humorous, satirical and witty, to weep and to laugh, to laugh amidst tears, that is, to cry bitterly".[17]

On October 18, 1891, Rizal boarded the steamer ***Melbourne*** in Marseilles bound for Hong Kong. During the voyage he began writing the third novel in Tagalog which he intended for Tagalog readers. In Hong Kong he continued it, but for some reason or another he did not finish it.

The unfinished third novel has no title. It consists of 44 pages (33 cm. x 21 cm.) in Rizal's handwriting, still in manuscript form, it is preserved in the National Library, Manila.

The story of this unfinished novel begins with the solemn burial of Prince Tagulima, son of Sultan Zaide of Ternate, on Malapad-na-Bato, a big rock on the bank of the Pasig River. Sultan Zaide, with his royal family and retainers, was taken prisoner by the Spaniards during the wars in the Moluccas and brought to Manila. The old sultan, his children, and followers were promised good treatment, but the Spaniards forgot their promise and let them die one by one in misery.

The hero of the novel was Kamandagan, a descendant of Lakan-Dula, last king of Tondo. He plotted to regain the lost freedom of his fathers. One day he saved his two beautiful granddaughters, Maligaya and Sinagtala, from the lustful Spaniards — the cura and the encomendero of Bay, Laguna.

It is said that Rizal was fortunate not to have finished this novel, because it would have caused greater scandal and more Spanish vengeance on him.[18]

Rizal's Other Unfinished Novels. Rizal had other unfinished novels. One of them is entitled *Makamisa,* a novel in Tagalog. It is written in a light sarcastic style and is incomplete for only two chapters are finished. The manuscript consists of 20 pages, 34.2 cm. x 22 cm.

Another novel which Rizal started to write was entitled *Dapitan.* It is unfinished, written in ironic Spanish. He wrote it during his exile in Dapitan to depict the town life and customs. The manuscript consists of 8 pages, 23 cm. x 16 cm.

A novel in Spanish about the life in Pili, a town in Laguna, is also unfinished. The manuscript consists of 147 pages, 8" x 6.5", without title. Among the characters are the following: Padre Agaton, a Spanish friar; Capitan Panchong and Capitana Barang; Cecilia, their pretty daughter; Isagani, lover of Cecilia; Capitan

Crispin, political rival of Panchong; and Dr. Lopez, a free thinker.

Another unfinished novel of Rizal, also without title, is about Cristobal, a youthful Filipino student who has returned from Europe. The manuscript consists of 34 pages, 8 1/2" x 6 1/4". Among the characters are Cristobal, who has studied for 12 years in Europe; Amelia, his sweetheart; Capitan Ramon, the father of Cristobal; a Dominican friar; a Franciscan friar; and a Spanish lieutenant of the Guardia Civil.

The beginnings of another novel are contained in two notebooks — the first notebook contains 31 written pages, 35.5 cm. x 22 cm. and the second 12 written pages, 22 cm. x 17 cm. Through the mouth of the celestial characters, the author describes the deplorable conditions of the Philippines. This unfinished novel is written in Spanish, and the style is ironic.

* * * * *

Chapter 20
Ophthalmic Surgeon in Hong Kong (1891-92)

After the publication of *El Filibusterismo*, Rizal left Europe for Hong Kong, where he lived from November, 1891 to June, 1892. His reasons for leaving Europe were (1) life was unbearable in Europe because of his political differences with M.H. del Pilar and other Filipinos in Spain[1] and (2) to be near his idolized Philippines and family. Before sailing for Hong Kong, he notified Del Pilar that he was retiring from the political arena in Spain in order to preserve unity among the compatriots and that despite their parting of ways, he had the highest regard for him.[2]

Farewell to Europe. On October 3, 1891, two weeks after the publication of the *Fili*, Rizal left Ghent for Paris, where he stayed a few days to say goodbye to the Lunas, the Pardo de Taveras, the Venturas, and other friends. He proceeded by train to Marseilles and on October 18 he boarded the steamer *Melbourne* bound for Hong Kong. He brought with him a letter of recommendation by Juan Luna for Manuel Camus, a compatriot living in Singapore, and 600 copies of the *Fili*.

The trip was delightful, "heavenly", in Rizal's own opinion. Writing to Blumentritt on October 22, 1891, he said: "Since we left Marseilles, we have had . . . magnificent weather. The sea is calm, placid like glass, the sky blue, the air fresh and invigorating. Truly it is a heavenly trip".[3]

There were over 80 first-class passengers — mostly Europeans, including two Spaniards who were going to Amoy. Rizal was the only Asian among them. As usual, he amazed his fellow-passengers because of his knowledge of many languages

and his skill in sketching. He befriended many missionaries — Italian Franciscans, French Jesuits, and a bishop, Msgr. Velenteri — all going to China. With one of them, Father Fuchs, a Tyrolese, he enjoyed playing chess. Speaking of this priest, he wrote to Blumentritt: "He is a fine fellow, a Father Damaso without pride and malice".[4]

Rizal and the German Ladies. An incident happened to Rizal on board the *Melbourne* during the trip to Hong Kong. One evening at dinner time the passengers were having their meal in the dining room. Rizal, being the only Asian, was eating alone at one table. Near him was a bigger table occupied by some German ladies who were gaily eating and gossiping about the lone Asian male who was quietly taking his meal. Rizal, who was fluent in German, understood what the talkative German ladies were saying about him, but he simply kept silent, letting the ladies enjoy their gossip.

Suddenly the fast running steamer encountered a heavy squall and the door of the dining room was blown open. Nobody among the passengers who were busy eating stood up to close the door. A lady said to her companions in German: "If this man in front of us were a gentleman he would close the door".

Upon hearing her remark, Rizal, without saying a word, rose and closed the door, after which he resumed his seat. He then conversed with the German ladies in perfect German. Of course, the German ladies were very much embarrassed, and thereafter they treated Rizal with admiration and respect, despite his brown skin, for he was a cultured gentleman.

Arrived in Hong Kong. Rizal arrived in Hong Kong on November 20, 1891. He was welcomed by the Filipino residents, especially his old friend, Jose Ma. Basa. He established his residence at No. 5 D'Aguilar Street, No. 2 Rednaxola Terrace, where he also opened his medical clinic.

On December 1, 1891, he wrote his parents asking their permission to return home. On the same date, his brother-in-law, Manuel T. Hidalgo, sent him a letter, relating the sad news of the "deportation of twenty-five persons from Calamba, including father, Neneng, Sisa, Lucia, Paciano, and the rest of us". Hidalgo also stated in his letter that he was preparing a letter to the

Queen Regent of Spain explaining the Calamba situation in order to secure justice. "If the Queen will not listen", he said, "we will write to Queen Victoria of England appealing for protection in the name of humanity . . ."[5]

Hidalgo's letter clearly revealed the despair and sorrow of the Rizal family. Dr. Rizal in Hong Kong, so close to Manila, was desperately sad, for he could not succor his persecuted family and relatives.

Family Reunion in Hong Kong. Before Christmas of 1891, he was gladdened by the arrival of his father, brother, and Silvestre Ubaldo (his brother-in-law) in Hong Kong. Not long afterwards his mother and sisters Lucia, Josefa, and Trinidad also arrived. His mother was then 65 years old and was almost blind. She had suffered so much from Spanish brutality and injustice. The year before (1890) she was arrested on the flimsy charge that she was not using her surname "Realonda" and, despite her advanced age and blindness, she was forced by a cruel Spanish officer of the Guardia Civil to walk from Calamba to Santa Cruz (capital of Laguna). Fortunately, the Spanish governor of Laguna, who happened to be a gallant cavalier, pitied her and kindly set her free.[6]

The Christmas of 1891 in Hong Kong was one of the happiest Yuletide celebrations in Rizal's life. For he had a happy family reunion.

On January 31, 1892, he wrote to Blumentritt, recounting their pleasant life in Hong Kong, as follows: "Here we are all living together, my parents, sisters, and brother, in peace and far from the persecutions they suffered in the Philippines. They are very much pleased with the English government".[7]

Ophthalmic Surgeon in Hong Kong. To earn a living for himself and for his family, Rizal practised medicine. A Portuguese physician, Dr. Lorenzo P. Marques, who became his friend and admirer, helped him to build up a wide clientele. In recognition of Rizal's skill as an ophthalmic surgeon, he turned over to him many of his eye cases.

In due time, Dr. Rizal became a successful and well-known medical practitioner in the British colony. He had many patients, including British, Chinese, Portuguese, and Americans. He suc-

cessfully operated on his mother's left eye so that she was able to read and write again. Aside from being an eye specialist, he was a general practitioner. Writing to Blumentritt on January 31, 1892, he said: "Here I practise as a doctor and I have . . . here many sick of influenza because there is an epidemic. Through the newspapers I am informed that this sickness is also causing ravages in Europe. I hope you and your esteemed family will be spared. In our house, my mother, my brother-in-law, and one of my sisters are sick. Thank God, they are out of danger".[8]

Some friends of Rizal who were in Europe gave him moral and substantial aid in his medical practice in Hong Kong. From Biarritz, Mr. Boustead, Nellie's father, wrote to him on March 21, 1892, praising him for practising his medical profession. Dr. Ariston Bautista Lin, from Paris, sent him a congratulatory letter and a book on *Diagnostic Pathology* by Dr. H. Virchow and another medical book entitled *Traite Diagnostique* by Mesnichock.[9] Don Antonio Vergel de Dios, also from Paris, offered him his services for the purchase of medical books and instruments which he might need in his profession.[10]

Rizal possessed the qualities of a great ophthalmic surgeon. Had he devoted his lifetime to the practice of medicine he would have become one of Asia's eminent ophthalmologists. In the words of Dr. Geminiano de Ocampo, distinguished Filipino ophthalmologist:[11]

> He (Rizal) had all the qualities that would make an ideal opththalmic surgeon — a keen and analytical intellect, lightness of touch and artistry of a painter, courage and imperturbability, a broad and deep knowledge of medicine and ophthalmology, and last but not least, he had been properly and adequately trained by master ophthalmic surgeons.

Borneo Colonization Project. In the face of the bleak outlook of the Calamba folks under Governor Valeriano Weyler's terroristic regime, Rizal conceived the establishment of a Filipino colony in North Borneo (Sabah). He planned to move the landless Filipino families to that rich British-owned island and carve out of its virgin wildness a "New Calamba".[12]

On March 7, 1892, he went to Sandakan on board the ship Menon to negotiate with the British authorites for the establishment of a Filipino colony. He looked over the land up the Bengkoka River in Maradu Bay which was offered by the British North Borneo Company. His mission was successful. The British authorities of Borneo were willing to give the Filipino colonists 100,000 acres of land, a beautiful harbor, and a good government for 999 years, free of all charges.[13] By April 20, he was back in Hong Kong.

Rizal's friends in Europe — Juan and Antonio Luna, Lopez Jaena, Blumentritt, Dr. Bautista Lin, etc. — enthusiastically endorsed his Borneo colonization project. Lopez Jaena expressed his desire to join the colony. Writing to Rizal on May 26, 1892, he said: "I have a great desire of joining you. Reserve for me there (Borneo) a piece of land where I can plant sugarcane. I shall go there. . . to dedicate myself to the cultivation of sugarcane and the making of sugar. Send me further details."[14]

One of Rizal's brothers-in-law, Hidalgo, the brave Batangueño, objected to the colonization project. "This idea about Borneo," he told Rizal, "is no good. Why should we leave the Philippines, this beautiful country of ours? And besides what will people say? Why have we made all these sacrifices? Why should we go to a foreign land without first exhausting all means for the welfare of the country which nurtured us from our cradles? Tell me that!"[15]

New trends of events in the Philippines gave Rizal a new hope for realizing his Borneo project. The infamous Weyler, whom the Cubans odiously called "The Butcher," was relieved of his gubernatorial office. A new governor general Eulogio Despujol, the Count of Caspe, announced to the Filipino people a fine program of government.

In the belief that Governor Despujol was sincere in his beautiful promises of a better government, Rizal sent him a letter of felicitation and offering his cooperation.[16] The governor general, violating the simple rule of Spanish courtesy, did not even acknowledge receipt of his letter.

After vainly waiting for three months for a reply to his first letter (dated December 23, 1891) Rizal wrote a second letter

dated March 21, 1892 and gave it to a ship captain to be sure it would reach Governor Despujol's hand. In this second letter, he requested the governor general to permit the landless Filipinos to establish themselves in Borneo.[17]

Once more Despujol did not give Rizal the "courtesy of a reply" Instead, he notified the Spanish consul general in Hong Kong to tell Rizal that he could not approve the Filipino immigration to Borneo, alleging that "the Philippines lacked laborers" and "it was not very patriotic to go off and cultivate foreign soil"

Writings in Hong Kong. Notwithstanding the pressure of his medical practice and his Borneo colonization project, Rizal continued his writings.

He wrote "Ang Mga Karapatan Nang Tao," which is a Tagalog translation of "The Rights of Man" proclaimed by the French Revolution in 1789. About the same time (1891), he wrote *"A la Nacion Española"* (To the Spanish Nation), which is an appeal to Spain to right the wrongs done to the Calamba tenants. Another proclamation, entitled *"Sa Mga Kababayan"* (To my Countrymen), was written in December, 1891 explaining the Calamba agrarian situation.

Rizal contributed articles to the British daily newspaper, *The Hong Kong Telegraph,* whose editor, Mr. Frazier Smith, was his friend. Copies of this newspaper entered the Philippines so that the Filipino people were able to read Rizal's articles. The vigilant Spanish censors soon discovered the spread of Rizal's ideas and immediately banned the Hong Kong newspaper.

On March 2, 1892, Rizal wrote *"Una Visita a la Victoria Gaol"* (A Visit to Victoria Gaol), an account of his visit to the colonial prison of Hong Kong. In this article he contrasted the cruel Spanish prison system with the modern and more humane British prison system.

To elucidate his pet Borneo colonization project, he wrote an article in French entitled *"Colonisation du British North Borneo, par de Familles de Iles Philippines"* (Colonization of British North Borneo by Families from the Philippine Islands). He elaborated on the same idea in another article in Spanish, *"Proyecto de Colonizacion del British North Borneo por los*

Filipinos" (Project of the Colonization of British North Borneo by the Filipinos).

In June, 1892, he wrote *"La Mano Roja"* (The Red Hand) which was printed in sheet form in Hong Kong. It denounces the frequent outbreaks of intentional fires in Manila.

The most important writing made by Rizal during his Hong Kong sojourn was the Constitution of the Liga Filipina, which was printed in Hong Kong, 1892. To deceive the Spanish authorities, the printed copies carried the false information that the printing was done by the LONDON PRINTING PRESS, No. 25, Khulug Street, London. The idea of establishing the Liga Filipina (Philippine League), an association of patriotic Filipinos for civic purposes, was originally conceived by Jose Ma. Basa, but it was Rizal who wrote its constitution and realized its establishment. Copies of the printed Liga constitution were sent by Rizal to Domingo Franco, his friend in Manila.

Decision to Return to Manila. In May, 1892, Rizal made up his mind to return to Manila. This decision was spurred by the following: (1) to confer with Governor Despujol regarding his Borneo colonization project; (2) to establish the Liga Filipina in Manila; and (3) to prove that Eduardo de Lete was wrong in attacking him in Madrid that he (Rizal), being comfortable and safe in Hong Kong, had abandoned the country's cause. Lete's attack, which was printed in *La Solidaridad* on April 15, 1892, portrayed Rizal as cowardly, egoistic, opportunistic — a patriot in words only. Rizal vehemently protested to Del Pilar, the editor of *La Solidaridad,* saying: "I am more convinced that Lete, in writing the article, was too hasty, and you permitted yourself to be carried away. Friend or enemy, if the article has harmed me, it would harm more the interests of the Philippines. Who knows, however, if after all it was for the best; it has shaken me awake, and after a long silence I enter the field anew. . . I am going to activate the Propaganda again and fortify the Liga".[18]

To Ponce, Rizal confided on May 23, 1892: "I am very sorry that Del Pilar allowed the article to be published because it will lead many to believe that there is really a schism among us. I believe that we can well have little misunderstanding and personal differences among ourselves, without exhibiting them

in public. . . As for myself. . . I always welcome criticisms because they improve those who wish to be improved".[19]

Last Hong Kong Letters. Relatives and friends of Rizal opposed his decision to return home because it was like bearding the lions in their den. His sister Trinidad tearfully warned him to desist, "for here they will kill you".[20]

Not even the fear of death could deter Rizal from his decision. On June 19, 1892, he spent his 31st birthday in Hong Kong. Evidently, he had a premonition of his death, for the following day, June 20 he wrote two letters which he sealed, inscribed on each envelop "to be opened after my death," and gave them to his friend Dr, Marques for safekeeping. In the pages of history there is scarcely a parallel for these two sealed letters, which were virtually Rizal's political testaments.

The first letter, addressed TO MY PARENTS, BRETHREN, AND FRIENDS, is as follows.[21]

> The affection that I have ever professed for you suggests this step, and time alone can tell whether or not it is sensible. The outcome judges things according to the consequences; but whether the result be favorable or unfavorable, it may always be said that duty urged me, so if I die in doing it, it will not matter.
>
> I realize how much suffering I have caused you yet I do not regret what I have done. Rather, if I had to begin over again I should do just the same, for what I have done has been only in pursuit of my duty. Gladly do I go to expose myself to peril, not as an expiation of misdeeds for in this matter I believe myself guiltless of any, but to complete my work and so that I, myself, may offer the examples of which I have always preached.
>
> A man ought to die for duty and his principles. I hold fast to every idea which I have advanced as to the condition and future of our country, and shall willingly die for it, and even more willingly sacrifice all to secure justice and peace for you.
>
> With pleasure, then, I risk life to save so many innocent persons — so many nieces and nephews, so many children of friends, and children too of others who are not even friends — who are suffering on my account. What am I?

210

> A bachelor, practically without a family and sufficiently undeceived as to life. I have had many disappointments and the future before me is gloomy, and will be gloomy if light does not illuminate it with the dawn of a better day for my native land. On the other hand, there are many persons, filled with hope and ambition, who perhaps might be happier if I were dead, and then I hope my enemies would be satisfied and stop persecuting so many entirely innocent people. To a certain extent their hatred is justifiable as to myself, and my parents and relatives.
>
> Should fate go against me, you will all understand that I shall die happy in the thought that my death will end all your troubles. Return to our country and may you be happy in it.
>
> Till the last moment of my life I shall be thinking of you and wishing you all good fortune and happiness.

The second letter, addressed TO THE FILIPINOS, is as follows:[22]

> The step which I am taking, or rather am about to take, is undoubtedly risky, and it is unnecessary to say that I have considered it for some time. I understand that almost every one is opposed to it; but I know also that hardly anybody else understands what is in my heart. I cannot live on seeing so many suffer unjust persecution on my account; I cannot bear the sight of my sisters and their numerous families treated like criminals. I prefer death and cheerfully shall relinquish life to free so many innocent persons from such unjust persecution.
>
> I appreciate the fact that at present the future of our country gravitates in some degree around me, that at my death many will feel triumphant, and thus, many are now wishing for my fall. But what of it? I hold duties of conscience above all else. I have obligations to the families who suffer, to my aged parents whose sight strikes me to the heart; I know that I alone, only with my death, can make them happy, returning them to their native land to a peaceful life at home. I am all my parents have, but our country has many more sons who can take my place and even do my work better.
>
> Besides I wish to show those who deny us the boon of patriotism that we know how to die for duty and principles.

What matters death, if one dies for what one loves, for native land and beings held dear?

If I thought that I were the only resource for the consummation of a policy of progress in the Philippines and were I convinced that my countrymen were going to make use of my services, perhaps I should hesitate about taking this step; but there are others who can take my place, who can do my services that are not utilized, and I am reduced to inactivity.

Always have I loved our unhappy land, and I am sure that I shall continue loving it till my last moment, in case men prove unjust to me. My career, my life, my happiness — all I have sacrificed for love of it. Whatever my fate I shall die blessing it and longing for the dawn of its redemption.

On June 21, 1892, Rizal penned another letter in Hong Kong for Governor Despujol, incidentally his third letter to that discourteous Spanish chief executive. In this letter, he informed the governor general of his coming to Manila and placed himself under the protection of the Spanish government.[23]

On the same date (June 21st), Rizal and his sister Lucia, widow of Herbosa, left Hong Kong for Manila. They carried a special passport or "safe-conduct" issued by the Spanish consul-general in Hong Kong.

Rizal Falls into Spanish Trap. Immediately after Rizal's departure from Hong Kong, the Spanish consul-general, who issued the government guarantee of safety, sent a cablegram to Governor Despujol that the victim "is in the trap".[24] On the same day (June 21, 1892), a secret case was filed in Manila against Rizal and his followers "for anti-religious and anti-patriotic agitation".[25]

The deceitful Despujol ordered his secretary, Luis de la Torre, to find out if Rizal was naturalized as a German citizen, as was rumored, so that he might take proper action against one "who had the protection of a strong nation".[26]

Meanwhile, Rizal and his sister were peacefully crossing the China Sea. They were fully unaware of the Spanish duplicity.

212

Chapter 21
Second Homecoming And The Liga Filipina

Rizal's bold return to Manila in June, 1892 was his second homecoming, his first homecoming from abroad being in August, 1887. It marked his re-entry into the hazardous campaign for reforms. He firmly believed that the fight for Filipino liberties had assumed a new phase; it must be fought in the Philippines not in Spain. "The battlefield is in the Philippines," he told countrymen in Europe, "There is where we should meet. . . There we will help one another, there together we will suffer or triumph perhaps".[1] Two months later, on December 31, 1891, he reiterated this belief in a letter to Blumentritt, "I believe that *La Solidaridad* is no longer our battlefield; now it is a new struggle. . . the fight is no longer in Madrid".[2] In going home to lead anew the reform movement, he was like the biblical Daniel bearding the Spanish lion in its own den.

Arrival in Manila with Sister. At noon of June 26, 1892, Rizal and his widowed sister Lucia (wife of the late Mariano Herbosa) arrived in Manila. A meticulous diarist, he described his second homecoming as follows:[3]

I arrived at Manila on 26 June (1892), Sunday, at 12:00 noon. I was met by many carabineers headed by a major. There were in addition one captain and one sergeant of the Veteran Civil Guard. I came down with my luggage and they inspected me at the customhouse. From there I went to Hotel de Oriente where I occupied room No. 22, facing the church of Binondo".

In the afternoon, at 4:00 o'clock, he went to Malacañan Palace to seek audience with the Spanish governor general,

General Eulogio Despujol, Conde de Caspe.[4] He was told to come back at that night at 7:00 o'clock. Promptly at 7:00 p.m., he returned to Malacañan and was able to confer with Governor General Despujol, who agreed to pardon his father but not the rest of his family and told him to return on Wednesday (June 29).[5]

After his brief interview with the governor general, he visited his sisters in the city — first Narcisa (Sisa, wife of Antonio Lopez) and later Neneng (Saturnina, wife of Manuel T. Hidalgo).

Visiting Friends in Central Luzon. At 6:00 P.M. of the following day (June 27), Rizal boarded a train in Tutuban Station and visited his friends in Malolos (Bulacan), San Fernando (Pampanga), Tarlac (Tarlac), and Bacolor (Pampanga).[6] He was welcomed and lavishly entertained at the homes of his friends. These friends were good patriots, who were his supporters in the reform crusade, and he took the opportunity to greet them personally and discussed the problems affecting their people.

Rizal returned by train to Manila on the next day, June 28, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Whether he knew it or not, he was shadowed by government spies who watched carefully his every movement. The homes he had visited were raided by the Guardia Civil which seized some copies of the *Noli* and *Fili* and some "subversive" pamphlets.

Other Interviews with Despujol. After Rizal's visit to his friends in Central Luzon, he had other interviews with Govenor General Despujol. These interviews were vividly recorded in his diary, as follows:[7]

> On Wednesday (June 29 — Z) at 7:30, I saw His Excellency. I did not succeed to have the penalty of exile lifted, but he gave me hope with regard to my sisters. As it was the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul our interview ended at 9:15. I was to come again the following day at 7:30.
>
> The following day, Thursday (June 30), we talked about the question of Borneo. The general was opposed to it, very much opposed. He told me to come back Sunday.
>
> On Sunday (July 3 — Z.) I returned. We talked about sundry things and I thanked him for having lifted the exile of my sisters. I told him that my father and brother would arrive on the first boat. He asked me if I would like to go abroad to Hong Kong. I told him yes. He told me to return on Wednesday.

Founding of the Liga Filipina. On the evening of Sunday, July 3, 1892, following his morning interview with Governor General Despujol, Rizal attended a meeting of the patriots at the home of the Chinese-Filipino mestizo, Doroteo Ongjunco, on Ylaya Street, Tondo, Manila. Among those present were Pedro Serrano Laktaw (*Panday Pira*), a Mason and school teacher; Domingo Franco (*Felipe Leal*), Mason and tobacco shopkeeper; Jose A. Ramos (*Socorro*), engraver, printer, owner of Bazar Gran Bretaña, and first Worshipful Master of *Nilad*, first Filipino masonic lodge; Ambrosio Salvador, gobernadorcillo of Quiapo and Mason; Bonifacio Arevalo (*Harem*), dentist and Mason; Deodato Arellano, brother-in-law of M.H. del Pilar and civilian employee in the army; Ambrosio Flores (*Musa*), retired lieutenant of infantry; Agustin de la Rosa, bookkeeper and Mason; Moises Salvador (*Araw*), contractor and Mason; Luis Villareal, tailor and Mason; Faustino Villarruel (*Ilaw*) pharmacist and Mason; Mariano Crisostomo, landlord; Numeriano Adriano (*Ipil*), notary public and Mason; Estanislao Legaspi, artisan and Mason; Teodoro Plata, court clerk and Mason; Andres Bonifacio, warehouse employee; Apolinario Mabini (*Katabay*), lawyer and Mason; and Juan Zulueta, playwright, poet, and government employee.

Rizal explained the objectives of the Liga Filipina, a civic league of Filipinos, which he desired to establish and its role in the socio-economic life of the people. He presented the Constitution of the Liga which he had written in Hong Kong and discussed its provisions. The patriots were favorably impressed and gladly approved the establishment of the Liga.

The officers of the new league were elected, as follows: Ambrosio Salvador, president; Deodato Arellano, secretary; Bonifacio Arevalo, treasurer; and Agustin de la Rosa, fiscal.

Constitution of the Liga Filipina. The aims of the Liga Filipina, as embodied in its Constitution, were the following:[8]

1. To unite the whole archipelago into one compact and homogenous body.
2. Mutual protection in every want and necessity.
3. Defense against all violence and injustice.

4. Encouragement of education, agriculture, and commerce.

5. Study and application of reforms.

The motto of the Liga Filipina was: **Unus Instar Omnium** (One Like All).

The governing body of the league was the Supreme Council which had jurisdiction over the whole country. It was composed of a president, a secretary, a treasurer, and a fiscal. There was a Provincial Council in every province and a Popular Council in every town.

All Filipinos who have at heart the welfare of their fatherland are qualified for membership. Every member pays an entrance fee of two pesos and a monthly due of 10 centavos.

The duties of the Liga members are as follows: (1) obey the orders of the Supreme Council; (2) to help in recruiting new members; (3) to keep in strictest secrecy the decisions of the Liga authorities; (4) to have a symbolic name which he cannot change until he becomes president of his council; (5) to report to the fiscal anything that he may hear which affects the Liga; (6) to behave well as befits a good Filipino; and (7) to help fellow members in all ways.

Rizal Arrested and Jailed in Fort Santiago. On Wednesday, July 6, Rizal went to Malacañan Palace to resume his series of interviews with the governor general. During this interview Governor General Despujol suddenly showed him some printed leaflets which were allegedly found in Lucia's pillow cases. These incriminatory leaflets were entitled *Pobres Frailes* (Poor Friars)[9] under the authorship of Fr. Jacinto and printed by the Imprenta de los Amigos del Pais, Manila. They were a satire against the rich Dominican friars who amassed fabulous riches contrary to their monastic vow of poverty.

Rizal vigorously denied having those leaflets in either his or Lucia's baggage, which had been thoroughly searched upon their arrival from Hong Kong by the custom authorities who found nothing. Despite his denial and insistent demand for investigation in accordance with the due process of law, he was placed under arrest and escorted to Fort Santiago by Ramon Despujol, nephew and aide of Governor General Despujol. In

Fort Santiago, he was kept incomunicado, as he related in his diary:[10]

> They assigned me a fairly furnished room with a bed, a dozen chairs, one table, a wash basin, and a mirror. The room had three windows; one without grill which opens on a patio, another with grills which looks out on the city walls and the beach and another which was the door closed with a padlock. Two artillery men as sentinels guarded it. They had orders to fire on anyone who might signal from the beach. I could not write nor speak with any one except the officer on duty.

The following day, July 7, the *Gaceta de Manila* published the story of Rizal's arrest which produced indignant commotion among the Filipino people, particularly the members of the newly organized Liga Filipina.

Arbitrary Deportation to Dapitan. The same issue of the Gaceta (July 7, 1892) contained Governor General Despujol's decree deporting Rizal to "one of the islands in the South". The gubernatorial decree gave the reasons for Rizal's deportation, as follows:

> 1. Rizal had published books and articles abroad which showed disloyalty to Spain and which were "frankly anti-Catholic" and "imprudently anti-friar".
>
> 2. A few hours after his arrival in Manila "there was found in one of the packages . . . a bundle of handbills entitled Pobres Frailes in which the patient and humble generosity of Filipinos is satirized, and which accusation is published against the customs of the religious orders".
>
> 3. His novel *El Filibusterismo* was dedicated to the memory of three "traitors" (Burgos, Gomez, and Zamora), and on the title page he wrote that in view of the vices and errors of the Spanish administration, "the only salvation for the Philippines was separation from the mother country".
>
> 4. "The end which he pursues in his efforts and writings is to tear from the loyal Filipino breasts the treasures of our holy Catholic faith".

Shortly after midnight of July 14 (that is 12:30 a.m. of July 15, 1892), Rizal was brought under heavy guard to the steamer *Cebu*[11] which was sailing for Dapitan. This steamer under Captain

Delgras departed at 1:00 A.M., July 15, sailing south, passing Mindoro and Panay, and reaching Dapitan on Sunday, the 17th of July, at 7:00 in the evening.

Captain Delgras went ashore and handed Rizal over to Captain Ricardo Carnicero, Spanish commandant of Dapitan. That same night, July 17, 1892, Rizal began his exile in lonely Dapitan which would last until July 31, 1896, a period of four years.

* * * * *

Chapter 22
Exile in Dapitan, 1892-96

Rizal lived in exile in far-away Dapitan,[1] a remote town in Mindanao which was under the missionary jurisdiction of the Jesuits, from 1892 to 1896. This four-year interregnum in his life was tediously unexciting, but was abundantly fruitful with varied achievements. He practised medicine, pursued scientific studies, continued his artistic and literary works, widened his knowledge of languages, established a school for boys, promoted community development projects, invented a wooden machine for making bricks, and engaged in farming and commerce. Despite his multifarious activities, he kept an extensive correspondence with his family, relatives, fellow reformists, and eminent scientists and scholars of Europe, including Blumentritt, Reinhold Rost, A. B. Meyer, W. Joest of Berlin, S. Knuttle of Stuttgart, and N. M. Keihl of Prague.

Beginning of Exile in Dapitan. The steamer *Cebu* which brought Rizal to Dapitan carried a letter from Father Pablo Pastells, Superior of the Jesuit Society in the Philippines, to Father Antonio Obach, Jesuit parish priest of Dapitan. In this letter, Father Superior Pastells informed Father Obach that Rizal could live at the parish convent on the following conditions:[2]

> 1. "That Rizal publicly retract his errors concerning religion, and make statements that were clearly pro-Spanish and against revolution.
>
> 2. "That he perform the church rites and make a general confession of his past life.
>
> 3. "That henceforth he conduct himself in an exemplary manner as a Spanish subject and a man of religion".

Rizal did not agree with these conditions. Consequently, he lived in the house of the commandant, Captain Carnicero. The relations between Carnicero (the warden) and Rizal (the prisoner) were warm and friendly.

Carnicero was charmed by Rizal's fine qualities and personality. They ate together at the same table and had many friendly conversations. Carnicero came to know that Rizal was not a common felon, much less a filibustero. He gave good reports on his prisoner to Governor Despujol. He gave him complete freedom to go anywhere, reporting only once a week at his office, and permitted Rizal, who was a good equestrian, to ride his chestnut horse.

Rizal, on his part, admired the kind, generous Spanish captain. As evidence of his esteem, he wrote a poem, *A Don Ricardo Carnicero*, on August 26, 1892, on the occasion of the captain's birthday.[3]

Wins in Manila Lottery. On September 21, 1892, the sleepy town of Dapitan burst in hectic excitement. The mail boat *Butuan* was approaching the town, with colored pennants flying in the sea breezes. Captain Carnicero, thinking that a high Spanish official was coming, hastily dressed in gala uniform, ordered the town folks to gather at the shore, and himself rushed there, bringing a brass band.

The mail boat, *Butuan*, brought no Spanish officials but the happy tidings that the Lottery Ticket No. 9736 jointly owned by Captain Carnicero, Dr. Rizal, and Francisco Equilior (Spanish resident of Dipolog, a neighboring town of Dapitan) won the second prize of P20,000 in the government-owned Manila Lottery.

Rizal's share of the winning lottery ticket was P6,200. Upon receiving this sum, he gave P2,000 to his father and P200 to his friend Basa in Hong Kong, and the rest he invested well by purchasing agricultural lands along the coast of Talisay, about one kilometer away from Dapitan.[4]

Rizal's winning in the Manila Lottery reveals an aspect of his lighter side. He never drank hard liquor and never smoked, but he was a lottery addict. During his first sojourn in Madrid from 1882 to 1885 he always invested at least three pesetas every

month in lottery tickets.[5] "This was his only vice," commented Wenceslao E. Retana, his first Spanish biographer and former enemy.[6]

Rizal-Pastells Debate on Religion. During his exile in Dapitan Rizal had a long and scholarly debate with Father Pastells on religion. It started when Father Pastells sent him a book by Sarda, with advice that the latter (Rizal) should desist from his majaderas (foolishness) in viewing religion from the prism of individual judgment and self-esteem.

This interesting religious debate may be read in four letters written by Rizal, as follows: (1) September 1, 1892; (2) November 11, 1892; (3) January 9, 1893; and (4) April 4, 1893; and in Father Pastells' replies dated: (1) October 12, 1892, (2) December 8, 1892, (3) February 2, 1893, and (4) April (no exact date), 1893.[7]

In all his letters to Father Pastells, Rizal revealed his anti-Catholic ideas which he had acquired in Europe and embitterment at his persecution by the bad friars. It is understandable why he was bitter against the friars who committed certain abuses under the cloak of religion. As he wrote to Blumentritt from Paris on January 20, 1890: "I want to hit the friars, but only friars who utilized religion not only as a shield, but also as a weapon, castle, fortress, armor, etc.; I was forced to attack their false and supertitious religion in order to fight the enemy who hid himself behind it".[8]

According to Rizal, individual judgment is a gift from God and everybody should use it like a lantern to show the way and that self-esteem, if moderated by judgment, saves man from unworthy acts. He also argued that the pursuit of truth may lie in different paths, and thus "religions may vary, but they all lead to the light".

Father Pastells tried his best to win back Rizal to the fold of Catholicism. Divine Faith, he told Rizal, supersedes everything, including reason, self-esteem, and individual judgment. No matter how wise a man is, he argued, his intelligence is limited, hence he needs the guidance of God. He refuted Rizal's attacks on Catholic dogmas as misconceptions of rationalism and naturalism, errors of misguided souls.

This interesting debate between two brilliant polemicists ended inconclusively. Rizal could not be convinced by Pastells' arguments so that he lived in Dapitan beyond the pale of his Mother Church.

In spite of their religious differences, Rizal and Pastells remained good friends. Father Pastells gave Rizal a copy of the *Imitación de Cristo* (Imitation of Christ), a famous Catholic book by Father Thomas a Kempis. And Rizal, in grateful reciprocation, gave his Jesuit opponent in debate a bust of St. Paul which he had made.

Although Rizal did not subscribe to Pastells' religious interpretation of Catholic dogmas, he continued to be a Catholic. He continued to hear Mass at the Catholic church of Dapitan and celebrate Christmas[9] and other religious fiestas in the Catholic way. His Catholicism, however, was the Catholicism that inquires and enlightens, the "Catholicism of Renan and Teilhard de Chardin".[10]

Rizal Challenges a Frenchman to a Duel. While Rizal was still debating with Father Pastells by means of exchange of letters, he became involved in a quarrel with a French acquaintance in Dapitan, Mr. Juan Lardet, a businessman. This man purchased many logs from the lands of Rizal. It so happened that some of the logs were of poor quality.

Lardet, in a letter written to Antonio Miranda, a Dapitan merchant and friend of Rizal, expressed his disgust with the business deal and stated that "if he (Rizal — Z.) were a truthful man, he would have told me that the lumber not included in the account were bad".

Miranda indiscreetly forwarded Lardet's letter to Rizal. One of the hero's weaknesses, it should be noted was his sensitivity. When he read Lardet's letter, he flared up in anger, regarding the Frenchman's unsavory comment as an affront to his integrity. Immediately, he confronted Lardet and challenged him to a duel.

When the commandant heard of the incident, Carnicero told the Frenchman to apologize rather than accept the challenge. "My friend, you have not a Chinaman's chance in a fight with Rizal on a field of honor. Rizal is an expert in martial arts, particularly in fencing and pistol shooting".

Heeding the commandant's advice, Lardet wrote to Rizal in French, dated Dapitan, March 30, 1893,[11] apologizing for the insulting comment. Rizal, as a gentleman and well-versed in *pundonor* (Hispanic chivalric code) accepted the apology, and good relations between him and the Frenchman were restored.

It is interesting to recall that twice before his sensitivity caused him to challenge people to a duel — Antonio Luna in 1890 and W. E. Retana in the same year.

Rizal and Father Sanchez. Father Pastells, aside from his personal efforts to persuade Rizal to discard his "errors of religion", instructed two Jesuits in Mindanao — Father Obach, cura of Dapitan, and Father Jose Vilaclara, cura of Dipolog — to try their best to bring back Rizal within the Catholic fold. Furthermore, he assigned Father Francisco de Paula Sanchez, Rizal's favorite teacher at the Ateneo de Manila, to Dapitan.

Father Sanchez, since Rizal's days at the Ateneo, had spent three years in Europe and returned to Manila in 1881 to resume teaching at the Ateneo and to head its museum. He was the only Spanish priest to defend Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* in public.[12]

Immediately, upon his arrival in Dapitan, Father Sanchez lost no time in meeting his former favorite student. Of all the Jesuits, he was the most beloved and esteemed by Rizal. Almost daily they carried theological arguments in a friendly manner. But all efforts of Sanchez were in vain. For once, Rizal could not be convinced by his former beloved teacher.

Despite his failure to persuade Rizal to discard his unorthodox views on the Catholic religion, Father Sanchez enjoyed the latter's company. He assisted Rizal in beautifying the town plaza. On his birthday, Rizal gave him a precious birthday gift — a manuscript entitled *Estudios sobre la lengua tagala* (Studies on the Tagalog Language), — a Tagalog grammar which Rizal wrote and which he dedicated to his beloved former teacher.

Idyllic Life in Dapitan. In Dapitan, Rizal had an exemplary life, idyllic in serenity. Since August, 1893, members of his family took turns in visiting him in order to assuage his loneliness in the isolated outpost of Spanish power in the Moroland. Among them were his mother; sisters Trinidad, Maria, Narcisa; and nephews Teodosio, Estanislao, Mauricio, and Prudencio. He

built his house by the seashore of Talisay, surrounded by fruit trees. He had also another house for his school boys and a hospital for his patients.

Describing his life in Dapitan, Rizal wrote to Blumentritt on December 19, 1893:[13]

> I shall tell you how we live here. I have three houses: one square, another hexagonal, and a third octagonal, all of bamboo, wood, and nipa. In the square house we live, my mother, sister Trinidad, a nephew and I; in the octagonal live my boys or some good youngsters whom I teach arithmetic, Spanish and English; and in the hexagonal live my chickens. From my house I hear the murmur of a crystal, clear brook which comes from the high rocks; I see the seashore, the sea where I have small boats, two canoes or barotos, as they say here. I have many fruit trees, mangoes, lanzones, guayabanos, baluno, nanka, etc. I have rabbits, dogs, cats, etc. I rise early — at five — visit my plants, feed the chickens, awaken my people and put them in movement. At half-past seven we breakfast with tea, pastries, cheese, sweatmeats, etc. Later I treat my poor patients who come to my land; I dress, go to the town in my baroto, treat the people there, and return at 12, when my luncheon awaits me. Then I teach the boys until 4 P.M. and devote the afternoon to agriculture. I spend the night reading and studying.

Rizal's Encounter with the Friar's Spy. During the early days of November 1893 Rizal was living peacefully and happily at his house in Talisay, a kilometer away from Dapitan. His mother, sisters Narcisa and Trinidad, and some nephews were then living with him. His blissful life was then suddenly jolted by a strange incident involving a spy of the friars. This spy with the assumed name of "Pablo Mercado" and posing as a relative, secretly visited Rizal at his house on the night of November 3, 1893. He introduced himself as a friend and relative, showing a photo of Rizal and a pair of buttons with the initials "P.M." (Pablo Mercado) as evidence of his kinship with the Rizal family.

In the course of their conversation the strange visitor offered his services as a confidential courier of Rizal's letters and writings for the patriots in Manila. Rizal, being a man of prudence and keen perception became suspicious. Irked by the impostor's lies, he wanted to throw him out of the house, but mindful of his

duty as a host and considering the late hour of the night and the heavy rainfall, he hospitably invited the unwanted visitor to stay at his house for the night. And early the next day, he sent him away.

After the departure of his bogus relative, Rizal attended to his daily chores, forgetting the incident of the previous night. Later he learned that the rascal was still in Dapitan, telling people that he was a beloved relative of Dr. Rizal. Losing his cool, he went to the *comandancia* and denounced the impostor to Captain Juan Sitges (who succeeded Captain Carnicero on May 4, 1893 as commandant of Dapitan. Without much ado, Sitges ordered the arrest of "Pablo Mercado" and instructed Anastacio Adriatico, to investigate him immediately.

The truth came out during this investigation. The real name of "Pablo Mercado" was Florencio Namanan. He was a native of Cagayan de Misamis, single and about 30 years old. He was hired by the Recollect friars to a secret mission in Dapitan — to introduce himself to Rizal as a friend and relative, to spy on Rizal's activities, and to filch certain letters and writings of Rizal which might incriminate him in the revolutionary movement. Strangely, Commandant Sitges suddenly quashed the investigation and released the spy. He promptly forwarded the transcripts of the investigation together with his official report to Governor General Blanco who, in turn, kept these documents as highly confidential. Rizal, who was surprised at the turn of events, requested for a copy of the proceedings of the investigation, but Sitges denied his request. As now declassified and preserved at the Biblioteca Nacional in Madrid, these documents contain certain mysterious deletions.

These available documents on the failed mission of the friars'spy have been quoted by three Rizalist biographers — Retana (1907), Palma (1949), and Jose Baron Fernandez (1982). But none of these biographers quoted the text of another document which is more reliable and valuable in clarifying the whole incident. It is Rizal's Letter to his brother-in-law, Manuel T. Hidalgo, written in Dapitan, December 20, 1893, as follows:[14]

> My Dear Brother-in-Law Maneng,
>
> I was unable to write you by the previous mail for lack of time, for the boat left unexpectedly.

With regard to Pablo Mercado, I tell you that he came here presenting himself as a courteous friend in order to get from me my letters, writings, etc.; but I found him out soon, and if I did not throw him out of the house brusquely, it was because I always want to be nice and polite to everyone. Nevertheless, as it was raining, I let him sleep here, sending him away very early the next day. I was going to let him alone in contempt but the rascal went around saying secretly that he was my cousin or brother-in-law, I reported him to the Commandant who had him arrested.

It was revealed in his declaration that he was sent by the Recollects who gave him P72 and promised him more if he succeeded in wrestling from me my letters for certain persons in Manila. The rascal told me that he was a cousin of one Mr. Litonjua, son of Luis Chiquito, according to him and brother-in-law of Marciano Ramirez. He wanted me to write to these gentlemen. He brought along besides a picture of mine, saying that it was given to him by one Mr. Legaspi of Tondo or San Nicolas, I don't remember exactly. It seems that he belongs to a good family of Cagayan de Misamis. Be careful of him, he is a tall boy, somewhat thickset, slightly squint-eyed, dark, slender, broad shoulders, and of impudent manners. He smokes much, spits more, and has thin lips.

. . . . . .

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Your brother-in-law who loves you,

(Signed) Jose Rizal

Based upon all these available documentary sources, the incident of the secret mission of "Pablo Mercado" in Dapitan was not an "Assassination Attempt on Rizal." It was merely an espionage plot concocted by the friars.

As Physician in Dapitan. Rizal practised medicine in Dapitan. He had many patients, but most of them were poor so that he even gave them free medicine. To his friend in Hong Kong, Dr. Marquez, he wrote: "Here the people are so poor that I have even to give medicine gratis."[15] He had, however, some rich patients who paid him handsomely for his surgical skill.

In August 1893 his mother and sister (Maria) arrived in Dapitan and lived with him for one year and a half. He operated on his mother's right eye. The operation was successful, but Doña Teodora, ignoring her son's instructions, removed the bandages from her eyes, thereby causing the wound to be infected. Thus Rizal told Hidalgo, his brother-in-law: "Now I understand very well why a physician should not treat the members of his family."[16] Fortunately, the infection was arrested so that Doña Teodora's sight, thanks to her son's ophthalmic prowess, was fully restored.

Rizal's fame as a physician, particularly as an eye specialist, spread far and wide. He had many patients who came from different parts of the Philippines — from Luzon, Bohol, Cebu, Panay, Negros, and Mindanao — and even from Hong Kong. A rich Filipino patient, Don Ignacio Tumarong, was able to see again because of Rizal's ophthalmic skill; and highly gratified by the restoration of his sight, he paid P3,000. Another rich patient, an Englishman, paid P500. Don Florencio Azacarraga, a rich hacendero of Aklan, was also cured of eye ailment, and paid Rizal a cargo of sugar.[17]

As a physician, Rizal became interested in local medicine and in the use of medicinal plants. He studied the medicinal plants of the Philippines and their curative values. To poor patients, who could not afford to buy imported medicine, he prescribed the local medicinal plants.

Water System for Dapitan. Rizal held the title of expert surveyor (perito agrimensor), which he obtained from the Ateneo. He supplemented his training as a surveyor by his reading of engineering books, so that he came to know about engineering. In Dapitan, he applied his knowledge of engineering by constructing a system of waterworks in order to furnish clean water to the townspeople.

Modern engineers marvelled how Rizal could have built such a system of waterworks, for he had inadequate tools and meager materials, and his finances were very limited. Without any aid from the government, he succeeded in giving a good water system to Dapitan.

An American engineer, Mr. H.F. Cameron, praised Rizal's engineering feat in the following words:[18]

> Another famous and well-known water supply is that of Dapitan, Mindanao, designed and constructed by Dr. Rizal during his banishment in that municipality by the Spanish authorities . . . This supply comes from a little mountain stream across the river from Dapitan and follows the contour of the country for the whole distance. When one considers that Doctor Rizal had no explosives with which to blast the hard rocks and no resources save his own ingenuity, one cannot help but honor a man, who against adverse conditions, had the courage and tenacity to construct the aqueduct which had for its bottom the flutted tiles from the house roofs, and was covered with concrete made from lime burned from the sea coral. The length of this aqueduct is several kilometers, and it winds in and out among the rocks and is carried across gullies in bamboo pipes upheld by rocks or brick piers to the distribution reservoir.

Community Projects for Dapitan. When Rizal arrived in Dapitan, he decided to improve it, to the best of his God-given talents, and to awaken the civic consciousness of its people. He wrote to Fr. Pastells: "I want to do all that I can for this town."[19]

Aside from constructing the town's first water system, he spent many months draining the marshes in order to get rid of malaria that infested Dapitan. As a European-trained physician, he knew that malaria is spread by the mosquitos which thrive in swampy places.

The P500 which an English patient paid him was used by him to equip the town with its lighting system. This lighting system consisted of coconut oil lamps placed in the dark streets of Dapitan. Electric lighting was unknown then in the Philippines. It was not until 1894 when Manila saw the first electric lights.

Another community project of Rizal was the beautification of Dapitan. With the help of his former Jesuit teacher and friend, Father Sanchez, he remodelled the town plaza in order to enhance its beauty. He jokingly remarked that he would make it nicely so that it could "rival the best in Europe". In front of the church, Rizal and Father Sanchez made a huge relief map of Mindanao out of earth, stones and grass. This map still adorns the town plaza of Dapitan.

Rizal as Teacher. Since boyhood Rizal knew the value of good education. During his travels abroad he observed the

educational system of modern nations. He himself planned to establish a modern college in Hong Kong for Filipino boys so that he could train them in modern pedagogical concepts, which were then unknown in the Philippines.

His exile to Dapitan gave him the opportunity to put into practice his educational ideas. In 1893 he established a school which existed until the end of his exile in July, 1896. It began with three pupils and in the course of time the enrolment increased to 16 and later to 21. In his letter to Blumentritt on March 13, Rizal said that he had 16 pupils in his school and that these pupils did not pay any tuition.[20] Instead of charging them tuition fees, he made them work in his garden, fields, and construction projects in the community.

Rizal taught his boys reading, writing, languages (Spanish and English), geography, history, mathematics (arithmetic and geometry), industrial work, nature study, morals, and gymnastics.[21] He trained them how to collect specimens of plants and animals, to love work, and to "behave like men".[22]

Formal classes were conducted between 2:00 p.m. and 4:00 p.m. Rizal, the teacher, sat on a hammock, while the pupils sat on a long bamboo bench. On one day the lessons were conducted in Spanish; on the next day, in English. As in the Ateneo, the best pupil was called "emperor" and he sat at the head of the bench; the poorest pupil occupied the end of the bench.

During the recess the pupils built fires in the garden to drive away the insects, pruned the fruit rees, and manured the soil.

Outside the class hours, Rizal encouraged them to play games in order to strengthen their bodies. They had gymnastics, boxing, wrestling, stone-throwing, swimming, *arnis* (native fencing), and boating.

"Hymn to Talisay." Rizal conducted his school at his home in Talisay, near Dapitan, where he had his farm and hospital. His favorite rendezvous with his boys was under a talisay tree, after which the place was named. In honor of Talisay, he wrote a poem entitled *"Himno A Talisay"* for his pupils to sing:[23]

HYMN TO TALISAY

At Dapitan, the sandy shore

And rocks aloft on mountain crest
Form thy throne, O refuge blest,
That we from childhood days have known.
In your vales that flowers adorn
And your fruitiful leafy shade,
Our thinking powers are being made,
And soul with body being grown.

We are youth not long on earth
But our souls are free from sorrow;
Calm, strong men we'll be tomorrow,
Who can guard our families' rights.
Lads are we whom naught can frighten,
Whether thunder, waves, or rain
Swift of arm, serene of mien
In peril, shall we wage our fights.

With our games we churn the sand,
Through the caves and crags we roam,
On the rocks we make our home,
Everywhere our arms can reach.
Neither dark nor night obscure
Cause us fear, nor fierce torment
That even Satan can invent
Life or death? We must face each!

"Talisayans", people call us!
Mighty souls in bodies small
O'er Dapitan's district all
No Talisay like this towers.
None can match our reservoir.
Our diving pool the sea profound!
No rowing boat the world around
For a moment can pass ours.

We study sciences exact;
The history of our motherland;
Three languages or four command;
Bring faith and reason in accord.
Our hands can manage at one time
The sail and working spade and pen,
The mason's maul — for virile men
Companions — and the gun and sword.

Live, live, O leafy green Talisay!
Our voices sing thy praise in chorus
Clear star, and precious treasure for us.
Our childhood's wisdom and its balm.
In fights that wait for every man,
In sorrow and adversity,
Thy memory a charm will be,
And in the tomb, thy name, thy calm.

CHORUS

Hail, O Talisay!
Firm and untiring
Ever aspiring,
Stately thy gait.
Things, everywhere
In sea, land and air
Shalt thou dominate.

Contributions to Science. Rizal found Mindanao a rich virgin field for collecting specimens. With his *baroto* (sailboat) and accompanied by his pupils, he explored the jungles and coasts, seeking specimens of insects, birds, snakes, lizards, frogs, shells, and plants. He sent these specimens to the museum of Europe, especially the Dresden Museum. In payment for these valuable specimens, the European scientists sent him scientific books and surgical instruments.

During his four-year exile in Dapitan, Rizal built up a rich collection of concology which consisted of 346 shells representing 203 species.[24]

He discovered some rare specimens which were named in his honor by the scientists. Among these were *Draco rizali* (a flying dragon), *Apogonia rizali* (a small beetle), and *Rhaeophorus rizali* (a rare frog).[25]

Rizal also conducted anthropological, ethnographical, archaeological, geological and geographical studies, as revealed by his voluminous correspondence with his scientist friends in Europe. There was no limit to his scientific versatility.

Linguistic Studies. A born linguist, Rizal continued his studies of languages. In Dapitan he learned the Bisayan, Subanum, and Malay languages. He wrote a Tagalog grammar, made

a comparative study of the Bisayan and Malayan languages, and studied the Bisayan (Cebuan) and Subanum languages.

On April 5, 1896, his last year of exile in Dapitan, he wrote to Blumentritt: "I know already Bisayan and I speak it quite well; it is necessary, however, to know other dialects of the Philippines".[26] By this time, Rizal could rank with the world's great linguists. He knew 22 languages, as follows: Tagalog, Ilokano, Bisayan, Subanun, Spanish, Latin, Greek, English, French, German, Arabic, Malay, Hebrew, Sanskrit, Dutch, Catalan, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Swedish, and Russian.

Artistic Works in Dapitan. Rizal continued his artistic pursuits in Dapitan. He contributed his painting skill to the Sisters of Charity who were preparing the sanctuary of the Holy Virgin in their private chapel. For the sake of economy, the head of the image was "procured from abroad".[27] The vestments concealing all the rest of the figure except the feet, which rested upon a globe encircled by a snake in whose mouth is an apple, were made by the sisters. Rizal modeled the right foot of the image, the apple, and the serpent's head. He also designed the exquisite curtain, which was painted in oil by an artist Sister under his direction.

Rizal made sketches of persons and things that attracted him in Dapitan. He drew, for instance, the three rare species of animal life — the dragon, the frog, and the beetle — which he had discovered. He had sketches of the numerous fishes he caught in Dapitan waters.

One day in 1894 some of his pupils secretly went to Dapitan in a boat from Talisay; a puppy of Syria (Rizal's dog) tried to follow and was devoured by a crocodile. Rizal reprimanded them, telling them that had they not disobeyed his advice not to go to town without his permission the puppy would not have died and the mother-dog would have been spared the sorrow of losing an offspring. To stress the moral of the incident, he modeled a statuette representing the mother-dog killing the crocodile, by way of avenging her lost puppy, and called it "The Mother's Revenge".

Other sculptural works of Rizal in Dapitan were a bust of Father Guerrico (one of his Ateneo professors), a statue of a

girl called "The Dapitan Girl," a woodcarving of Josephine Bracken (his wife), and a bust of St. Paul which he gave to Father Pastells.

Rizal as Farmer. In Dapitan Rizal devoted much of his time to agriculture. He bought 16 hectares of land in Talisay, where he built his home, school, and hospital, and planted cacao, coffee, sugarcane, coconuts and fruit trees. "My land," he wrote to his sister Trinidad, "is half an hour from the sea. It is very poetic and very picturesque. If you and our parents come I will build a big house we can all live in".[28] Later, he acquired more lands until his total holdings reached 70 hectares, containing 6,000 hemp plants, 1,000 coconut trees, and numerous fruit trees, sugarcane, corn, coffee and cacao.

On his farms, Rizal introduced modern methods of agriculture which he had observed in Europe and America. His pupils helped him in the daily farm labor. He encouraged the Dapitan farmers to discard their primitive system of tillage and adopt the modern agricultural methods. He imported agricultural machinery from the United States.

Rizal dreamed of establishing an agricultural colony in the sitio of Ponot near Sindagan Bay, where there was plenty of water and good port facilities. He believed that this place would be ideal to raise cacao, coffee, coconuts, and cattle. He invited his relatives and friends, especially those in Calamba, to come to his projected agricultural colony. "We will establish a new Kalamba," he wrote to Hidalgo, his brother-in-law.[29] Unfortunately this colony did not materialize, like his previous Borneo colonization, because he could not get the support of the government.[30]

Rizal as Businessman. Aside from farming, Rizal engaged in business. In partnership with Ramon Carreon, a Dapitan merchant, he made profitable business ventures in fishing, copra, and hemp industries. He invited his relatives, particularly Saturnina and Hidalgo to come to Mindanao, for there "is vast and ample field for business" in the island.[31] He particularly told Saturnina that in Dapitan she could profitably engage in the textile, jewelry, and hemp business.[32]

In a letter to Hidalgo, dated January 19, 1893, he expressed his plan to improve the fishing industry of Dapitan. He said

that the town has a good beach like Calamba and there is abundant fish in the sea; however, the fishing folks, using primitive methods of fishing, were able only to catch small fishes. Accordingly, he instructed Hidalgo to help him buy a big net for trawl fishing (pukutan) and to send him two good Calamba fishermen who could teach the Dapitan folks better methods of fishing.

The most profitable business venture of Rizal in Dapitan was in the hemp industry. At one time, he shipped 150 bales of hemp to a foreign firm in Manila at huge profit for himself and his business partner. He purchased hemp in Dapitan at P7 and 4 reales per picul and sold it in Manila at P10 and 4 reales, giving him a profit of P3 per picul.[33] In his letter to Blumentritt on July 31, 1894, he said: "To kill time and to help also the people of this town, I have become a merchant. I buy abaca and ship it to Manila. Luck was with me this month. I made a profit of P200 in one stroke...."[34]

On May 14, 1893, Rizal formed a business partnership with Ramon Carreon (Dapitan businessman) in lime manufacturing.[35] Their limeburner had a monthly capacity of more than 400 bags of lime.

To break the Chinese monopoly on business in Dapitan, Rizal organized on January 1, 1895 the Cooperative Association of Dapitan Farmers. According to its constitution, which he had drafted, its purposes were "to improve the farm products, obtain better outlets for them, collect funds for their purchases, and help the producers and workers by establishing a store wherein they can buy prime commodities at moderate prices".[36]

Rizal's Inventive Ability. One little-known fact about Rizal was that he was also an inventor. It should be remembered that in 1887, while practising medicine in Calamba, he invented a cigarette lighter which he sent as a gift to Blumentritt. He called it "*sulpukan*". This unique cigarette lighter was made of wood. "Its mechanism", said Rizal, "is based on the principle of compressed air".[37]

During his exile in Dapitan, he invented a machine for making bricks. This machine could manufacture about 6,000 bricks daily. Thus Rizal wrote to Blumentritt on November 20, 1895: "I have made a wooden machine for making bricks, and I believe it

could make more or less 6,000 bricks a day. . . When I was in Belgium, I saw the making of bricks out-of-doors withoutd kilns, and during my visit to Baden I saw also a mount of bricks on the ground. I suppose in Bohemia they make bricks by means of a different method; if this is so, please inform me how the bricks are baked such that not much heat is wasted".[38]

"My Retreat." In February, 1895, Doña Teodora, with her eyesight fully restored, returned to Manila. During her long stay in Dapitan, she saw how busy her talented son was and regretted that he had neglected the Muses. She requested him to write poetry again.

In response to her request, Rizal wrote a beautiful poem about his serene life as an exile in Dapitan and sent it to her on October 22, 1895.[39] This poem was "*Mi Retiro*" (My Retreat), which is acclaimed by literary critics as one of the best ever penned by Rizal. It is as follows:[40]

MY RETREAT

By the spreading beach where the sands are soft and fine
At the foot of the mouth in its mantle of green
I have built my hut in the pleasant grove's confine;
From the forest seeking peace and a calmness divine.
Rest for the weary brain and silence to my sorrow's keen.

Its roof of the frail palm-leaf and its floor the cane.
Its beams and posts of the unhewn wood;
Little there is of value in this hut so plain,
And better by far in the lap of the mount to have lain.
By the song and the murmur of the high sea's flood.

A purling brook from the woodland glade
Drops down o'er the stones and around it sweeps,
Whence a fresh stream is drawn by the rough cane's aid;
That in the still night its murmur has made,
And in the day's heat a crystal fountain leaps.

When the sky is serene how gently it flows,
And its zither unseen ceaselessly plays:
But when the rains fall a torrent it goes
Boiling and foaming through the rocky close.
Roaring uncheck'd to the sea's wide ways.

The howl of the dog and the song of the bird,
And only the kalao's hoarse call resound;
Nor is the voice of vain man to be heard;
My mind to harass or my steps to begird;
The woodlands alone and the sea wrap me round.

The sea, ah, the sea! for me it is all,
And it massively sweeps from the world's apart;
Its smile in the morn to my soul is a call,
And when in the evening my faith seems to pall,
It breathes with its sadness on echo to my heart.

By night an arcanum; when translucent it glows,
All spangled over with its millions of lights,
And the bright sky above resplendent shows;
While the waves with their sighs tell of their woes —
Tales that are lost as they roll to the heights.

They tell of the world when the first dawn broke,
And the sunlight over their surface played;
When thousands of beings from nothingness woke,
To people the depths and the heights to cloak,
Wherever its life-giving kiss was laid.

But when in the night the wild winds awake,
And the waves in their fury begin to leap,
Through the air rush the cries that my mind shake;
Voices that pray, songs and moans that partake
Of laments from the souls sunk down in the deep.

Then from their heights the mountains groan,
And the trees shiver tremulous from great unto least;
The groves rustle plaintive and the herds utter moan.
For they say that the ghost of the folk that are gone
Are calling them down to their death's merry feast.

In terror and confusion whispers the night,
While blue and green flames flit over the deep;
But calm reigns with the morning's light,
And soon the bold fisherman comes into sight,
And his bark rushes on and the waves sink to sleep.

So onward glide the days in my lonely abode;
Driven forth from the world where once I was known,
I muse o'er the fate upon me bestowed;
A fragrant forgotten that the moss will corrode,
To hide from mankind the world in me shown.

I live in thought of the lov'd ones left,
And of their names to my mind are borne;
Some have forsaken me and some by death are reft;
But now 'tis all one, as through the past I drift,
That past which from one never be torn.

For it is the friend that is with me always,
That ever in sorrow keeps the faith in my soul;
While through the still night it watches and prays,
As here in my exile in my one hut it stays
To strengthen my faith when doubts o'er me roll.

That faith I keep and I hope to see shine
The day when the Idea prevails over might;
When after the fray and death's show decline.
Some other voice sounds, far happer than mine,
To raise the glad of the triumph of right.

I see the sky glow, refulgent and clear,
As when it forced on me my first dear illusion;
I feel the same wind kiss my forehead sore,
And the fire is the same that is burning here
To stir up youth's blood in boiling confusion.

I breathe here the winds that perchance have pass'd
O'er the fields and the rivers of my own natal shore;
And mayhap they will bring on the returning blast
The sighs that lov'd being upon them has cast —
Messages sweet from the love I first bore.

To see the same moon, all silver'd as of yore.
I feel the sad thoughts within me arise;
The fond recollections of the troth we swore.
Of the field and the bower and the wide seashore,
The blushes of joy, with the silence and sighs.

A butterfly seeking the flowers and the light,
Of other lands dreaming of vaster extent;
Scarce a youth, from home and love I took flight,
To wander unheeding, free from doubt of affright —
So in foreign lands were my brightest days spent.

And when like a languishing bird I was fain
To the home of my fathers and my love to return,
Of a sudden the fierce tempest roar'd amain;
So I saw my wings shattered and no home remain,
My trust sold to others and wrecks round me burn.

Hurl'd out into exile from the land I adore,
My future all dark and no refuge to seek;
My roseate dreams hover, round me once more,
Sole treasures of all that life to me bore;
The faiths of youth that with sincerity speak.

But not as of old, full of life and of grace,
Do you hold out hopes of undying reward;
Sadder I find you; on your lov'd face,
Though still sincere, the pale lines trace
The marks of the faith it is yours to guard.

You offer now, dreams, my gloom to appease,
And the years of my youth again to disclose;
So I thank you, O storm, and heaven-born breeze,
That you knew of the hour my wild flight to ease,
To cast me back to the soil whence I rose.

By the spreading beach where the sands are soft and fine,
At the foot of the mount in its mantle of green;
I have found a home in the pleasant grove's confine,
In the shady woods, that peace and calmness divine,
Rest for the weary brain and silence to my sorrow keen.

Rizal and Josephine Bracken. In the silent hours of the night after the day's hard work, Rizal was often sad. He missed his family and relatives, his good friends in foreign lands, the exhilarating life in the cities of Europe, and his happy days in Calamba. The death of Leonora Rivera on August 28, 1893 left a poignant void in his heart. He needed somebody to cheer him up in his lonely exile.

In God's own time, this "somebody" came to Dapitan, like a sunbeam to dispel his melancholy mood. She was Josephine Bracken, an Irish girl of sweet eighteen, "slender, a chestnut blond, with blue eyes, dressed with elegant simplicity, with an atmosphere of light gayety". She was born in Hong Kong on October 3, 1876 of Irish parents — James Bracken, a corporal in the British garrison, and Elizabeth Jane MacBride.[41] Her mother died in childbirth, and she was adopted by Mr. George Taufer, who later became blind.

No ophthalmic specialist in Hong Kong could cure Mr. Taufer's blindness so that he, accompanied by his adopted daughter Josephine went to Manila to seek the services of the famous

ophthalmic surgeon, Dr. Rizal. They heard in the city that Dr. Rizal was in Dapitan, where they proceeded — accompanied by a Filipina companion, Manuela Orlac. They presented to Rizal a card of introduction by Julio Llorente, his friend and schoolmate.[42]

Rizal and Josephine fell in love with each other at first sight. After a whirlwind romance of one month, they agreed to marry. But Father Obach, the priest of Dapitan, refused to marry then without the permission of the Bishop of Cebu.

When Mr. Taufer heard of their projected marriage, he flared up in violent rage. Unable to endure the thought of losing Josephine, he tried to commit suicide by cutting off his throat with a razor. Rizal, however, grabbed his wrists and prevented him from killing himself. To avoid a tragedy, Josephine went with Taufer to Manila by the first available steamer. The blind man went away uncured because his ailment was venereal in nature, hence incurable.

Mr. Taufer returned alone to Hong Kong. Josephine stayed in Manila with Rizal's family. Later she returned to Dapitan. Since no priest would marry them, Rizal and Josephine held hands together and married themselves before the eyes of God. They lived as man and wife.[43] Of course, Father Obach was scandalized, and many unsavory tales were circulated by gossips in Dapitan.

Rizal and Josephine lived happily in Dapitan. In several letters to his family, Rizal praised Josephine and revealed his new happiness. He was no longer lonely. Dapitan had become for him a heaven of bliss.

At one time, Rizal wrote a poem for Josephine, which runs as follows:[44]

Josephine, Josephine

Who to these shores have come
Looking for a nest, a home,
Like a wandering swallow;
If your fate is taking you
To Japan, China or Shanghai,
Don't forget on these shores
A heart for you beats high.

In the early part of 1896 Rizal was extremely happy because Josephine was expecting a baby. Unfortunately, he played a prank on her, frightening her so that she prematurely gave birth to an eight-month baby boy, who lived only for three hours. This lost son of Rizal was named "Francisco" in honor of Don Francisco (the hero's father) and was buried in Dapitan.[45]

Rizal and the Katipunan. While Rizal was mourning the loss of his son, ominous clouds of revolution gradually darkened the Philippine skies. Andres Bonifacio, the "Great Plebeian," was sowing the seeds of an armed uprising. The secret revolutionary society, called Katipunan, which he founded on July 7, 1892, was gaining more and more adherents.

In a secret meeting of the Katipunan at a little river called Bitukang Manok, near the town of Pasig, on May 2, 1896, Dr. Pio Valenzuela was named emmisary to Dapitan, in order to inform Rizal of the plan of the Katipunan to launch a revolution for freedom's sake

On June 15, Dr. Valenzuela left Manila on board the steamer *Venus*. To camouflage his real mission, he brought with him a blind man named Raymundo Mata and a guide, ostensibly going to Dapitan to solicit Rizal's expert medical advice.

Dr. Valenzuela arrived in Dapitan in the evening of June 21, 1896. Rizal, ever a hospitable host, welcomed him. After supper, the two had a heart-to-heart talk in the garden. Valenzuela told him of the Katipunan plan and of the necessity of his support.[46]

Rizal objected to Bonifacio's audacious project to plunge the country in bloody revolution. He was of the sincere belief that it was premature, for two reasons: (1) the people are not ready for a revolution, and (2) arms and funds must first be collected before raising the cry of revolution. He also disapproved of the other plan of the Katipunan to rescue him because he had given his word of honor to the Spanish authorities and he did not want to break it.

Volunteers as Military Doctor in Cuba. Months before the Katipunan contacted him, Rizal had offered his services as military doctor in Cuba, which was then in the throes of a revolution and a raging yellow fever epidemic. There was a shortage of

physicians to minister to the needs of the Spanish troops and the Cuban people. It was Blumentritt who told him of the deplorable health situation in war-ridden Cuba and advised him to volunteer as army physician there.

Acting upon Blumentritt's advice, Rizal wrote to Governor General Ramon Blanco, Despujol's successor, on December 17, 1895, offering his services as military doctor in Cuba. Months passed and he received no reply from Malacañang. He gave up hope that his humanitarian offer would ever receive government approval.

When he least expected it, a letter from Governor Blanco dated July 1, 1896 arrived in Dapitan, notifying him of the acceptance of his offer. This letter, which reached him on July 30th, also stated that the politico-military commander of Dapitan would give him a pass so that he could come to Manila, where he would be given a safe-conduct to Spain, "and there the Minister of War will assign you to the Army of Operations in Cuba, detailed to the Medical Corps".[47]

"The Song of the Traveler". Great was Rizal's joy in receiving the gladsome news from Malacañang. At last, he was free! once more, he was going to travel — to Europe and then to Cuba. It was with this joyous thought of resuming his travels that he wrote his heart-warming poem *"El Canto del Viajero"* (The Song of the Traveler) which runs in full:[48]

THE SONG OF THE TRAVELER

Like to a leaf that is fallen and withered,
Tossed by the tempest from pole unto pole;
Thus roams the pilgrim abroad without purpose,
Roams without love, without country or soul.

Following anxiously treacherous fortune;
Fortune which e'en as he grasps at it flees,
Vain though the hopes that his yearning is seeking
Yet does the pilgrim embark on the seas.

Ever impelled by the invisible power,
Destined to roam from the East to the West;
Oft he remembers the faces of loved ones,
Dreams of the day when he, too, was at rest.

Chance may assign him tomb on the desert,
Grant him a final asylum of peace;
Soon by the world and his country forgotten,
God rest his soul when his wanderings cease!

Often the sorrowing pilgrim is envied,
Circling the globe like a sea-gull above;
Little, ah, little they know what a void
Saddens his soul by the absence of love.

Home may the pilgrim return in the future,
Back to his loved ones his footsteps he bends;
Naught will he find out snow and the ruins,
Ashes of love and the tomb of his friends.

Pilgrim, begone! Nor return more hereafter,
Stranger thou art in the land of thy birth;
Others may sing of their love while rejoicing,
Thou once again must roam o'er the earth.

Pilgrim, begone! Nor return more hereafter,
Dry are the tears that a while for thee ran;
Pilgrim, begone! And forget thine affliction,
Loud laughs the world at the sorrows of man.

Adiós, Dapitan. On July 31, 1896, Rizal's four-year exile in Dapitan came to an end. At midnight of that date, he embarked on board the steamer *España*. He was accompanied by Josephine, Narcisa, Angelica (Narcisa's daughter), his three nephews, and six pupils.[49] Almost all Dapitan folks, young and old, were at the shore to bid him goodbye. Many wept as the steamer sailed away — especially the other pupils who were too poor to accompany their beloved teacher to Manila. As farewell music, the town brass band strangely played the dolorous *Funeral March* of Chopin. As its melancholy melody floated in the air, Rizal must have felt it deeply, for with his presentiment of death, it seemed an obsequy or a requiem.

As the steamer pushed out into the sea, Rizal gazed for the last time on Dapitan with his hands waving in farewell salute to its kind and hospitable folks and with a crying heart filled with tears of nostalgic memories. When he could no longer see the dim shoreline, he sadly went to his cabin and wrote in his diary: "I have been in that district four years, thirteen days, and a few hours".[50]

Chapter 23
Last Trip Abroad, (1896)

No longer an exile, Rizal had a pleasant trip from Dapitan to Manila, with delightful stopovers in Dumaguete, Cebu, Iloilo, Capiz, and Romblon. He missed the regular steamer *Isla de Luzon*, which sailed to Spain the day before he arrived in Manila Bay. While waiting for the next ship for Spain, he was kept as a "guest" on board the Spanish cruiser *Castilla*. Meanwhile, on August 26, 1896, Andres Bonifacio and the Katipunan raised the cry of revolution in the hills of Balintawak, a few miles north of Manila. Rizal, worried about the raging hostilities, left for Spain on the steamer *Isla de Panay* on September 3, 1896. It was his last trip abroad.

From Dapitan to Manila. Leaving Dapitan at midnight, July 31, 1896, the *España*, with Rizal and party on board, sailed northward. At dawn the next day (Saturday, August 1), it anchored at Dumaguete, capital of Negros Oriental. "Dumaguete," wrote Rizal in his travel diary, "spreads out on the beach. There are big houses, some with galvanized iron roofing. Outstanding are the house of a lady, whose name I have forgotten, which is occupied by the government and another one just begun with many ipil posts".[1]

In Dumaguete, Rizal visited a friend and former classmate, Herrero Regidor, who was the judge of the province. He also visited other friends, including the Periquet and Rufina families. In the afternoon he operated on a Spanish captain of the Guardia Civil.

The *España* left Dumaguete about 1:00 p.m. and reached Cebu the following morning. Rizal was fascinated by the entrance to Cebu which he considered "beautiful". At the house of Attorney Mateos he met an old couple whom he had known in Madrid.

"In Cebu", he wrote in his diary, "I did two operations of strabotomy, one operation on the ears, and another of tumor".[2]

In the morning of Monday August 3, Rizal left Cebu going to Iloilo. "The voyage was fine," he wrote, "At the right we saw Mactan, an island famous for what happened to Magellan. The whole afternoon was magnificent. . . We saw many islands along our way. . . The next day, in the morning, we entered Iloilo". . . .[3]

Rizal landed at Iloilo, went shopping in the city, and visited Molo. Of the Molo church, he commented: "The church is pretty outside and the interior is not bad, considering that it had been painted by a lad. The paintings are mostly copies of biblical scenes by Gustave Dore".[4]

From Iloilo, Rizal's ship sailed to Capiz. After a brief stopover, it proceeded towards Manila via Romblon.

Rizal Misses Ship Going to Spain. The *España* arrived in Manila Bay early in the morning of Thursday, August 6, 1896. Unfortunately, Rizal was not able to catch the mail ship *Isla de Luzon* for Spain because it had departed the previous day at 5:00 p.m.[5] He was greatly disappointed, but he took this unlucky incidence with abiding resignation.

Writing to Blumentritt later, Rizal mentioned this episode, "Unfortunately", he said, "I did not catch the mail ship for Spain, and fearing that my stay in Manila for a month might bring me troubles I made known to the governor general, while remaining on board the ship (España — Z.), of my wish to be isolated from everybody, except my family".[6]

Near midnight of the same day, August 6, Rizal was transferred to the Spanish cruiser *Castilla*, by order of Governor General Ramon Blanco. He was given good accommodation by the gallant captain, Enrique Santalo, who told him that he was not a prisoner, but a guest detained on board "in order to avoid difficulties from friends and enemies".

Rizal stayed on the cruiser for about a month, from August 6 to September 2, 1896, pending the availability of a Spain-bound steamer.

Outbreak of the Philippine Revolution. While Rizal was patiently waiting on the cruiser *Castilla* for the next steamer to

take him to Spain, portentous events occurred, presaging the downfall of Spanish power in Asia.

On the fateful evening of August 19, 1896, the Katipunan plot to overthrow Spanish rule by means of revolution was discovered by Fray Mariano Gil, Augustinian cura of Tondo. This startling incident struck terror into the hearts of the Spanish officials and residents, producing a hysteria of vindictive retaliation against the Filipino patriots.

The tumult produced by the discovery of the Katipunan plot was aggravated by the "Cry of Balintawak" which was raised by Bonifacio and his valiant Katipuneros on August 26, 1896. At sunrise of August 30, the revolutionists led by Bonifacio and Jacinto attacked San Juan, near the city of Manila, but they were repulsed with heavy losses. In the afternoon, after the Battle of San Juan, Governor General Blanco proclaimed a state of war in the first eight provinces for rising in arms against Spain — Manila (as a province), Bulacan, Cavite, Batangas, Laguna, Pampanga, Nueva Ecija, and Tarlac.

Rizal learned of the eruption of the revolution and the raging battles around Manila through the newspapers he read on the *Castilla*. He was worried for two reasons: (1) the violent revolution which he sincerely believed to be premature and would only cause much suffering and terrible loss of human lives and property, had started and (2) it would arouse Spanish vengeance against all Filipino patriots.

Depature for Spain. On August 30, 1896, the day when the state of war was proclaimed in the eight provinces, Rizal received from Governor General Blanco two letters of introduction for the Minister of War and the Minister of Colonies, with a covering letter which absolved him from all blame for the raging revolution, as follows:[7]

Mr. Jose Rizal

My Dear Sir:

Enclosed are two letters for the Ministers of War and Colonies which I think will be well received.

I have no doubt that you will justify me before the Government by your future behavior not only for your word of honor but because the present happening must have

shown you palpably that certain actions which are the product of foolish ideas yield no other result but hatred, destruction, tears, and blood.

May you be very happy is the wish of your attentive servant who kisses your hand,

Ramon Blanco

The two letters of introduction were identical. The one addressed to General Marcelo de Azcarraga, Minister of War, was written as follows:

Most Excellent Marcelo de Azcarraga
My esteemed General and distinguished Friend,

I recommend to you with genuine interest Dr. Jose Rizal who is departing for the Peninsula at the disposal of the Government, ever desirous of rendering his services as physician to the Army in Cuba.

His conduct during the four years that he was in exile in Dapitan has been exemplary and he is, in my opinion, the more worthy of pardon and benevolence as he is in no way involved either in the criminal attempt that we are lamenting these days or in any conspiracy or secret society that they have been plotting.

With this object I have the pleasure to remain,

Your most affectionate friend
and colleague who kisses
your hand.

Ramon Blanco

On September 2, 1896, the day before his departure for Spain, Rizal, on board the *Castilla*, wrote to his mother, as follows:[8]

My Dearest Mother,

As I promised, I am addressing you a few lines before leaving, to let you know about the condition of my health.

I am well, thank God; I am only concerned as to what will happen or shall have happened to you in these days of upheaval and disorder. God will that my old father may not have any indisposition.

I shall write to you from the places where the boat stops; I expect to be in Madrid or at least in Barcelona at the end of this month.

Do not worry about anything; we are all in the hands of Divine Providence. Not all those who go to Cuba die and in the end one has to die; at least die doing something good.

Take good care of yourself and take care of my old father so that we shall see each other again. Many regards for my brother, sisters, nephews and nieces, aunts, etc., etc. I leave contented, confident that as long as you are alive the family will remain united and the old intimacy will reign in it. You two are the bond that unites all of us.

With nothing more, my very dear mother, I kiss your hand and that of my father with all the affection and love that my heart is capable of giving; give me your blessings of which I am in much need.

A fond embrace for everyone of my sisters; may they love one another just as I love all of them.

Your son,
Jose

At 6:00 p.m., September 2, Rizal was transferred to the steamer *Isla de Panay* which was sailing for Barcelona, Spain. The next morning, September 3, this steamer left Manila Bay. At last, Rizal's last trip to Spain began. Among his fellow passengers on board were Don Pedro Roxas (rich Manila creole industrialist and his friend) and his son named Periquin.

Rizal in Singapore. The *Isla de Panay* arrived at Singapore in the evening of September 7. The following morning Rizal and other passengers went ashore for sightseeing and shopping for souvenirs. In his travel diary, Rizal wrote: "I have observed some changes: There are more Chinese merchants and less Indian . . . I bought a Chinese gown . . . Singapore has changed much since I saw it for the first time in 1882."[9]

Don Pedro, with his son, disembarked at Singapore. He advised Rizal to stay behind too and take advantage of the protection of the British law. Rizal did not heed his advice. Several Filipino residents of Singapore, headed by Don Manuel Camus, boarded the steamer, urging him to stay in Singapore

to save his life. He also ignored their appeal because he had given his word of honor to Governor General Blanco and he did not like to break it.

Victim of Spanish Duplicity. By refusing to break his word of honor in Singapore, Rizal sealed his own doom. For without his knowledge, Governor General Blanco was secretly conspiring with the Ministers of War and the Colonies (ultramar) for his destruction.

Great hero and genius that he was, Rizal proved to be as gullible as Sultan Zaide, another victim of Spanish intrigue.[10] For all his wonderful talents, Rizal was after all a mortal man who committed mistakes. And one of his greatest mistakes was to believe that Governor General Blanco was a man of honor and a friend because he allowed him to go as a free man to Spain to become a physician-surgeon of the Spanish army in Cuba, where a bloody revolution was raging, and gave him two nice letters of introduction addressed to the Spanish Ministers of War and the Colonies.

The truth of the matter, as now substantiated by the declassified documents in the Ministries of War and the Colonies, was that Blanco was his implacable foe, who regarded him as a "dangerous Filipino" who was responsible for the raging Philippine Revolution, and therefore plotted his doom.[11]

Rizal was unaware that since his departure from Manila Bay on his way to Spain, Blanco and the Ministers of War and the Colonies were exchanging coded telegrams and confidential messages for his arrest upon reaching Barcelona and that he was a deportee and was being secretly kept under surveillance.

Rizal Arrested Before Reaching Barcelona. The *Isla de Panay*, with Rizal on board, left Singapore at 1:00 p.m., September 8. Unaware of the Spanish duplicity, particularly of Governor General Blanco's infernal deceit, he happily continued the voyage towards Barcelona.

On September 25, he saw the steamer *Isla de Luzon*, leaving the Suez Canal, crammed with Spanish troops. Two days later (Sunday, September 27) he heard from the passengers that a telegram arrived from Manila reporting the execution of Francisco Roxas, Genato, and Osorio.

On September 28, a day after the steamer had left Port Said (Mediterranean terminus of the Suez Canal), a passenger told Rizal the bad news that he would be arrested by order of Governor General Blanco and would be sent to prison in Ceuta (Spanish Morocco), opposite Gibraltar.

Shocked by the alarming news, Rizal belatedly realized that he was duped by the unscrupulous Spanish officials, particularly the sly Governor General Blanco. With an agonizing heart, he immediately wrote a letter to his best friend, Blumentritt, unburdening his disgust and bitterness, as follows:[12]

S.S. Isla de Panay, Mediterranean
September 28, 1896

My very dear Friend,

A passenger on board has just told me a news that I can hardly believe and should it be true, would bring to an end the prestige of Philippine authorities.

. . . . . .

I cannot believe for it would be the greatest injustice and the most abominable infamy, unworthy not of a military official but of the last bandit. I have offered to serve as a physician, risking life in the hazards of war and abandoning all my business. I am innocent and now in reward they are sending me to prison!!

I cannot believe it! This is infamous, but if it turns out to be true, as everybody assures me, I am communicating to you these news so that you may appraise my situation.

Yours,

(Signed) Jose Rizal

There was nothing official yet about his impending arrest; it was still merely shipboard gossip. On September 29, Rizal wrote in his travel diary: "There are people on board who do nothing but slander me and invent fanciful stories about me. I'm going to become a legendary personage."

The following day (September 30), at 4:00 p.m., he was officially notified by Captain Alemany that he should stay in his cabin until further orders from Manila. He graciously complied with the captain's directive.

Arrival in Barcelona as a Prisoner. About 6:25 p.m., September 30, the steamer anchored at Malta. Being confined to his cabin, Rizal was not able to visit the famous island-fortress of the Christian crusaders. "I saw through a tiny window," he wrote in his diary, "the beautiful view of the port [Malta — Z.], with its monumental and magnificent castle in three levels . . . illumined by the lingering afternoon lights."[13]

On October 3, at 10:00 o'clock in the morning, the *Isla de Panay* arrived in Barcelona, with Rizal a prisoner on board. The trip from Manila to Barcelona lasted exactly 30 days. He was kept under heavy guard in his cabin for three days. His jailor was no longer the ship captain but the Military Commander of Barcelona, who happened to be General Eulogio Despujol, the same one who ordered his banishment to Dapitan in July, 1892. It was one of those coincidences in the lives of men that make "history stranger than fiction."[14]

On his second day in Barcelona, Rizal, although held incommunicado in his cabin, noticed the city celebration of the feast of St. Francis of Assisi. He recorded it in his diary as follows: "At 6:00 in the morning many cannon shots awakened us. It seems that they are in honor of the feast of St. Francis of Assisi. . . At 12:00 o'clock I counted as many as 31 cannon shots and at 6:00 there were again as many. At night there was a concert in the dining room which can be heard from my cabin."[15]

At 3:00 a.m. on October 6, Rizal was awakened by the guards and escorted to the grim and infamous prison-fortress named Monjuich. He spent the whole morning in a cell. About 2:00 in the afternoon, he was taken out of prison by the guards and brought to the headquarters of General Despujol. In the interview, which lasted a quarter of an hour, the brusque general told Rizal that he would be shipped back to Manila on board the transport ship *Colon* which was leaving that evening.

After the interview, Rizal was taken aboard the *Colon*, which was "full of soldiers and officers and their families."[16] At 8:00 p.m., October 6, the ship left Barcelona, with Rizal on board.

* * * * *

Chapter 24
Last Homecoming and Trial

Rizal's homecoming in 1896, the last in his life, was his saddest return to his beloved native land. He knew he was facing the supreme test, which might mean the sacrifice of his life, but he was unafraid. As a matter of fact, he welcomed it. Gladly, he desired to meet his enemies and to offer himself as a sacrificial victim to their sadistic lust and unholy designs for he knew that his blood would water the seeds of Filipino freedom. The trial that was held shortly after his homecoming was one of history's mockeries of justice. His enemies howled like mad dogs for his blood, and they got it, without benefit of genuine justice.

A Martyr's Last Homecoming. Day by day, since leaving Barcelona on Tuesday, October 6, 1896, Rizal conscientiously recorded the events in his diary. He was given a good cabin in the second class and although strictly guarded, he was courteously treated by the army officers. "The officer on duty," he wrote in his diary, "seems amiable, refined, and polite, consistent with the seriousness of his duty."[1]

On October 8 a friendly officer told Rizal that the Madrid newspapers were full of stories about the bloody revolution in the Philippines and were blaming him for it. Realizing the adverse and unjust public opinion, he thanked God for giving him the chance to return in order to confront his slanderers and to vindicate his name. He wrote in his diary on the same date (October 8):[2]

> I believe that what God is doing to me is a blessing, allowing me to go back to the Philippines in order to be able to destroy such accusations. Because, either they do me justice and recognize my innocence and then I will be rehabilitated or they sentence me to death and thereby,

> before the eyes of society, I atone for my supposed crime. Society will forgive me and later, without any doubt, justice will be done me and I will be one more martyr. At any rate, instead of dying abroad or in the manigua (jungle in Cuba), I'll die in my own country. I believe that what is happening is the best that can happen to me. Always let God's will be done! I feel more calm with regard to my future. . . I feel that peace has descended upon me, thank God! Thou art my hope and my consolation! Let your Will be done; I am ready to obey it. Either I will be condemned or absolved. I'm happy and ready.

Confiscation of Rizal's Diary. It was known to the Spanish authorities on board the Colon that Rizal was keeping track of the daily events in his diary. They were, of course, curious as to what were recorded in his diary. Not only their curiosity, but also their suspicion was aroused, for they feared that the diarist might be writing something seditious or treasonable.

On October 11 before reaching Port Said, Rizal's diary was taken away and was critically scrutinized by the authorities. Nothing dangerous was found in its contents. The cabin was searched thoroughly, but nothing incriminating was found. On November 2, the diary was returned to him. Owing to the interruption, Rizal was not able to record the events from Monday, October 12 to Sunday, November 1. Speaking of this incident, he wrote in his diary.[3]

> Monday, 2 November — Today, they returned to me this notebook which they took away on the 11th of last month before reaching Port Said. For this reason my diary was interrupted. They searched me and inspected throughly my luggage. They took away all my papers and afterward they put me behind bars and they did not take me out until we reached the Red Sea. That was what they did to me in 16 hours before our arrival. Also twice they put me in four or six hours before and they take me out when we are already in the high seas. However, at Singapore they put me in 16 hours before our arrival. Also twice they put handcuffs on me.

Unsuccessful Rescue in Singapore. News of Rizal's predicament reached his friends in Europe and Singapore. From London, Dr. Antonio Ma. Regidor and Sixto Lopez dispatched frantic

telegrams to an English lawyer in Singapore named Hugh Fort to rescue Rizal from the Spanish steamer when it reached Singapore by means of a writ of habeas corpus.

When the Colon arrived in Singapore, Atty. Fort instituted proceedings at the Singapore Court for the removal of Rizal from the steamer. The crux of Mr. Fort's legal contention was that Rizal was "illegally detained" on the Spanish steamer.

Unfortunately, Chief Justice Loinel Cox denied the writ on the ground that the Colon was carrying Spanish troops to the Philippines. Hence it is a warship of a foreign power, which under international law was beyond the jurisdiction of the Singapore authorities.[4]

Rizal was unaware of the attempt made by his friends to rescue him in Singapore because he was then kept behind bars in the ship.

Arrival in Manila. On November 3, the Colon reached Manila, where it was greeted with wild rejoicings by the Spaniards and friars because it brought more reinforcements and military supplies. While the Spanish community was exulting with joy, Rizal was quietly transferred under heavy guard from the ship to Fort Santiago.

Meanwhile, the Spanish authorities fished for evidence against Rizal. Many Filipino patriots, including Deodato Arellano, Dr. Pio Valenzuela, Moises Salvador, Jose Dizon, Domingo Franco, Temoteo Paez, and Pedro Serrano Laktaw, were brutally tortured to implicate Rizal. Rizal's own brother, Paciano, was arrested and cruelly tortured. He suffered all pains inflicted by Spain's diabolical torturers, but he never signed any damaging statement incriminating his younger brother. Although his body was shattered on the torture rack and his left hand crushed by the screw, his valiant Asian spirit remained unbroken.

Preliminary Investigation. On November 20, the preliminary investigation began. Rizal, the accused, appeared before the Judge Advocate, Colonel Francisco Olive. He was subjected to a gruelling five-day investigation. He was informed of the charges against him. He answered the questions asked by the Judge Advocate, but he was not permitted to confront those who testified against him.

Two kinds of evidence were presented against Rizal, namely documentary and testimonial. The documentary evidence consisted of fifteen exhibits, as follows:[5]

1. A letter of Antonio Luna to Mariano Ponce, dated Madrid, October 16, 1888, showing Rizal's connection with the Filipino reform campaign in Spain.

2. A letter of Rizal to his family, dated Madrid, August 20, 1890, stating that the deportations are good for they will encourage the people to hate tyranny.

3. A letter from Marcelo H. del Pilar to Deodato Arellano, dated Madrid, January 7, 1889, implicating Rizal in the Propaganda campaign in Spain.

4. A poem entitled Kundiman, allegedly written by Rizal in Manila on September 12, 1891.[6] This poem is as follows:[7]

KUNDIMAN

In the Orient beautiful
Where the sun is born,
In a land of beauty
Full of enchantments
But bound in chains.
Where the despot reigns,
The land dearest to me.
Ah! that is my country,
She is a slave oppressed
Groaning in the tyrant's grips;
Lucky shall he be
Who can give her liberty!

5. A letter of Carlos Oliver to an unidentified person, dated Barcelona, September 18, 1891, describing Rizal as the man to free the Philippines from Spanish oppression.

6. A Masonic document, dated Manila, February 9, 1892, honoring Rizal for his patriotic services.

7. A letter signed Dimasalang (Rizal's pseudonym) to Tenluz (Juan Zulueta's pseudonym), dated Hongkong, May 24, 1892, stating that he was preparing a safe refuge for Filipinos who may be persecuted by the Spanish authorities.

8. A letter of Dimasalang to an unidentified committee, dated Hongkong, June 1, 1892, soliciting the aid of the committee in the "patriotic work".

9. An anonymous and undated letter to the Editor of the Hongkong Telegraph, censuring the banishment of Rizal to Dapitan.

10. A letter of Ildefonso Laurel to Rizal, dated Manila, September 3, 1892, saying that the Filipino people look up to him (Rizal) as their savior.

11. A letter of Ildefonso Laurel to Rizal, dated Manila, 17, 1893, informing an unidentified correspondent of the arrest and banishment of Doroteo Cortes and Ambrosio Salvador.

12. A letter of Marcelo H. del Pilar to Don Juan A. Tenluz (Juan Zulueta), dated Madrid, June 1, 1893 recommending the establishment of a special organization, independent of Masonry, to help the cause of the Filipino people.

13. Transcript of a speech of Pingkian (Emilio Jacinto), in a reunion of the Katipunan on July 23, 1893, in which the following cry was uttered "Long Live the Philippines! Long live Liberty! Long live Doctor Rizal! Unity!"

14. Transcript of a speech of Tik-Tik (Jose Turiano Santiago) in the same Katipunan reunion, where in the katipuneros shouted: "Long live the eminent Doctor Rizal! Death to the oppressor nation!"

15. A poem by Laong Laan (Rizal), entitled A Talisay, in which the author makes the Dapitan schoolboys sing that they know how to fight for their rights.

The testimonial evidence consisted of the oral testimonies of Martin Constantino, Aguedo del Rosario, Jose Reyes, Moises Salvador, Jose Dizon, Domingo Franco, Deodato Arellano, Ambrosio Salvador, Pedro Serrano Laktaw, Dr. Pio Valenzuela, Antonio Salazar, Francisco Quison, and Timoteo Paez.

On November 26, after the preliminary investigation, Colonel Olive transmitted the records of the case to Governor General Ramon Blanco, and the letter appointed Captain Rafael Dominguez as special Judge Advocate to institute the corresponding action against Rizal.

Immediately, Dominguez made a brief resume of the charges and returned the papers to Governor General Blanco who, thereupon, transmitted them to the Judge Advocate General, Don Nicolas de la Peña, for an opinion.

After studying the papers, Peña submitted the following recommendations: (1) the accused be immediately brought to trial; (2) he should be kept in prison; (3) an order of attachment be issued against his property to the amount of one million pesos as indemnity; and (4) he should be defended in court by an army officer, not by a civilian lawyer.

Rizal Chooses His Defender. The only right given to Rizal by the Spanish authorities was to choose his defense counsel. And even this was highly restricted. For he had to choose only from a list submitted to him.

On December 8, Feast Day of the Immaculate Conception, a list of 100 first and second lieutenants in the Spanish Army was presented to Rizal. He looked over the list. One name struck his fancy. It was Don Luis Taviel de Andrade, 1st Lieutenant of the Artillery, The name was familiar to him so that he chose the lieutenant to be his defender in court.

Lt. Luis Taviel de Andrade proved to be the brother of Lt. Jose Taviel de Andrade, Rizal's "bodyguard" in Calamba in 1887. Upon being notified by the authorities that he was chosen to defend the accused, he gladly accepted the task. He had previously heard from his older brother (Jose Taviel de Andrade) about Dr. Rizal of Calamba.

Reading of Information of Charges to the Accused. On December 11, the information of charges was formally read to Rizal in his prison cell, with his counsel present. He was accused of being "the principal organizer and the living soul of the Filipino insurrection, the founder of societies, periodicals and books dedicated to fomenting and propagating ideas of rebellion."[8] As the accused, Rizal raised no objection on the jurisdiction of the court, but pleaded not guilty to the crime of rebellion. He admitted that he wrote the Constitution of the Liga Filipina which was merely a civic association. He waived the right to amend or make further statements already made, except that he had taken no part in politics since his exile to Dapitan.

Dominguez forwarded the papers of the Rizal case to Malacañan Palace on December 13, the same day when General Camilo G. de Polavieja, with the help of the powerful Dominican friars, became Governor General of the Philippines, succeeding General Blanco. The withdrawal of Blanco from the gubernatorial office sealed Rizal's fate, for he was more humane in character than the ruthless Polavieja and, moreover, he firmly believed that Rizal was not a traitor to Spain. Had he remained longer in office, Rizal would not have been executed. But this was one of those intriguing "ifs" in history, of which man has no control because the destiny of men and nations is in accordance with God's divine plan.

Rizal's Manifesto to His People. On December 15, Rizal wrote a manisfesto to his people appealing to them to stop the necessary shedding of blood and to achieve their liberties by means of education and industry.

This manifesto, written in his prison cell at Fort Santiago, runs as follows:[9]

My Countrymen:

On my return from Spain, I learned that my name had been used as a war cry among some who were in arms. The news painfully surprised me, but believing it was all over, I kept silent over what I considered irremediable. Now I hear rumors that the disturbances continue, and lest any persons should still go on using my name in bad or good faith, to remedy this abuse and to undeceive the unwary, I hasten to address you these lines so that the truth may be known.

From the beginning, when I had news of what was being planned, I opposed it, fought it, and demonstrated its absolute impossibility. This is the truth, and witnesses to my words are still living. I was convinced that the idea was highly absurd and, what was worse, would bring great suffering. I did more. When later, in spite of my counsels, the movement broke out, I spontaneously offered not only my services, but my life, and even my name so that they might use them in the manner they saw fit to suppress the rebellion, for, convinced of the evils that would befall them, I considered myself fortunate if, at any sacrifice, I could prevent such useless misfortunes. This is equally of record.

My countrymen: I have given proofs, more than anybody else, of desiring liberties for our country and I still desire them. But I place as a premise the education of the people so that by means of education and of labor they might have a personality of their own and make themselves worthy of liberties. In my writings I have recommended redemption. I have also written (and my words have been repeated) that reforms, to be fruitful, have to come from above, that those that come from below are irregular and unstable. Imbued with these ideals, I cannot but condemn and I do condemn this absurd, savage uprising planned behind my back, which dishonors us, the Filipinos, and discredits those who may advocate our cause. I abhor its criminal methods and disclaim all participation therein, pitying from the bottom of my heart the unwary who have allowed themselves to be deceived. Return then to your homes, and may God forgive those who have acted in bad faith.

Fortunately for Rizal, Judge Advocate General Nicolas de la Peña recommended to Governor General Polavieja that the manifesto be suppressed. The latter heeded the recommendation so that Rizal's manifesto was not issued to the people. Thus Rizal was "saved from the shame of his manifesto's being misinterpreted and disobeyed by the Filipinos in arms."[10]

Rizal's Saddest Christmas. December 25, 1896 was Christmas. On that day all Christendom joyously celebrated the birthday of Christ who was born to redeem mankind and to bring peace and brotherhood to all men on earth.

What a dark and cheerless Christmas for Rizal! He, who was accustomed to spend this merry season in the company of his beloved family or dear friends, found himself alone and depressed in a dreary prison cell.

Truly, the Christmas of 1896, his last on earth, was the saddest in Rizal's life. He was in despair for, he had no illusions about his fate. Brooding over his hopeless case, he wrote a letter to Lt. Taviel de Andrade, as follows:[11]

Fort Santiago, December 25, 1896

My Very Distinguished Defender:

The Investigating Judge has informed me that tomorrow my case will be heard before the court. I was waiting for

you this morning to tell you of an important matter, but undoubtedly the pressure of your work did not permit you to come as expected by the Investigating Judge. If you have time, I should like to speak to you before I appear before the court; I shall be grateful if you come this afternoon, this evening, or tomorrow.

Wishing you "Merry Christmas," I reiterate, Always your attentive and affectionate servant and client,

Jose Rizal

The Trial of Rizal. The trial of Rizal was an eloquent proof of Spanish injustice and misrule. More than a farce, it was patently a mistrial. Rizal, a civilian, was tried by a military court composed of alien military officers. His case was prejudged; he was considered guilty before the actual trial. The military court met not to give him justice, but to accuse and condemn him. It accepted all charges and testimonies against him, and ignored all arguments and proofs in his favor. Moreover, Rizal was not given the right (which any accused is entitled to have in a real court of justice) to face the witnesses against him in open court.

At 8:00 a.m., December 26, 1896, the court-martial of Rizal started in the military building called Cuartel de España. Seated behind a long table on an elevated dais were the seven members of the military court, dressed in their respective army uniforms, as follows: Lt. Col. Jose Togores Arjona (president), Capt. Ricardo Muñoz Arias, Capt. Manuel Reguera, Capt. Santiago Izquierdo Osorio, Capt. Braulio Rodriguez Nuñez, Capt. Manuel Diaz Escribano, and Capt. Fermin Perez Rodriguez.

Also present at the courtroom were Dr. Rizal (the accused), Lt. Taviel de Andrade (his defense counsel), Capt. Rafael Dominguez (Judge Advocate), Lt. Enrique de Alcocer (Prosecuting Attorney), and the spectators. Among the spectators were Josephine Bracken, some newspapermen, and many Spaniards.

Rizal sat on a bench between two soldiers. His arms were tied behind, elbow to elbow, like a common felon. He was dressed in a black woolen suit with a white vest and black tie. He was calm and dignified in appearance.

The trial was opened by Judge Advocate Dominguez who explained the case against Rizal. After him, Prosecuting Attorney

Alcocer arose and delivered a long speech summarizing the charges against Rizal and urged the court to give the verdict of death to the accused. The Spanish spectators applauded noisily Alcocer's petition for the sentence of death.

After the prosecuting attorney finished his spirited harangue, Defense Counsel Taviel de Andrade took the floor and read his eloquent defense of Rizal. He ended his defense with a noble, but futile, admonition to the members of the military: "The judges cannot be vindictive; the judges can only be just".

Incidentally, his admonition fell on deaf ears. The Spanish army officers who were trying Rizal were both vindictive and unjust.

When Lt. Taviel de Andrade took his seat, the court asked Rizal whether he had anything to say. Rizal then read a supplement to his defense which he wrote in his prison cell. In his supplementary defense, he further proved his innocence by twelve points:

1. He could not be guilty of rebellion, for he advised Dr. Pio Valenzuela in Dapitan not to rise in revolution.

2. He did not correspond with the radical, revolutionary elements.

3. The revolutionists used his name without his knowledge. If he were guilty he could have escaped in Singapore.

4. If he had a hand in the revolution, he could have escaped in a Moro vinta and would not have built a home, a hospital, and bought lands in Dapitan.

5. If he were the chief of the revolution, why was he not consulted by the revolutionists?

6. It was true he wrote the by-laws of the Liga Filipina, but this is only a civic association — not a revolutionary society.

7. The Liga Filipina did not live long, for after the first meeting he was banished to Dapitan and it died out.

8. If the Liga was reorganized nine months later, he did not know about it.

9. The Liga did not serve the purpose of the revolutionists, otherwise they would not have supplanted it with the Katipunan.

10. If it were true that there were some bitter comments in Rizal's letters, it was because they were written in 1890 when his family was being persecuted, being dispossessed of houses, warehouses, lands, etc. and his brother and all his brothers-in-law were deported.

11. His life in Dapitan had been exemplary as the politico-military commanders and missionary priests could attest.

12. It was not true that the revolution was inspired by his one speech at the house of Doroteo Ongjunco, as alleged by witnesses whom he would like to confront. His friends knew his opposition to armed rebellion. Why did the Katipunan send an emissary to Dapitan who was unknown to him? Because those who knew him were aware that he would never sanction any violent movement.

The military court, prejudiced as it was, remained indifferent to Rizal's pleading. The president, Lt. Col. Togores Arjona, considered the trial over and ordered the hall cleared. After a short deliberation, the military court unanimously voted for the sentence of death.[12]

On the same day (December 26th), the court decision was submitted to Governor General Polavieja. Immediately, Polavieja sought the opinion of Judge Advocate General Nicolas de la Peña on the court decision. The latter affirmed the death verdict.

Polavieja Signs Rizal's Execution. On December 28th, Polavieja approved the decision of the court-martial and ordered Rizal to be shot at 7:00 o'clock in the morning of December 30 at Bagumbayan Field (Luneta). His decree on this matter runs as follows:[13]

Manila, December 28, 1896:

Conformably to the foregoing opinion. I approve the sentence dictated by the Court Martial in the present case, by virtue of which the death penalty is imposed on the accused Jose Rizal Mercado, which shall be executed by shooting him at 7:00 o'clock in the morning of the 30th of this month in the field of Bagumbayan.

For compliance and the rest that may correspond, let this be returned to the Judge Advocate, Captain Don Rafael Dominguez.

Camilo G. de Polavieja

For signing the fatal document ordering the execution of Dr. Rizal, Governor General Polavieja won the eternal odium of the Filipino people. He and other Spanish officials who were responsible for the death of Rizal will evermore remain as obnoxious villains in Philippine history.

* * * * *

Chapter 25
Martyrdom at Bagumbayan

After the court-martial, Rizal returned to his cell in Fort Santiago to prepare his rendezvous with destiny. During his last 24 hours on earth — from 6:00 A.M. December 29 to 6:00 A.M., December 30, 1896 — he was busy meeting visitors, including Jesuit priests, Josephine Bracken and members of his family, a Spanish newspaper correspodnent (Santiago Mataix), some friends, and secretly finishing his farewell poem. As a Christian and a hero-martyr, he was serenely resigned to die for his beloved country, which he called "Pearl of the Orient Sea" in his last poem and "Pearl of the Orient" in an article entitled "Unfortunate Philippines" published in *The Hongkong Telegraph* on September 24, 1892.

Last Hours of Rizal. At 6:00 A.M., December 29, 1896, Captain Rafael Dominguez, who was designated by Governor General Camilo Polavieja to take charge of all arrangements for the execution of the condemned prisoner, reád the death sentence to Rizal — to be shot at the back by a firing squad at 7:00 A.M. in Bagumbayan (Luneta).

At 7:00 A.M., an hour after the reading of the death sentence, Rizal was moved to the prison chapel, where he spent his last moments. His first visitors were Father Miguel Saderra Mata (Rector of Ateneo Municipal), and Father Luis Viza, Jesuit teacher.

At 7:15 A.M., Rector Saderra left. Rizal, in a jovial mood, reminded Fr. Viza of the statuette of the Sacred Heart of Jesus which he had carved with his pen knife as an Ateneo student. Fr. Viza, anticipating such reminiscence, got the statuette from his pocket and gave it to Rizal. The hero happily received it and placed it on his writing table.

At 8:00 A.M., Fr. Antonio Rosell arrived to relieve Father Viza. Rizal invited him to join him at breakfast, which he did. After breakfast, Lt. Luis Taviel de Andrade (Rizal's defense counsel) came, and Rizal thanked him for his gallant services.

At 9:00 A.M., Fr. Federico Faura arrived. Rizal reminded him that he said that (Rizal) would someday lose his head for writing the *Noli*. "Father," Rizal remarked, "You are indeed a prophet".[1]

At 10:00 A.M. Fathers Jose Vilaclara (Rizal's teacher at the Ateneo) and Vicente Balaguer (Jesuit missionary in Dapitan who had befriended Rizal during the latter's exile) visited the hero. After them came the Spanish journalist, Santiago Mataix, who interviewed Rizal for his newspaper *El Heraldo de Madrid*.

From 12:00 A.M. (noon) to 3:30 P.M., Rizal was left alone in his cell. He took his lunch, after which he was busy writing. It was probably during this time when he finished his farewell poem and hid it inside his alcohol cooking stove (not lamp as some biographers erroneously assert) which was given to him as a gift by Paz Pardo de Tavera (wife of Juan Luna) during his visit to Paris in 1890. At the same time he wrote his last letter to Professor Blumentritt (his best friend) in German, as follows:[2]

Prof. Ferdinand Blumentritt:

My dear Brother:

When you receive this letter, I shall be dead. Tomorrow at seven, I shall be shot; but I am innocent of the crime of rebellion.

I am going to die with a tranquil conscience.

Goodbye, my best, my dearest friend, and never think ill of me.

Fort Santiago, December 29, 1896.

(Signed) Jose Rizal

Regards to the entire family, to Sra. Rosa, Loleng, Conradito, and Federico.

I am leaving a book for you as a last remembrance of mine.

At 3:30 P.M., Father Balaguer returned to Fort Santiago and discussed with Rizal about his retraction of the anti-Catholic ideas in his writings and membership in Masonry.

At 4:00 P.M., Rizal's mother arrived. Rizal knelt down before her and kissed her hands, begging her to forgive him. Both mother and son were crying as the guards separate them. Shortly afterwards Trinidad entered the cell to fetch her mother. As they were leaving, Rizal gave to Trinidad the alcohol cooking stove, whispering to her in English: "There is something inside". Trinidad understood. She knew English because Rizal taught her this language. This "something" was Rizal's farewell poem.[3] So it came to pass that she was able to smuggle the hero's last and greatest poem — a priceless gem of Philippine literature.

After the departure of Doña Teodora and Trinidad, Fathers Vilaclara and Estanislao March entered the cell, followed by Father Rosell.

At 6:00 P.M. Rizal received a new visitor, Don Silvino Lopez Tuñon, the Dean of the Manila Cathedral. Fathers Balaguer and March left, leaving Vilaclara with Rizal and Don Silvino.

At 8:00 P.M., Rizal had his last supper. He informed Captain Dominguez who was with him that he forgave his enemies, including the military judges who condemned him to death.

At 9:30 P.M., Rizal was visited by Don Gaspar Cestaño, the fiscal of the Royal Audiencia of Manila. As a gracious host, Rizal offered him the best chair in the cell. After a pleasant conversation, the fiscal left with a good impression of Rizal's intelligence and noble character.

At 10:00 of the night of December 29th, the draft of the retraction sent by the anti-Filipino Archbishop Bernardino Nozaleda (1890-1903) was submitted by Father Balaguer to Rizal for signature, but the hero rejected it because it was too long and he did not like it. According to Father Balaguer's testimony, he showed Rizal a shorter retraction which was prepared by Father Pio Pi, Superior of the Jesuit Society in the Philippines, which was acceptable to Rizal. After making some changes in it, Rizal then wrote his retraction, in which he abjured Masonry and his religious ideas which were anti-Catholic.[4] This retraction

of Rizal is now a controversial document, for the Rizalist scholars, who are either Masons or anti-Catholic, claim it to be a forgery, while the Catholic Rizalists believe it to be genuine. This debate between two hostile groups of Rizalists is futile and irrelevant. Futile in the sense that no amount of evidence can convince the Masonic Rizalists that Rizal retracted and the Catholic Rizalists that Rizal did not retract. As a famous saying goes: "For those who believe — no justification is necessary; for the skeptics, whose criterion for belief is not in their minds but in their wills — no justification is possible". It is likewise irrelevant because it does not matter at all to the greatness of Rizal. Whether he retracted or not, the fact remains that he was the greatest Filipino hero. This also applies to the other controversy as to whether Rizal married Josephine Bracken before his execution or not. Why argue on this issue. Whether or not Rizal married Josephine in Fort Santiago, Rizal remains just the same — a hero-martyr.

At 3:00 o'clock in the morning of December 30, 1896, Rizal heard Mass, confessed his sins, and took Holy Communion.

At 5:30 A.M., he took his last breakfast on earth. After this, he wrote two letters, the first addressed to his family and the second to his older brother Paciano. The letter to his sisters follows:[5]

To My Family;

I ask you for forgiveness for the pain I cause you, but some day I shall have to die and it is better that I die now in the plenitude of my conscience.

Dear Parents, brother, and Sisters, Give thanks to God that I may preserve my tranquility before my death. I die resigned, hoping that with my death you will be left in peace. Ah! It is better to die than to live suffering. Console yourselves.

I enjoin you to forgive one another the little meannesses of life and try to live united in peace and good harmony. Treat your old parents as you would like to be treated by your children later. Love them very much in my memory.

Bury me in the ground. Place a stone and a cross over it. My name, the date of my birth, and of my death. Nothing

more. If later you wish to surround my grave with a fence, you can do so. No anniversaries. I prefer *Paang Bundok*.[6]

Have pity on poor Josephine.

Rizal's last letter to Paciano is as follows:[7]

My dear Brother:

It has been four years and a half that we have not seen each other nor have we communicated with each other. I do not think it is due to lack of affection on my part nor on yours, but because, knowing each other so well, we do not need to talk to understand each other.

Now I am about to die, and it is to you that I dedicate my last lines, to tell you how sad I am to leave you alone in life, burdened with the weight of the family and our old parents.

I am thinking now how hard you have worked to give me a career; I believe I have tried not to waste my time. Brother of mine: if the fruit has been bitter, it is not my fault, but the fault of circumstances. I know that you have suffered much on my account, and I am sorry.

I assure you, brother, that I die innocent of this crime of rebellion. If my former writings have contributed, I do not deny it absolutely; but then, I thought I have expiated for the past with my deportation.

Tell our father I remember him, and how! I remember my whole childhood, of his affection and his love. Ask him to forgive me for the pain that I have unwillingly caused him.

Your brother,

(Signed) Jose Rizal

At 5:30 A.M., Josephine Bracken, accompanied by a sister of Rizal (Josefa), arrived. Josephine, with tears in her eyes, bade him farewell. Rizal embraced her for the last time, and before she left, Rizal gave her a last gift — a religious book, *Imitation of Christ* by Father Thomas a Kempis, which he autographed:

To my dear unhappy wife, Josephine

December 30th, 1896

Jose Rizal.

At 6:00 A.M., as the soldiers were getting ready for the death march to Bagumbayan, Rizal wrote his last letter to his beloved parents, as follows:[8]

My beloved Father,
Pardon me for the pain with which I repay you for sorrows and sacrifices for my education.
I did not want nor did I prefer it.
Goodbye, Father, goodbye . . . .

Jose Rizal

To my very dear Mother,
Sra. Dña. Teodora Alonso
6 o'clock in the morning, December 30, 1896.

Jose Rizal

Death March to Bagumbayan. About 6:30 A.M., a trumpet sounded at Fort Santiago, a signal to begin the death march to Bagumbayan, the designated place for the execution. The advance guard of four soldiers with bayoneted rifles moved. A few meters behind, Rizal walked calmly, with his defense counsel (Lt. Luis Taviel de Andrade) on one side and two Jesuit priests (Fathers March and Vilaclara) on the other. More well-armed soldiers marched behind him.

Rizal was dressed elegantly in a black suit, black derby hat, black shoes, white shirt, and black tie. His arms were tied behind from elbow to elbow, but the rope was quite loose to give his arms freedom of movement.

To the muffled sounds of the drums, the cavalcade somnolently marched slowly. There was a handful of spectators lining the street from Fort Santiago to the Plaza del Palacio in front of the Manila Cathedral. Everybody seemed to be out at Bagumbayan, where a vast crowd gathered to see how a martyr dies.

Going through the narrow Postigo Gate, one of the gates of the city wall, the cavalcade reached the Malecon (now Bonifacio Drive), which was deserted. Rizal looked at the sky, and said to one of the priests: "How beautiful it is today, Father. What morning could be more serene! How clear is Corregidor and the mountains of Cavite! On mornings like this, I used to take a walk with my sweetheart".

While passing in front of the Ateneo, he saw the college towers above the walls. He asked: "Is that the Ateneo, Father?"

"Yes", replied the priest.

They reached Bagumbayan Field. The spectators crowded a huge square formed by soldiers. The cavalcade entered this square. Rizal walked serenely to the place, where he was told to stand. It was a grassy lawn by the shore of Manila Bay, between two lamp posts.

Martyrdom of a Hero. Rizal, knowing that his rendezvous with destiny was imminent, bade farewell to Fathers March and Vilaclara and to his gallant defender, Lt. Luis Taviel de Andrade. Although his arms were tied, he firmly clasped their hands in parting. One of the priests blessed him and offered him a crucifix to kiss. Rizal reverently bowed his head and kissed it. Then he requested the commander of the firing squad, that he be shot facing the firing squad. His request was denied, for the captain had implicit orders to shoot him in the back.

Reluctantly, Rizal turned his back to the firing squad and faced the sea. A Spanish military physician, Dr. Felipe Ruiz Castillo, asked his permission to feel his pulse, which request was graciously granted. Dr. Castillo was amazed to find it normal, showing that Rizal was not afraid to die.

The death ruffles of the drums filled the air. Above the drum-beats, the sharp command "Fire" was heard, and the guns of the firing squad barked. Rizal, with supreme effort, turned his bullet-riddled body to the right, and fell on the ground dead — with face upward facing the morning sun. It was exactly 7:03 in the morning when he died in the bloom of manhood — aged 35 years, five months, and 11 days.

Rizal died as he described in his farewell poem, third stanza:

"I die just when I see the dawn break,
Through the gloom of night, to herald the day;
And if color is lacking my blood thou shalt take,
Pour'd out at need for thy dear sake,
To dye with its crimson the waking ray".

It is also interesting to note that fourteen years before his execution, Rizal predicted that he would die on December 30th.

He was then a medical student in Madrid, Spain. The entry in his diary reads as follows:

January 1, 1883.[10]

> Two nights ago, that is 30 December, I had a frightful nightmare when I almost died. I dreamed that, imitating an actor dying on stage, I felt vividly that my breath was failing and I was rapidly losing my strength. Then my vision became dim and dense darkness enveloped me — they are the pangs of death.

Aftermath of a Hero-Martyr's Death. At the time when the bullets of Spain's firing squad killed Dr. Rizal, the Spaniards — residents, friars (Jesuits not included), corrupt officials (including Governor Polavieja) exulted with sadistic joy, for Rizal, formidable champion of Filipino freedom, was gone. In fact, immediately after the hero's execution the Spanish spectators shouted "Viva España!" "Muerte a los Traidores", ("Long Live Spain! "Death to the Traitors!") and the Spanish Military Band, joining the jubilance over Rizal's death, played the gay *Marcha de Cadiz.*

Poor bigoted Spaniards of no vision! They were fully unaware of history's inexorable tides. For the execution of Rizal presaged the foundation of an independent nation. True that the Spanish bullets which killed Rizal destroyed his brain, but the libertarian ideas spawned by his brain destroyed the Spanish rule in the Philippines. As Cecilio Apostol, greatest Filipino epic poet in Spanish, aptly rhapsodized:[11]

> "Rest in peace in the shadows of oblivion,
> Redeemer of a country in bondage!
> In the mystery of the grave, do not cry,
> Heed not the momentary triumph of the Spaniard
> Because if a bullet destroyed your cranium,
> Likewise your idea destroyed an empire!"

By his writings, which awakened Filipino nationalism and paved the way for the Philippine Revolution, he proved that "the pen is mightier than the sword". As a many-splendored genius, writer, scientist, and political martyr, he richly deserves history's salute as the national hero of the Philippines.

* * * * *

APPENDIX A

WHO MADE JOSE RIZAL OUR FOREMOST NATIONAL HERO, AND WHY?

By Esteban A. de Ocampo*

Dr. Jose Rizal Mercado y Alonso, or simply Jose Rizal (1861-1896), is unquestionably the greatest hero and martyr of our nation. The day of his birth and the day of his execution are fittingly commemorated by all classes of our people throughout the length and breadth of this country and even by Filipinos and their friends abroad. His name is a byword in every Filipino home while his picture adorns the postage stamp and paper money of widest circulation. No other Filipino hero can surpass Rizal in the number of monuments erected in his honor; in the number of towns, barrios, and streets named after him; in the number of educational institutions, societies, and trade names that bear his name; in the number of persons, both Filipinos and foreigners, who were named "Rizal" or "Rizalina" because of their parents' admiration for the Great Malayan; and in the number of laws, Executive Orders and Proclamations of the Chief Executive, and bulletins, memoranda, and circulars of both the bureaus of public and private schools. Who is the Filipino writer and thinker whose teachings and noble thoughts have been frequently invoked and quoted by authors and public speakers on almost all occasions? None but Rizal. And why is this so? Because, as biographer Rafael Palma said, "The doctrines of Rizal are not for one epoch but for all epochs. They are as valid today as they were yesterday. It cannot be said that because the political ideals of Rizal have been achieved, because of the change of institutions, the wisdom of his counsels or the value of his doctrines have ceased to be opportune. They have not".[1]

---

*Knight Commander, Knights of Rizal, and President, Philippine Historical Association.

1. **The Pride of the Malay Race,** 1949, p. 366.

Unfortunately, however, there are still some Filipinos who entertain the belief that our Rizal is a "made-to-order" national hero, and that the maker or manufacturer in this case were the Americans, particularly Civil Governor William Howard Taft. This was done allegedly in the following manner:

> "And now, gentlemen, you must have a national hero". These were supposed to be the words addressed by Governor Taft to Messrs. Pardo de Tavera, Legarda, and Luzurriaga, Filipino members of the Philippine Commission, of which Taft was the Chairman. It was further reported that "in the subsequent discussion in which the rival merits of the revolutionary heroes (Marcelo H. del Pilar, Graciano Lopez Jaena, Jose Rizal, General Antonio Luna, Emilio Jacinto, and Andres Bonifacio — O.) were considered, the final choice — now universally acclaimed a wise one — was Rizal. And so history was made."[2].

This article will attempt to answer two questions: (1) Who made Rizal the foremost national hero of the Philippines? and (2) Why is Rizal our greatest national hero? Before proceeding to answer these queries, it will be better if we first know the meaning of the term *hero*. According to Webster's *New International Dictionary* of the English language, a hero is "a prominent or central personage taking an admirable part in any remarkable action or event". Also, "a person of distinguished valor or enterprise in danger, or fortitude in suffering." And finally, he is "a man honored after death by public worship, because of exceptional service to mankind."

Why is Rizal a hero, nay, our foremost national hero? He is our greatest hero because, as a towering figure in the Propaganda Campaign, he took an "admirable part" in that movement which roughly covered the period from 1882 to 1896. If we were asked to pick out a single work by a Filipino writer during this era which, more than any other writing, contributed tremendously to the formation of Filipino nationality, we shall have no hesitation in choosing Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* (Berlin, 1887). It is true that Pedro A. Paterno published his novel, *Ninay*, in Madrid in 1885; Marcelo H. del Pilar, his *La Soberania Monacal* in Barcelona in 1889; Graciano Lopez Jaena, his *Discursos y Articulos Varios*, also in Barcelona in 1891; and Antonio Luna, his *Impresiones* in Madrid in 1893, but none of these books had

2. Philippines Free Press, Dec. 28, 1946.

evoked such favorable and unfavorable comments from friends and foes alike as did Rizal's *Noli*.

Typical of the encomiums that the hero received for his novel were those he received from Antonio Maria Regidor and Prof. Ferdinand Blumentritt. Regidor, a Filipino exile of 1872 in London, said that "the book was superior" and that "if Don Quijote has made its author immortal because he exposed to the world the sufferings of Spain, your *Noli Me Tangere* will bring you equal glory . . ."[3] Blumentritt, after reading Rizal's *Noli*, wrote and congratulated its author, saying among other things: "Your work, as we Germans say, has been written with the blood of the heart . . . Your work has exceeded my hopes and I consider myself happy to have been honored with your friendship. Not only I, but also your country, may feel happy for having in you a patriotic and loyal son. If you continue so, you will be to your people one of those great men who will exercise a determinative influence over the progress of their spiritual life."[4]

If Rizal's friends and admirers praised with justifiable pride the *Noli* and its author, his enemies were equally loud and bitter in attacking and condemning the same. Perhaps no other work or writing of another Filipino author has, up to this day, aroused as much acrimonius debate not only among our people but also among the reactionary foreigners as the *Noli* of Rizal. In the Philippines the hero's novel was attacked and condemned by a Faculty Committee of a Manila university and by the Permanent Censorship Commission in 1887. The Committee said that it found the book "heretical, impious, and scandalous to the religious order, and unpatriotic and subversive to public order, libelous to the Government of Spain and to its political policies in these Islands", while the Commission recommended "that the importation, reproduction, and circulation of this pernicious book in the Islands be absolutely prohibited."[5] Coming down to our time, during the Congressional discussions and hearings on the Rizal (or Noli-Fili) bill in 1956, the proponents and opponents of the bill also engaged themselves in a bitter and long-drawn-out

3. Epistolario Rizalino, Tomo Segundo.

4. Ibid., Tomo Primero.

5. Austin Craig, Rizal's Political Writings, pp. 281-305.

debate that finally resulted in the enactment of a compromise measure, now known as Republic Act No. 1425.

The attacks on Rizal's first novel were not only confined in the Philippines but were also staged in the Spanish capital. There, Senator Fernando Vida, Deputy (and ex-General) Luis M. de Pando, and Premier Praxedes Mateo Sagasta were among those who unjustly lambasted and criticized Rizal and his **Noli** in the two chambers of the Spanish Cortes in 1888 and 1889.[6] It is comforting to learn, however, that about thirteen years later, Congressman Henry Allen Cooper of Wisconsin delivered an eulogy of Rizal and even recited the martyr's **Ultimo Pensamiento** on the floor of the United States House of Representatives in order to prove the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government. He said in part: "It has been said that, if American institutions had done nothing else than furnish to the world the character of George Washington, that alone would entitle them to the respect of mankind. So, Sir, I say to all those who denounce the Filipinos indiscriminately as barbarians and savages, without possibility of a civilized future, that this despised race proved itself entitled to their respect and to the respect of mankind when it furnished to the world the character of Jose Rizal."[7] The result of this appeal of Representative Cooper was the approval of what is popularly known as the Philippine Bill of 1902.

The preceding paragraphs have shown that by the **Noli** alone Rizal, among his contemporaries, had become the most prominent or the central figure of the Propaganda Movement.

Again, we ask the question: Why did Rizal become the greatest Filipino hero? Because in this writer's humble opinion, no Filipino has yet been born who could equal or surpass Rizal as "a person of distinguished valor or enterprise in danger, or fortitude in suffering." Of these traits of our hero, let us see what a Filipino and an American biographer said:

> "What is most admirable in Rizal," wrote Rafael Palma, "is his complete self-denial, his complete abandonment of his personal interests in order to think only of those of his country. He could have been whatever he wished to be, considering his natural endowments; he could have earned considerable sums of money from his profession; he could have lived relatively rich, happy, prosperous, had he not dedicated himself to public matters. But in him the voice of the species was stronger than the voice of personal progress or of private fortune, and he preferred to live far from his family and to sacrifice his personal affections for an ideal he had dreamed of. He heeded not his brother, not even his parents, beings whom he respected and venerated so much, in order to follow the road his conscience had traced for him.
>
> "He did not have great means at his disposal to carry out his campaign, but that did not discourage him; he contented himself with what he had. He suffered the rigors of the cold winter of Europe, he suffered hunger, privation, and misery; but when he raised his eyes to heaven and saw his ideal, his hope was reborn. He complained of his countrymen, he complained of some of those who had promised him help and did not help him, until at times, profoundly disillusioned, he wanted to renounce his campaign forever, giving up everything. But such moments were evanescent, he soon felt comforted and resumed the task of bearing the cross of his suffering."[8]

Dr. Frank C. Laubach, an American biographer of Rizal, spoke of the hero's courage in the following words:

> His consuming life purpose was the secret of his moral courage. Physical courage, it is true, was one of his inherited traits. But that high courage to die loving his murderers, which he at last achieved, — *that* cannot be inherited. It must be forged out in the fires of suffering and temptation. As we read through his life, we can see how the moral sinew and fiber grew year by year as he faced new perils and was forced to make fearful decisions. It required courage to write his two great novels, telling nothing that no other man had ventured to say before, standing almost alone against the most powerful interests in his country and in Spain, and knowing full well that despotism would strike back. He had reached another loftier plateau of heroism

6. Retana, **Vida y Escritos del Dr. Jose Rizal**, pp. 131-133.

7. Osias, **Jose Rizal, His Life and Times**, p. 444.

8. **Palma, The Pride of the Malay Race**, p. 361-262.

when he wrote those letters in Hongkong, "To be opened after my death," and sailed into the "trap" in Manila without any illusions. Then in his Dapitan exile, when he was tempted to escape, and said "No", not once but hundreds of times for four long years, and when, on the way to Cuba, Pedro Roxas pleaded with him to step off the boat of Singapore upon British territory and save his life, what inner struggle it must have caused him to answer over and over again, "No, no, no!" When the sentence of death and the fateful morning of his execution brought the final test, December 30, 1896, he walked with perfect calm to the firing line as though by his own choice, the only heroic figure in that sordid scene.[9]

To the bigoted Spaniards in Spain and in the Philippines, Rizal was the most intelligent, most courageous, and most dangerous enemy of the reactionaries and the tyrants; therefore, he should be shot publicly in order to serve as an example and a warning to those of his kind. This was the reason why Rizal, after a brief mock trial, was sentenced to death and made to face the firing squad at Bagumbayan Field, now the Luneta, in the early morning of December 30, 1896.

And for the third and last time, we repeat the question: Why is Rizal the greatest Filipino hero that ever lived? Because he is "a man honored after death by public worship, because of exceptional service to mankind". We can say that even before his execution, Rizal was already acclaimed by both Filipinos and foreigners as the foremost leader of his people. Writing from Barcelona to the Great Malayan on March 10, 1889, Marcelo H. del Pilar said: "Rizal no tiene aún derecho á morir: su nombre constituye la más pura é inmaculada bandera de aspiraciones y Plaridel y los suyos no son otra cosa más que unos voluntarios que militan bajo esa bandera."[10] Fernando Acevedo, who called Rizal his "distinguido amigo, compañero y paisano", wrote the latter from Zaragoza, Spain, on October 25, 1889: "I see in you the model Filipino; your application to study and your talents have placed on a height which I revere and admire."[11] The

9. Laubach, **Rizal, Man and Martyr**, pp. 402-403.

10. **Epistolario Rizalino, Tomo Segundo.**

11. **Ibid., Tomo Segundo**, p. 233.

Bicolano Dr. Tomás Aréjola wrote Rizal in Madrid, February 9, 1891, saying: "Your moral influence over us is indisputable."[12] And Guillermo Puatu of Bulacan wrote this tribute to Rizal, saying: "Vd. a quien se le puede (llamar) con razon, cabeza tutelar de los filipinos, aunque la comparacion parezca algo ridicula, porque posee la virtud de atraer consigo enconadas voluntades, zanjar las discordias y enemistades rencorosas, reunir en fiestas a hombres que no querian verse ni en la calle . . ."[12a]

Among the foreigners who recognized Rizal as the leading Filipino of his time were Blumentritt, Napoleon M. Kheil, Dr. Reinhold Rost, and Vicente Barrantes, Prof. Blumentritt told Dr. Maximo Viola in May, 1887 that "Rizal was the greatest product of the Philippines and that his coming to the world was like the appearance of a rare comet, whose rare brilliance appears only every other century."[13] Napoleon M. Kheil of Prague, Austria, wrote to Rizal and said: "admiro en Vd. á un noble representante de la España colonial."[13a] Dr. Rost, distinguished Malayologist and Librarian of the India Office in London, called Rizal "una perla de hombre",[14] while Don Vicente Barrantes had to admit that Rizal was "the first among the Filipinos".[15]

Even before the outbreak of the Revolution against Spain in 1896, many instances can be cited to prove that his countrymen here and abroad recognized Rizal's leadership. In the early part of 1889 he was unanimously elected by the Filipino in Barcelona and Madrid as honorary president of the *La Solidaridad*.[17] Some months later, in Paris, he organized and became chief of the *Indios Bravos*. In January, 1891, Rizal was again unanimously chosen *Responsable* (Chief) of the Spanish-Filipino Association.[18] He was also the founder and moving spirit in the founding of the *Liga Filipina* in Manila on July 3, 1892.

12. **Ibid., Tomo Tercero**, p. 159.

13. Maximo Viola: **My Travels with Jose Rizal.**

13a. **Epistolario Rizalino, Tomo Cuatro.**

14. **Ibid., Tomo Cuatro.**

15. **Ibid.,**

17. Laubach, **op. cit.**, p. 132.

18. **Ibid.**, pp. 197-199.

History tells us that the revolutionary society known as the Katipunan likewise acknowledged Rizal's leadership and greatness by making him its Honorary President and by using his family name *Rizal* as the password for the third-degree members.[19]

A year after Rizal's execution, General Emilio Aguinaldo and the other revolutionary chiefs exiled to Hongkong held a commemorative program there on December 29, 1897 on the occasion of the first anniversary of the hero's execution and martyrdom.[20]

Of utmost significance in the public's appreciation for Rizal's patriotic labors in behalf of his people were the tributes paid by the Revolutionary Government to his memory. In his opening address at the Congress assembled at Malolos, Bulacan, on September 15, 1898, President Aguinaldo invoked the spirits of the departed heroes of the Fatherland, thus:

> Illustrious spirits of RIZAL, Lopez Jaena, of Marcelo del Pilar! August shades of Burgos, Pelaez, and Panganiban! Warlike geniuses of Aguinaldo (Crispulo — O.), and Tirona, of Natividad and Evangelista! Arise a moment from your unknown graves![21]

Then on December 20, 1898 at the revolutionary capital at Malolos, President Aguinaldo issued the first official proclamation making December 30 of that year as "Rizal Day". The same proclamation ordered the hoisting of the Filipino flags at half-mast "from 12:00 noon on December 29 to 12:00 noon on December 30, 1898" and the closing of "all offices of the government" during the whole day of December 30.[22] Actually, an impressive Rizal Day program, spnsored by the Club Filipino, was held in Manila on December 30, 1898.[22a]

It should further be noted that both the **La Independencia**, edited by Gen. Antonio Luna, and the **El Heraldo de la Revolucion**, official organ of the Revolutionary Government, issued a special supplement in honor of Rizal in one of their December issues in 1898.

19. Gregorio F. Zaide, **The Katipunan**, p. 9.

20. L. R. Serrano, **The Evolution of Rizal Day.**

21. Gregorio F. Zaide, **The Philippine Revolution**, p. 252.

22. **Republica Filipina**, p. 2.

22a. L. R. Serrano, First Rizal Day Program in Manila.

Two of the greatest Filipino poets in the Spanish language paid glowing tributes to the Martyr of Bagumbayan in acknowledgment of the hero's labors and sacrifices for his people. Fernando Ma. Guerrero wrote on September 25, 1898, thus:

> "No has muerto, no. La gloria es tu destino;
> tu corona, los fuegos de la aurora,
> y tu inviolable altar nuestra conciencia."[23]

And Cecilio Apostol, on December 30 of the same year, wrote these lines:

> "!Duerme en paz en las sombras de la nada,
> Redentor de una Patria esclavizada!
> !No llores de la tumba en el misterio
> Del español el triunfo momentáneo:
> Que si una bala destrozó tu cráneo,
> También tu idea destrozo un emperio!"[24]

The Filipinos were not alone in grieving the untimely death of their hero and idol, for the intellectual and scientific circles of the world felt keenly the loss of Rizal, who was their esteemed colleague and friend. Dr. Camilo Osias and Wenceslao E. Retana both spoke of the universal homage accorded to Rizal immediately after his death. Dr. Osias wrote thus:

> Expressions of deep sympathy came from Blumentritt and many others such as Dr. Renward Braustetter of Lucerne, a scholar on things Malay; Dr. Feodor Jagor, a German author of *Philippine Travels;* Dr. Friedrich Ratzel, an eminent German geographer and ethnographer; Señor Ricardo Palma, a distinguished man of letters from Peru; Professor M. Buchner, Director of the Ethnographic Museum of Munich and a noted Malayologist; Monsieur Edmont Planchut, a French Orientalist, author of various works and writer on Philippine subjects; Dr. W. Joest, eminent German geographer and Professor at the University

23. **Retana, Op. cit., p. 449.**

24. **Ibid., p. 450.**

of Berlin; Dr. H. Kern, Professor of Sanskirt in the University of Leiden and celebrated authority on Malay affairs; Dr. J. Montano, a distinguished French linguist and anthropologist and author of a *Memoria* on the Philippines; Dr. F. Mueller, Professor of the Univesity of Vienna and a great philologist; a noted Dutch literary woman who signed H. D. Teenk Willink, author of a touching and conscientious biography of Rizal; Herr Manfred Wittich, writer of Leipzig; Dr. Betances, Cuban political leader; Dr. Boettger, a noted German naturalist and author of works on the fauna of the Philippines; Dr. A. B. Meyer, Director of the Museum of Ethnography of Dresden and eminent Filipinologist; M. Odekerchen of Leige, Director of *L'Express*, a newspaper wherein Dr. Rizal wrote articles; Dr. Ed. Seler, translator in German of Rizal's *My Last Farewell;* Mr. H. W. Bray, a distinguished English writer; Mr. John Foreman, author of works on the Philippines; Herr C. M. Heller, a German naturalist; Dr. H. Stolpe, a Swedish savant who spoke and published on the Philippines and Rizal; Mr. Armand Lehinant, Austrian engneer and writer; Dr. J. M. Podhovsky, a notable Czech writer, author of works on the Philippines and Dr. Rizal.[25]

Among the scientific necrological services held especially to honor Rizal, the one sponsored by the Anthropological Society of Berlin on November 20, 1897 at the initiative of Dr. Rudolph Virchow, its President, was the most important and significant. Dr. Ed Seler recited the German translation of Rizal's "My Last Farewell" on that occasion.[26]

The newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals throughout the civilized world — in Germany, Austria, France, Holland, London, the United States, Japan, Hongkong, Macao, Singapore, Switzerland, and in Latin American countries — published accounts of Rizal's martyrdom in order to render homage to his greatness.[27]

Did the Americans, especially Governor William H. Taft, really choose Rizal out of several Filipino patriots as the Number

25. Osias, op. cit., pp. 446-447.

26. Retana, op. cit., p. 439.

27. Ibid., pp. 438-439.

One Hero of his people? Nothing could be farther from the truth. In the preceding pages, we have shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Great Malayan, by his own efforts and sacrifices for his oppressed countrymen, had projected himself as the foremost leader of the Philippines until the moment of his immolation, and this fact was spontaneously acknowledged not only by his own people but also by the elite of other lands who intimately knew his patriotic labors. We have likewise shown that immediately after his execution, his own people had justly acclaimed him as their foremost hero and martyr. The intellectual and scientific world, as we have also demonstrated, was not slow in according him signal honors as a hero of humanity and as an Apostole of Freedom.

Mr. Taft, as Chairman of the Second Philippine Commission, arrived in the Philippines in June, 1900. This Commission began its legislative functions on September 1st of the same year. On June 11 of the ensuing year the Philippine Commission approved Act No. 137, which organized "the politico-military district of Morong" into the "Province of Rizal". This was the FIRST OFFICIAL STEP taken by the Taft Commission to honor our greatest hero and martyr. It should be borne in mind that SIX DAYS before the passage of Act No. 137, the Taft Commission held a meeting at the town of Pasig for the purpose of organizing the province. In that meeting attended by the leading citizens of both Manila and Morong, a plan was presented to combine the two districts into one, but this proposal met with determined and vigorous objection from the leaders of Morong.

> "At this point," reads the 'Minutes of Proceedings' of the Taft Commission, "Dr. Tavera, of the Federal Party, who accompanied the Commission, asked that he might make a suggestion with reference to the proposed union of Manila and Morong provinces. It was his opinion that in case of union neither the name of Morong nor Manila ought to be retained. He then stated the custom which prevailed in the United States and other countries of naming important localities or districts in memory of some illustrious citizen of the country. In line with this he suggested that the united provinces be named 'Rizal', in memory and in honor of *the most illustrious Filipno and the most illustrious Tagalog the Islands* had ever known. The President (William H. Taft

— O.) stated that the Commission, not less than the Filipinos, felt proud to do honor to the name of Rizal, and if, after consideration, it decided to unite the provinces, it would have pleasure, if such action met the desires of the people, in giving the new province the name of Rizal".[28] (*Italics supplied*)

It is obvious then that the idea of naming the district of Morong after Rizal came from Dr. Pardo de Tavera, a **Filipino**, and not from Judge Taft, an American. It is interesting to know that two countrymen of Mr. Taft — Justice George A. Malcolm and Dr. Frank C. Laubach — who both resided in the Philippines for many years and who were very familiar with the history and lives of great Filipinos — do not subscribe to the view that Jose Rizal is an American-made hero. Jusice Malcolm had this to say:

> In those early days (of the American occupation — O.), it was bruited about that the Americans had 'made' Rizal a hero to serve their purposes. That was indeed a sinister interpretation of voluntary American action designed to pay tribute to a great man.[29]

Dr. Laubach's view about the question is as follows:

> The tradition that every American hears when he reaches the Philippne Islands is that William Howard Taft, feeling that the Filipinos needed a hero, made one out of Rizal. We trust that this book (*Rizal: Man and Martyr* — O.) will serve to show how empty that statement is. It speaks well for Taft that he was sufficiently free from racial prejudice to appreciate in some measure the stature of a great Filipino. It was a Spaniard who did more than any other to save Rizal for posterity — Retana, whose work (*Vida y Escritos del Dr. Jose Rizal*, Madrid, 1907 — O.) is by far the most complete and scholarly that we have (in 1936 — O.). Like Rizal, he lost all his money in the cause of the Filipinos, and died a poor man.[30]

Granting for the sake of argument that the Taft Commission chose Rizal out of several great Filipinos as the Number One

28. Report of the Philippine Commission, p. 202.

29. Malcolm, **American Colonial Careerist**, p. 78.

30. Laubach, **op. cit.**, p. 383.

hero of his people, still we can say that what the Commission did was merely to confirm a sort of a **fait accompli**, and that was that Jose Rizal had already been acclaimed by his countrymen and the scientific world as the foremost hero and martyr of the land of his birth. Nay, we can go even farther and concur with Prof. Blumentritt, who said in 1897:

> Not only is Rizal THE MOST PROMINENT MAN OF HIS OWN PEOPLE but THE GREATEST MAN THE MALAYAN RACE HAS PRODUCED. His memory will never perish in his fatherland, and future generations of Spaniards will yet learn to utter his name with respect and reverence.[31] (*Capitalization supplied*)

Perhaps the following quotation from the late William Cameron Forbes, an ardent admirer of Rizal and the Governor-General of the Philippines during the construction of the Rizal Mausoleum on the Luneta, is appropriate at this point. He said:

> It is eminently proper that Rizal should have become the acknowledged national hero of the Philippine people *The American administration has lent every assistance to this recognition*, setting aside the anniversary of his death to be a day of observance, placing his picture on the postage stamp most commonly used in the Islands, and on the currency, cooperating with the Filipinos in making the site of his school in Dapitan a national park, and encouraging the erection by public subscription of a monument in his honor on the Luneta in Manila near the place where he met his death. One of the longest and most important streets in Manila has been named in his memory — Rizal Avenue. The Filipinos in many cities and towns have erected monuments to his name, and throughout the Islands the public schools teach the young Filipinos to revere his memory as *the greatest of Filipino patriots.*[32] *(Italics supplied)*

Now and then we come across some Filipinos who venture the opinion that Andres Bonifacio, and not Jose Rizal, deserves to be acknowledged and canonized as our first national hero. They maintain that Rizal never held a gun, a rifle, or a sword

31. Craig, **op. cit.**, p. 56.

32. Blair and Robertson, **The Philippine Islands, Vol. 1**, p. 55.

in fighting for the liberty and independence of our country in the battlefield. They further assert that while the foremost national heroes of other countries are soldier-generals, like George Washington of the United States of America, Napoleon I and Joan of Arc of France, Simon Bolivar of Venezuela, Jose de San Martin of Argentina, Bernardo O'Higgins of Chile, Jimmu Tenno of Japan, etc., our greatest hero was a pacifist and a civilian whose weapon was his quill. However, our people in exercising their good sense, independent judgment, and unusual discernment, have not followed the examples of other nations in selecting and acknowledging a military leader for their greatest hero. Rafael Palma has very well stated the case of Rizal versus Bonifacio in these words:

> It should be a source of pride and satisfaction to the Filipinos to have among their national heroes one of such excellent qualities and merits which may be equalled but not surpassed by any other man. Whereas generally the heroes of occidental nations are warriors and generals who serve their cause with the sword, distilling blood and tears, the hero of the Filipinos served his cause with the pen, demonstrating that the pen is as mighty as the sword to redeem a people from their political slavery. It is true that in our case the sword of Bonifacio was after all needed to shake off the yoke of a foreign power; but the revolution prepared by Bonifacio was only the effect, the consequence of the spiritual redemption wrought by the pen of Rizal. Hence, not only in chronological order but also in point of importance the previous work of Rizal seems to us superior to that of Bonifacio, because although that of Bonifacio was of immediate results, that of Rizal will have more durable and permanent effects.[33]

And let us note further what other great men said about the pen being mightier and more powerful than the sword. Napoleon I himself, who was a great conqueror and ruler, said: "There are only two powers in the world, the sword and the pen; and in the end the former is always conquered by the latter".[34] The following statement of Sir Thomas Browne is more applicable to the role played by Rizal in our libertarian struggle:

33. Palma, **op. cit.**, p. 367.

34. Tyron Eduards, **The New Dictionary of Thoughts**, p. 456.

"Scholars are men of peace; they bear no arms; but their tongues are sharper than the sword; their pens carry further and give a louder report than thunder. I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk than in the fury of a merciless pen".[35] And finally, let us quote from Bulwer: "Take away the sword; states can be saved without it; bring the pen!"[36]

For those who may still doubt and question the fact that Rizal is greater, far greater than Bonifacio, or any other Filipino hero, the following observation made by Retana will be sufficient:

> Todos los países tienen su ídolo mas ninguno tiene un mayor ídolo; que Filipinas. Antes desaparecerá de los Estados Unidos — ¡y ya es decir! — la memoria de Washington, que de Filipinas la memoria de RIZAL. No fué RIZAL, como médico, un Mariani, ni como dibujante un Gustavo Doré, ni como poeta un Goethe, ni como antropólogo un Virchow, ni como etnógrafo un Ratzel, ni como filipinista un Blumentritt, ni como historiador un Macaulay, ni como pensador un Hervás, ni como malayólogo un Kern, ni como filósofo un Descartes, ni como novelista un Zola, ni como literato un Menéndez y Pelayo, ni como escultor un Querol, ni como geógrafo un Reclus, ni como tirador un Pini. . . Distinguióse en muchas disciplinas; pero en ninguna de ellas alcanzó ese grado supremo que asegura la inmortalidad. Fué *patriota;* fué *mártir del amor á su país.* Pero en el caso de RIZAL hay otros filipinos; y ¿en qué consiste que RIZAL está á miles de cudos sobre todos ellos? Sencillamente, en la finura exquisita de su espíritu, en la nobleza quijotesca de sú corazón, en su psicología toda, romántica, soñadora, buena, adorable, psicología que sintelizó todos los sentimientos y aspiraciones de un pueblo que sufría, viéndose víctima de un régimen oprobioso. . . El espíritu de la Revolución tagala se juzga por este solo hecho: Fué, como es sabido, el brazo armado de aquel movimiento Andres Bonifacio; hé ahí el hombre que dió el primer grito contra la tiranía, el que acaudilló las primeras huestes, el que murió en la brecha. . . Y á ese hombre apenas se le recuerda; no se le ha eregido ningún monumento; los vates populares no le han cantado. . . Mientras que á RIZAL, enemigo de la Revolución, que calificó

35. **Ibid.**, pp. 456-457.

36. **Loc. cit.**

de *salvaje y deshonrosa,* le glorifica el pueblo hasta deificarle. . . ¿No se ve en esto un pueblo eminentemente espiritual, que tuvo en RIZAL un resumen viviente? Todo filipino lleva dentro de sí todo lo más que puede de RIZAL; raro es, en cambio, el que lleva dentro de sí algo del demagogo Bonifacio.

La inmortalidad de RIZAL está asegurada de cien maneras. Pero como más asegurada está es porque los millones de filipinos de hoy, de mañana y de siempre beben y beberán espíritu de RIZAL; no se nutren de otra cosa.[37]

In the preceding pages we have tried to show that Rizal was not only a great hero but the greatest among the Filipinos. As a matter of fact, the Austrian savant Prof. Blumentritt judged him as "the most prominent man of his own people" and "the greatest man the Malayan race has produced". We have also shown that even during his lifetime, Rizal was already acclaimed by both Filipinos and foreigners as the foremost leader of his people and that this admiration for him has increased with the passing of time since his dramatic death on the Luneta that fateful morning of December 30, 1896. Likewise, we attempted to disprove the claim made by some quarters that Rizal is an American-made hero, and we also tried to explain why Rizal is greater than any other Filipino hero, including Andres Bonifacio.

Who made Rizal the foremost hero of the Philippines? The answer is: no single person or groups of persons were responsible for making the Greatest Malayan the Number One Hero of his people. Rizal himself, his own people, and the foreigners all together contributed to make him the greatest hero and martyr of his people. No amount of adulation and canonization by both Filipinos and foreigners could convert Rizal into a great hero if he did not possess in himself what Palma calls "excellent qualities and merits" or what Retana spoke of "la finura exquisita de su espíritu, . . . la nobleza quijotesca de su corazón, . . . su psicología toda, romántica, soñadora, buena, adorable, psicología que sintetizó todos los sentimientos y aspiraciones de un pueblo que sufría, viéndose víctima de su regimer oprobioso. . . ."

37. Retana, op. cit., pp. 450-451.

APPENDIX B

MEMOIRS OF A STUDENT IN MANILA

by
P. Jacinto*

CHAPTER 1
MY BIRTH-EARLY YEARS

I was born in Calamba on 19 June, 1861, between eleven and midnight, a few days before full moon. It was a Wednesday and my coming out in this vale of tears would have cost my mother her life had she not vowed to the Virgin of Antipolo to take me to her sanctuary by way of pilgrimage.[2]

All I remember of my early days is I didn't know how I found myself in a town with some scanty notions of the morning sun, of my parents, etc.

The education that I received since my earliest infancy was perhaps what has shaped my habits, like a jar that retains the odor of the body that it first held. I still remember the first melancholy nights that I spent on the terrace [*azotea* — Z] of our house as if they happened only yesteday — nights full of

*This is the student memoirs or reminiscences of Jose Rizal. He wrote it from 1879 to 1881, from the age of 17 to 20. English translation by the Jose Rizal National Centennial Commission.

[1]P. Jacinto was the first pen-name used by Rizal in his writings. His other pen-names were Laong-Laan and Dimas Alang.

[2]The Virgin of Antipolo has been venerated by Filipinos, Spaniards, and Chinese since Spanish colonial days. The month of May is the time of pilgrimage to her shrine. She is also called Our Lady of Peace and Good Voyage, the patron saint of travelers. One legend says her image saved from shipwreck the crew of a ship that bore her from Acapulco to Manila many years ago.

the saddest poem that made impression on my mind, the stronger the more tempestuous my present situation is. I had a nurse [*aya* — Z.] who loved me very much and who, in order to make me take supper (which I had on the terrace on moonlit nights), frightened me with the sudden apparition of some formidable *asuang*, of a frightful *nuno*, or *parce-nobis*, as she used to call an imagnary being similar to the *Bu* of the Europeans. They used to take me for a stroll to the most gloomy places and at night near the flowing river, in the shade of some tree, in the brightness of the chaste Diana. . . . Thus was my heart nourished with somber and melancholic thoughts, which even when I was a child already wandered on the wings of fantasy in the lofty regions of the unknown.

I had nine sisters and one brother. My father, a model of fathers, had given us an education commensurate with our small fortune, and through thrift he was able to build a stone house, buy another, and to erect a little nipa house in the middle of our orchard under the shade of banana trees and others. There the tasty *ate* (atis) displays its delicate fruits and bends its branches to save me the effort of reaching for them; the sweet santol, the fragrant and honeyed *tampoy*, the reddish *macupa*, here contend for supremacy; farther way are the plum tree, the *casuy*, harsh and piquant, the beautiful *tamarind*, equally gratifying to the eyes and delightful to the palate, here the papaya tree spreads its broad leaves and attracts the birds with its enormous fruits, yonder are the *nangca*, the coffee tree, the orange tree, which perfumes the air with the aroma of its flowers; on this side are the *iba*, the balimbing, the pomegranate with its thick foliage and beautiful flowers that enchant the senses; here and there are found elegant and majestic palm trees loaded with enormous nuts, rocking its proud crown and beautiful fronds, the mistresses of the forests. Ah! It would be endless if I were to enumerate all our trees and entertain myself in naming them! At the close of the day numerous birds came from all parts, and I, still a child of three years at the most, entertained myself by looking at them with unbelievable joy. The yellow *culiauan*, the *maya* of different varieties, the *culae*, the *maria capra*, the *martin*, all the species of *pipit*, joined in a pleasant concert and intoned in varied chorus a hymn of farewell to the sun that was disappearing behind the tall mountains of my town. Then the clouds, through

a whim of nature, formed a thousand figures that soon dispersed, as such beautiful days passed away also, leaving behind them only the flimsiest remembrances. Alas! Even now when I look out the window of our house to the beautiful panorama at twilight, my past impressions come back to my mind with painful eagerness!

Afterwards comes night; it extends its mantle, sometimes gloomy though starred, when the chaste Delia[3] does not scour the sky in pursuit of her brother Apollo. But if she appears in the clouds, a vague brightness is delineated. Afterwards, as the clouds break up, so to speak, little by little she is seen beautiful, sad, and hushed, rising like an immense globe, as if an omnipotent and invisible hand is pulling her through the spaces. Then my mother would make us recite the rosary all together. Afterward we would go to the terrace or to some window from which the moon can be seen and my nurse would tell us stories, sometimes mournful, sometimes gay, in which the dead, gold plants that bloomed diamonds were in confused mixtures, all of them born of an entirely oriental imagination. Sometimes she would tell us that men lived in the moon and the specks that we observed on it were nothing else but a woman who was continuously spinning.

When I was four years old I lost my little sister (Concha) and then for the first time I shed tears caused by love and grief, for until then I had shed them only because of my stubbornness that my loving and prudent mother so well knew how to correct. Ah! Without her what would have become of my education and what would have been my fate? Oh, yes! After God the motner is everything to man. She taught me how to read, she taught me how to stammer the humble prayers that I addressed fervently to God, and now that I'm a young man, ah, where is that simplicity, that innocence of my early days?

In my own town I learned how to write, and my father, who looked after my education, paid an old man (who had been his classmate) to give me the first lessons in Latin and he stayed at our house. After some five months he died, having almost foretold his death when he was still in good health. I remember that I came to Manila with my father after the birth of the third

[3]A name of Diana, goddess of the moon and of hunting.

girl (Trinidad) who followed me, and it was on 6 June 1868. We boarded a *casco*,[4] a very heavy craft. I had never yet gone through the lake of La Laguna consciously and the first time I did, I spent the whole night near the *catig*, admiring the grandeur of the liquid element, the quietness of the night, while at the same time a superstitious fear took hold of me when I saw a water snake twine itself on the bamboo canes of the outriggers. With what joy I saw the sunrise; for the first time I saw how the luminous rays shone, producing a brilliant effect on the ruffled surface of the wide lake. With what joy I spoke to my father for I had not uttered a single word during the night. Afterward we went to Antipolo. I'm going to stop to relate the sweetest emotions that I felt at every step on the banks of the Pasig (that a few years later would be the witness of my griefs), in Cainta, Taytay, Antipolo, Manila, Santa Ana, where we visited my eldest sister (Saturnina) who was at that time a boarding student at La Corcordia.[5] I returned to my town and I stayed in it until 1870, the first year that marked my separation from my family.

This is what I remember of those times that figure in the forefront of my life like the dawn of the day. Alas, when shall the night come to shelter me so that I may rest in deep slumber? God knows it! In the meantime, now that I'm in the spring of life, separated from the beings whom I love and most in the world, now that sad, I write these pages. . . let us leave Providence to act, and let us give time to time, awaiting from the will of God the future, good or bad, so that with this I may succeed to expiate my sins.

8 Dulumbayan,[6] Sta. Cruz, Manila, 11 September 1878.

---

[4]Casco is a Philippine river craft, made of wood, used for passengers and freight. The catig is the vessel's outriggers made of bamboo canes.

[5]A well-known boarding school for girls, La Concordia College was administered by the Sisters of Charity. It was founded in 1868 by Margarita Roxas de Ayala, a wealthy Filipino woman, who gave her country home called La Concordia in Sta. Ana, Manila to the school and hence its popular designation. Its official name is Colegio de la Immaculada Concepcion.

[6]This old street was absorbed by the new avenue named for him — Rizal Avenue. Its name has been dropped.

CHAPTER II

MY LIFE AWAY FROM MY PARENTS MY SUFFERINGS

It is true that the memory of past days is like a gentle balm that pours over the heart a melancholy sweetness, so much sweeter and sadder the more depressed the one remembering it is. Turning my eyes, my memory, and my imagination towards the days past, that I don't wish to remember for being very painful, the first that I discover is Biñan, a town more or less an hour and a half distant from mine. This is my father's birthplace and to which he sent me to continue the study of the rudiments of Latin that I had begun. One Sunday, my brother took me to that town after I had bade my family, that is, my parents and brothers [sisters — Z.] goodbye, with tears in my eyes. I was nine years old and already I tried to hide my tears. Oh, education, oh, shame, that obliges us to hide our sentiments and to appear different! How much beauty, how many tender and pathetic scenes the world would witness without you!

We arrived at Biñan at nightfall and we went to the house of an aunt where I was to stay. The moon was begnning to peep, and in the company of Leandro, her grandson, I walked through the town that seemed to me large and rich but ugly and gloomy. My brother left me afterwards, not without having first introduced me to the teacher who was going to teach me. It seemed to me that he had also been his. He was tall, thin, long-necked, with sharp nose and body slightly bent forward, and he used to wear a *sinamay* shirt, woven by the skilled hands of the women of Batangas. He knew by heart the grammars by Nebrija and Gainza. Add to this his severity that in my judgment was exaggerated and you have a picture, perhaps vague, that I have made of him, but I remember only this.

When I entered his class for the first time, that is, in his house which was of nipa and low, about thirty meters away from my aunt's (for one had only to pass through a portion of the

street and a little corner cooled by an apple tree,[7]) he spoke to me in these words:

"Do you know Spanish?"
"A little sir," I replied.
"Do you know Latin?"
"A little, sir," I answered again.

For these replies the teacher's son Pedro, the naughtiest boy in the class, began to sneer at me. He was a few years older than I and was taller than I. We fought, but I don't know by what accident I defeated him, throwing him down some benches in the classroom. I released him quite mortified. He wanted a return match, but as the teacher had already awakened, I was afraid to expose myself to punishment and I refused. After this I acquired a fame among my classmates, perhaps because of my smallness so that after class, a boy invited me to a fight. He was called Andres Salandanan. He offered me one arm to twist and I lost, and almost dashed my head against the sidewalk of a house.

I don't want to amuse myself by narrating the whacks that I suffered nor describe what I felt when I received the first beating on the hand. Some envied me and others pitied me. Sometimes they accused me wrongly, sometimes rightly, and always the accusation cost me half a dozen or three lashes. I used to win in the gangs, for no one defeated me. I succeeded to pass over many, excelling them, and despite the reputation I had (good boy) rare was the day when I was not whipped or given five or six beatings on the hand. When I went in the company of my classmates, I got from them more sneers, nicknames, and they called me *Calambeño,*[8] but when only one went with me, he behaved so well that I forgot his insults. Some were good and treated my very well, like Marcos Rizal, son of a cousin of mine, and others. Some of them, much later, became my classmates in Manila, and we found ourselves in very changed situations.

Beside the house of my teacher, who was Justiniano Aquino Cruz, stood that of his father-in-law, one Juancho, an old painter

[7]This so-called apple tree is locally named manzanitas for it bears very tiny apples.

[8]That is a native (masculine) of Calamba.

who amused me with his paintings. I already had such an inclination for this art that a classmate of mine, called Jose Guevara, and I were the "fashionable painters" of the class.

How my aunt treated me can be easily deduced from the following facts:

We were many in the house: My aunt, two cousins, two nieces, Arcadia and Florentina, and a nephew, Leandro, son of a cousin. My aunt was an old woman who must be seventy or so years old. She used to read the Bible in Tagalog, lying down on the floor. Margarita (Itay), my cousin, was single, very much addicted to confessing and doing penance. Her brother Gabriel was a widower, Arcadia was a tomboy, of an inflexible character and irritable, though she had a simple and frank nature. The other, Florentina, was a little girl of vulgar qualities. As to Leandro, he was a capricious, pampered little boy, a flatterer when it suited him, of an ingenious talent, a rascal in the full meaning of the term. One day when we went to the river, which was only a few steps from our house, inasmuch as we passed beside the orchard, while we were bathing on the stone landing, for I did not dare go down as it was too deep for my height, the little boy pushed me so hard that had not one of my feet been caught, without doubt I would have been drowned for the current was already pulling me. This cost him some lashes with a slipper[9] and a good reprimand by my aunt.

Sometimes we played in the street at night for we were not allowed to do so inside the house. Arcadia, who was two or three years older than I, taught me games, treating me like a brother; only she called me "Uncle Jose"! In the moonlight I remembered my hometown and I thought, with tears in my eyes, of my beloved father, my idolized mother, and my solicitous sisters. Ah, how sweet to me was Calamba, in spite of the fact that it was not as wealthy as Biñan! I wuld feel sad and when, least expected, I stopped to reflect.

Here was my life. I heard the four o'clock Mass, if there was any, or I studied my lesson at that hour and I went to Mass afterwards. I returned home and I went to the orchard to look

[9]In Spanish, chinelazos, literally, lashes administered with a slipper with a leather sole, a common way of punishing children in Filipino homes.

for a *mabolo*[10] to eat. Then I took breakfast, which consisted generally of a dish of rice and two dried small fish, and I went to class from which I came out at ten o'clock. I went home at once. If there was some special dish, Leandro and I took some of it to the house of her children (which I never did at home nor would I ever do it), and I returned without saying a word. I ate with them and afterwards I studied. I went to school at two and came out at five. I played a short while with some nice cousins and I returned home. I studied my lesson, I drew a little, and afterwards I took my supper consisting of one or two dishes of rice with an *ayungin*.[11] We prayed and when there was a moon, my nieces invited me to play in the street together with others. Thank God that I never got sick away from my parents.

From time to time I went to Calamba, my hometown. Ah, how long the way home seemed to me and how short the way back was! When I sighted from afar the roof of our house, I don't know what secret joy filled my heart. Moreover I used to leave Biñan early in the morning before sunrise and I reached my hometown when its rays already were shining obliquely over the broad meadows. And I used to return to Biñan in the afternoon with the sad spectacle of the disappearance of the sun king. How I looked for pretexts to stay longer in my town; one more day seemed to me a day in heaven, and how I cried — though silently and secretly — when I would see the calesa[12] that was going to take me. Then everything seemed to me sad. I picked a flower, a stone that attracted my attention, fearful that I might not see them again upon my return. It was a new kind of melancholy, a sad pain, but gentle and calm that I felt during my early years.

Many things that are of no importance to the reader happened to me until one day I received a letter from my sister Saturnina advising me of the arrival of the steamer *Talim* that

[10]Mabolo or mabulo (Diospyros discolor, Wild.) is a tree that bears fruits of the same name. When ripe, it is fragrant, fleshy, sweet, and satisfying.

[11]Ayungin is the name of a small (about 12 centimeters long) fresh water, inexpensive fish (Therapon plumbeus Kner).

[12]A horse-drawn vehicle, light and airy.

was to take me on a certain day. It seemed that I had a presentiment that I would never come back so that I went very often and sadly to the chapel of the Virgin of Peace. I went to the river and gathered litle stones to keep as a souvenir. I made paper fishes and I readied everything for my departure. I bade my friends and my teacher farewell with a pleasant and profound sadness, for even sufferings, when they have been frequent and continuous, become so dear to the heart, so to speak that one feels pain upon leaving them, I left Biñan then on 17 December 1870 [*sic.* 1871 — Z.]. I was nine years old at one o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday.

For the first time I saw a steamer. It seemed to me very beautiful and admirable when I heard the conversation of my cousin, who took me, with the boatman on its manner of running. It was the only one they were waiting for. Two sailors put my things in the cabin and I went to see it. I thought I was going alone, without a companion, but a Frenchman called Arturo Camps, my father's friend, was in charge of accompanying me. The trip seemed to me very long, according to my beliefs with regard to a steamer. At sea, I remember I spilled the chocolate. Finally we arrived at Calamba. Oh, my joy on seeing the beach! I wanted to jump at once into a *banca*, but a crewman took me in his arms and put me in the captain's boat. Afterwards the Frenchman came and four sailors rowed us to the beach. It was impossible to describe my happiness when I saw the servant with the carriage waiting for us. I jumped and here I'm again in my house with the love of my family. Everything was for me joy, days of happiness. I found a little house with live rabbits, well decorated and painted for the pre-Christmas Masses. My brothers [brother and sisters — Z.] did not stop talking to me.

This is the end of my remembrance of that sad and gay time during which I tasted strange food for the first time. . . Alas, it seems that I was born destined to painful and equally bitter scenes! I have withheld nothing important. My situation, how different from that one!

Salcedo Street, No. 22
Monday, 28 October 1878

CHAPTER III

FROM JANUARY, 1871 TO JUNE, 1872*

I don't know how to describe to you my past days. I would not have been able to furnish you with anything notable had not something occurred that was truly unpleasant and sad that I could not forget it. Have you ever felt your honor outraged, your name tarnished, by persons who owed you many favors? My pen refuses and would have refused forever to put on paper some remembrances that I should like to forget if my purpose were not to make a succinct narration of my joys and misfortunes.

I will tell you that a few days after my arrival at my town, it was decided to make me stay there and send me to Manila later. The day came when I had desired to study under a teacher of the town. Of course, I learned nothing more than the multiplication table. During this time an uncle of mine (Mr. Jose Alberto) arrived from Europe. During his absence his wife failed lamentably in her duties as mother and wife. He found his house empty and his children abandoned two or three days before by the culprit. Frantic the poor man set out to look, for the whereabouts of his wife until at last he found her. He thought of divorcing her but at my mother's pleading, he agreed to live with her again. He passed through Calamba on his way to Biñan, where he resided. A few days later the infamous woman, in connivance with a lieutenant of the civil guard, who was a friend of our family, accused her husband of being a poisoner and my mother as his accomplice for which my mother was imprisoned by Mr. Antonio Vivencio del Rosario, a fanatical mayor,[13] a

*In his letter to Blumentritt, written at Geneva, June 10, 1887, Rizal said that he stayed in Biñan for "a year and a half." (The Rizal-Blumentritt Correspondence, Part I, p. 100. Rizal began his studies in Biñan in June, 1870 and returned home to Calamba in December 1871 — really one year and a half.)

[13]In Spanish, alcalde who exercised the combined functions of town executive and judge.

servant of the friar. I don't want to tell you our resentment and profound sorrow. Since then, though still a child, I have distrusted friendship and doubted men. We were nine brothers [brother and sisters — Z.] and our mother was unjustly snatched away from us and by whom? By some men who had been our friends and whom we had treated as sacred guests. We learned later that our mother got sick, far from us and at an advanced age. Oh, God, I admire and respect your most sacred will! The mayor, at the beginning, deluded by the accusations, and cautioned against everything that is noble, treated my mother rudely, not to say brutally, and later made her confess what they wanted her to confess, promising to release her and to let her see her children if she would say what they wanted her to say. What mother could resist, what mother would not sacrifice her life for her children? My mother, like all mothers, deceived and frightened (because they told her that if she did not say what they wanted her to say, they would declare her guilty) submitted to the will of her enemies and weakened. The question became complicated until, oh, Providence! the mayor himself asked my mother for pardon, but when? When the case was already in the Supreme Court,[14] he asked for forgiveness because he suffered remorse and he was horrified by his vileness. My mother was defended by Messrs. Francisco de Marcaida and Manuel Marzan, the most famous lawyers of Manila. She finally succeeded to be acquitted and vindicated in the eyes of her judges accusers, and even her enemies, but after how long? After two and a half years.

In the meantime they discussed my career and they decided that I should go to Manila with my brother Paciano to take the entrance examinations and study the secondary course at the Ateneo Municipal.[15] I therefore went down to Manila on June 10, 1872 and took an examination on the Christian Doctrine, arithmetic, and reading at the College of San Juan de Letran. They gave me a grade of "Approved" and with this I returned to my hometown happy, having for the first time experienced what examinations were.

[14]This was called the Real Audiencia de Manila.

[15]This was the famous school conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, renowned for their educational work.

A few days later the town feast was celebrated, after which I went down to Manila, but with sad feelings that I would again become unhappy.

22 Salcedo Street
1 November 1872.

CHAPTER IV

1872-1875

Today I'm going to relate to you my studies. As I had expected, I was introduced at the Ateneo Municipal to the Rev. Father Minister [administrator — .Z.] who at that time was Father Magin Ferrando. At first he did not want to admit me either because I had come after the period of admission was over or because of my rather weak constitution and short stature: I was then eleven years old. But later, at the request of Mr. Manuel Jerez [Manuel Xeres Burgos — Z.], nephew of the ill-fated Father Burgos[16] and now Licentiate in Medicine, the difficulties were removed and I was admitted. I dressed like the rest, that is, I put on a coat with a ready-made necktie. With what fervor I entered the chapel of the Jesuit Fathers to hear Mass, what most fervent prayers I addressed to God, for in my sadness I didn't know whom else to invoke. After Mass, I went to class where I saw a great number of children, Spaniards, mestizos;[17] and Filipinos, and a Jesuit who was the professor. He was called Father Jose Bech. He was a tall man, thin, with a body slightly bent forward, with hasty pace, an ascetic, severe and inspired physiognomy, sunken, small eyes, sharp Grecian nose, fine lips forming an arch whose ends turned towards his

[16]Father Jose A. Burgos (1837-1872) and two other Filipino clergymen Jacinto Zamora (1835-1872) and Mariano Gomez (1799-1872) were garroted on the 17th of February 1872 on Bagumbayan Field Manila falsely charged of complicity in the mutiny at the Cavite Arsenal in 1872.

[17]Mestizo in the Philippines is applied to Filipinos of mixed parentage; hence; Spanish mestizo is the offspring of a Spaniard and a Filipino; a Chinese mestizo; of a Chinese and a Filipino; American mestizo, of an American and Filipino, etc.

beard. The Father was somewhat lunatic so that one should not be surprised to find him sometimes disgusted himself, playing like a child. Among my classmates I should mention to you some who were quite interesting and perhaps would be mentioned by me frequently. One boy or young man of my own province called Florencio Gavino Oliva had an excellent mind but was of ordinary studiousness. One Joaquin Garrido, a Spanish mestizo, with poor memory but bright and studious. Resembling him very much was one Moises Santiago, mathematician and penman. One Gonzalo Marzano who then occupied the canopied throne of Roman Emperor. You should know that in the Jesuit colleges, in order to stimulate students, they put up two empires, one Roman and the other Carthaginian or Greek, constantly at war, and in which the highest positions were won through challenges, the winner being the one who made three mistakes less than his rival. They put me at the tail end. I scarcely knew Spanish but I already understood it.

After retreat[18] I left and I found my brother waiting for me to take me home, which was about twenty-five minutes from the college for I didn't want to stay in the walled city[19] which seemed to me very gloomy. I found a companion called Pastor Millena, a boy of my own age. The house was small, located at Caraballo Street. A river ran alongside two corners. The house consisted of a dining room, a drawing room, a sleeping room, and kitchen. A bower covered the small space between the gate and the stairs. My landlady was a bachelor woman called Titay, who owed us over P300. Her mother lived with us, a good old woman, an almost harmless insane, and some young Spanish mestizos, the fruits of frail love affairs. I shall not tell you how much I suffered, nor shall I tell you my displeasures and joys. I will only tell you what happened to me in the class during that year. At the end of one week, I was promoted and I stayed at noon at the Colegio de Sta. Isabel,[20] paying there three pesos.

[18]A Catholic practice consisting of certain number of days devoted to religious meditation and exercises.

[19]This is the Walled City of Manila or Intramuros where many churches and convents and government buildings were found.

[20]This was a large boarding school for girls in front of the Ateneo. Apparently it then admitted boys as day boarders.

I lived with Pastor. A month later I was already emperor. Ah, how happy I was when for the first time I got a religious print for a prize! In the first quarter I won a first prize with the grade of excellent, but afterwards I was disgusted on account of some words uttered by my professor, and I did not want to study hard any more, so that at the end of the year, to my misfortune, I obtained only *accessit*[21] in all my subjects, grade of excellent without getting any first prize. I spent my vacation in my hometown and I accompanied my elder sister Neneng to Tanauan for the town feast. This happened, in 1873. But my happiness was never complete for my mother was not yet with us. I went to visit her then alone without telling my father about it. This was after the school term and I told her that I received *accessit*. With what delight I surprised her! But afterwards we embraced each other weeping. It was almost more than a year that we had not seen each other. Even now I remember with sad pleasure the mute scene that occurred between us. Ah, how cruel men are towards their fellow men! I visited her again.

When vacation was over, I had to return to Manila to enroll for the second year course and to look for a landlady inside the walled city, for I was tired living outside the city. I found one on Magallanes Street, number 6, where lived an old lady called Doña Pepay, widow, with her daughter, also a widow,called Doña Encarnacion with four sons. Jose, Rafael, Ignacio and Ramon. Nothing extraordinary happened to me this year, for my professor was the same as the one last year. I only had other classmates or rather, I encountered again three who were my classmates in Biñan. They were called Justiniano Sao-jono, Angel and Santiago Carrillo. At the end of the year I won a medal and I returned to my hometown. I visited my mother again alone and there, like another Joseph, I predicted, interpreting a dream of hers, that within three months, she would be released, a prediction that was realized by accident.

But this time I began to devote myself in my leisure hours to the reading of novels, though years before I had already read *El Ultimo Abencerraje*,[22] but I didn't read it with ardor. Imagine

[21]Second prize.

[22]Spanish version of Le Dernier des Abencer ages a novel by Viscount Francois Rene de Chateaubriand (1768-1848)

a boy of twelve years reading the *Count of Montecristo*,[23] enjoying sustained dialogues and delighting in its beauties and following step by step its hero in his revenge. Under the pretext that I had to study universal history, I importuned my father to buy me Cesare Cantu's work,[24] and God alone knows the benefit I got from its perusal, for despite my average studiousness and my little practice in the Castilian tongue, in the following year I was able to win prizes in the quarterly examinations and I would have won the medal were it not for some mistakes in Spanish, that unfortunately I spoke badly, which enabled the young man M. G., a European, to have an advantage over me in this regard. Thus, in order to study the third year course, I had to return to Manila and found Doña Pepay without a room for boarders. I had to stay at the hosue of D. P. M. together with a rich fellow townsman called Quintero. I was discontented because they were strict with me but I kept regular hours which was good for me. I prayed and played with the landlord's children. My mother was not delayed in coming out free, acquitted, and vindicated, and as soon as she was out she came to embrace me. I wept . . . .

After two months and a half, I left that house and returned to the recently vacated room in the house of my landlady, Doña Pepay, and returned also to the same life as before. As a result of what happened to me in my studies, as I have already narrated, I received only the first prize in Latin, that is, a medal, not like last year, so that I returned to my hometown discontented, though I knew that many would have danced with joy for less. My family resolved to put me in the college as a boarder. Indeed it was time for I was giving very little attention to my studies. I was already approaching thirteen years and I had not yet made any brilliant showing to my classmates. Until here lasted my happiest days, though short; but what does it matter if they were short?

Calamba, 7 April 1879.

[23]A novel of Alexander Dumas, father (1802-1870)

[24]Cantu's book was entitled Universal History.

CHAPTER V

TWO YEARS IN COLLEGE

Soon to become eighteen years old and disillusioned, scarcely have I stepped on life's threshold, I direct my glance toward that happy period of my life, like a traveler who, feeling for the first time the breath of the tempest, already engulfed, turns his glance toward the shore that reminds him of his peaceful hours. Ah, I weep for you, placid hours that disappeared from the scene of my life more rapidly and fugaciously than lightning that shines on the dark road of the traveler. So sad is my situation that I doubt if I had ever been happy at all for I doubt if those days had ever existed.

During vacation my sisters made clothes for me and during that time also my sister Narcisa married . . . I cannot portray here what I felt on seeing the separation of a sister whom I loved so much . . . and notwithstanding it had to be thus.

I entered college then on 16 June 1875. My classmates received me well. The brother wardrobe-keeper assigned to me an alcove located in the corner of the dormitory looking out to the sea and the embankment. It consisted of a space of about two square varas,[25] an iron bedstead on which they placed my bedding, a small table with a basin, which a servant filled with water, a chair and a clothes rack. I forgot to say that in the little table I had a drawer with soap, comb, brushes for the hair and for the teeth, powder, etc. My little money that amounted to some eight pesos, I kept under my pillow. We didn't go to the alcove but twice a day regularly, once at siesta to wash and again at night to sleep. On holidays, in the afternoons, we dressed and we went out for a stroll. The rest of the time we spent in the study hall, at recess, in the classes, in the dining room, and in the chapel.

In spite of my thirteen years to fourteen, I was still very small, and as it is known that new students, especially the small

[25]A vara is a measure of length, about 32 inches.

ones, are received by the big ones with jokes, so it was on my first day, my pranks having attracted their attention. In a chorus they teased me and when they calmed down I told them in a tranquil voice: "Gentlemen, thanks." Since then they respected me and they didn't tease me maliciously. Excepting a few, all my companions were good, simple, pious, just, and amiable. There was no one among us who would want to control the rest by force, for power is achieved through skill. I had the luck to win if not the love at least the esteem of all of them. The names of some of my classmates shall never be erased from my memory; among them that of one Jovellanos, of one Lete (Enrique) and of others whose enumeration would be very pleasant for me but I foresee will be vexing to the reader.

Our Professor was a model of uprightness, earnestness, and love of the advancement of his pupils; and so much was his zeal that I, who scarcely spoke very ordinary Spanish, at the end of a short time, succeeded already to write it moderately well. His name was Francisco de Paula Sanchez. With his aid I studied mathematics, rhetoric, and Greek with some advantage. Often I got sick with fever despite the gymnastic exercises that we had, in which I was very much behind, though not so in drawing under a teacher worthy of his name and under whose guidance I still continue to study. I'm proud to tell you, reader, that I spent this year better than anybody else as a student, as a man, and as a Christian. Ten months passed that I haven't written anything in my diary because I don't want to relate to you inspired occurrences, and thank God I won five medals with an immense pleasure for with them I could somewhat repay my father for his sacrifices. What sentiments of gratitude did not then spring from my heart and with what sad delight I keep them still! After having bidden farewell to my superiors, teachers, and companions, I left . . . Who has not felt the vague melancholy that seizes the heart upon separating from one's companions? Who, at the age of fourteen years, if he has enjoyed the favor of the Muses, does not shed tears on the transition from childhood to young manhood?

My arrival at my hometown in the company of a father who idolized me mitigated somewhat my sorrow, and I spent my vacation in the best way possible.

I returned to college after three months and I began to study again, though the subject that I took was different. I was in the fifth year, already I was a philosopher. I had other professors, called Fathers Vilaclara and Minoves, the first one of whom liked me very much and to whom I was somewhat ungrateful. Although I was studying philosophy, physics, chemistry, and natural history and in spite of the fact that Father Vilaclara had told me to give up the society of the Muses and give them a last goodbye (which made me cry), in my leisure hours, I continued speaking and cultivating the beautiful language of Olympus under the direction of Father Sanchez. So sweet is their society that after having tasted it, I cannot conceive how a young heart can abandon it. What matters, I said to myself, the poverty that is the eternal companion of the Muses? Is there anything sweeter than poetry and sadder than the prosaic positivism of metallic hearts? Thus I dreamed then!

I studied the fifth year course with the same success as the previous one, though under other circumstances. Upright, severe philosophy, inquiring into the why of things attracted also my attention as did poetry, beautiful as she alone can be, playing with the charms of nature and leaving traces that breathe sublimity and tenderness. Physics, lifting up the veil that covers many things, showed me a wide stage where the divine drama of nature was performed. The movement, sound, warmth, light, electricity, a thousand varied phenomena, the most beautiful colors and delicate beauties entertained me during my free hours. Polarization plunged me into a world of mysteries from which I have not yet emerged. Ah, how beautiful is science when the one teaching it knows how to embellish it! Natural history seemed to me somewhat antipathetic. Why, I asked myself, if the perusal of history and the description of the birds and flowers, of animals and of crystals captivate me so much, why do I loathe seeing them reduced to a harsh order and wild animals mixed with tame ones? Shells pleased me very much for their beauty and because I knew that they inhabited the beaches of which my innocent imagination dreamed and treading on them I imagined the most beautiful waters of the seas and lakes lapping my feet. Sometimes I seemed to see a goddess with a shell that I saw in the shelf.

At last the end of the term came and the same thing happened to me. I carried away another five medals due to the indulgence with which my superiors treated me and to my no little luck in winning them. The day before the distribution of prizes, a feeling tormented me, the saddest and most melancholy that I had ever felt. On thinking that I had to leave that asylum of peace in which was somewhat opened my mind and my heart began to have bitter sentiments, I fell into a profound sadness. The last night on going to my dormitory and considering that night would be the last I would spend in my peaceful alcove, because, according to what they said, the world was waiting for me, I had a cruel presentiment which unfortunately was realized. The moon shone mournfully, illuminating the lighthouse and the sea, presenting a silent and grand spectacle which seemed to tell me that the next day another life awaited me. I was unable to sleep until one o'clock in the morning. It dawned and I dressed. I prayed fervently in the chapel and commended my life to the Virgin so that when I should step into that world which inspired me with so much terror, she would protect me. The prizes were distributed, they gave me the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and I believe that any young man who was fifteen years old, loved by his companions and professors, with five medals and the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the dream of the student of the secondary course, should be very much contented.[26] But, alas, it did not turn out that way! I was sad, cold, and pensive. Two or three tears rolled down my cheeks, tears offered as in farewell to the time past, to my good luck that would never come back, to my peace that soared to heaven leaving me alone on earth. Imagine it and you will feel it, if you have a heart.

Now it remains for me to evaluate the two years that I consider the happiest of my life, if happiness consists in living without vexatious cares. In what way have I advanced, that is,

---

[26] W.E. Retana, Rizal's Spanish biographer, writes in his Vida y escritos del Dr. Jose Rizal (Madrid, 1907, p. 30):

> *". . . Rizal at the age of scarcely sixteen years, or rather when he left the Ateneo with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in his pocket, was studious, very studious; reflective, modest, of great moral honesty; and besides having passed with the grade of excellent in all the subjects and won through competition almost all the prizes, had shown signs of being a poet, and designer. In truth, the same cannot be said of all men."*

what had I learned during the first year of my residence in college? What did I get from what I had learned?

I entered college still a child with very little knowledge of Spanish, with a moderately developed mind, and almost without refined sentiments. By force of study, of analyzing myself, of aspiring higher, of a thousand corrections, I was little by little transformed thanks to the beneficent influence of a zealous professor. My morality at that time makes me now sigh on remembering that state of sweetest tranquility of my spirit. By cultivating poetry and rhetoric, my sentiments were further elevated and Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and other authors showed me another road through which I could walk to attain one of my aspirations. I don't know if my present state makes me see the beauty of the past and the sadness of the present, but the truth is that when I was a college student, I never wanted to leave college and that now I would give anything to get over this terrible age of youth. Had I been perchance like the brook that while following its delightful way amidst willows and dense flowers smiles and frolics and upon being converted into a torrent angrily and turbulently flings itself until it is buried in the sea? My second year in college resembled the first with the difference that patriotic sentiments as an exquisite sensibility had been greatly developed in me. It passed like the first among principles of logic, physics, and poetical compositions. I had advanced somewhat in the cultivation of the Muses so much that I had composed a legend which suffered very slight correction by my professor and a dialogue which was staged for the first time at the end of the school term, alluding to the students' farewell.

Goodbye then beautiful, unforgettable period of my life, brief twilight which will not shine again! If my eyes no longer shed tears upon recalling you, my heart melts and seems to be oppressed! I have your memory here in my heart, in my mind, in my whole being. Farewell fortunate hours of my lost childhood, fly to the bosom of pure Innocence which created you to sweeten the moments of tender hearts.

Manila, 1, December 1879.

CHAPTER VI

APRIL TO DECEMBER 1877

Wake up, heart, kindle again your extinguished fire so that in its warmth you may remember that time which I dare not judge. Go, thinking mind, and go again through those places, recall those moments in which you drank together with the nectar the bitter gall of love and disappointment.

After the vacation period of that memorable year, I looked for a house in Intramuros[27] and I found one on Solana Street, whose landlord was a priest. My mother said that I had enough with what I knew and I should not return to Manila anymore. Had my mother a presentiment of what was going to happen to me? Has the heart of mothers, in fact, double vision?

I enrolled in metaphysics, because, besides my doubt about the career that I would follow, my father wanted me to study it, but so little was my inclination for it that I didn't even buy the textbook used by the other students. I found myself in Manila as if stupefied. A fellow collegian of mine, who had left college three months before and lived at that time on the same street as I, was the only friend I had then. My house companions were from Batangas, recently arrived at Manila. My friend M.[28] went to our house every Sunday and other days and afterwards together we would go to Trozo to the house of a grandmother of mine, friend of his father. For me the days passed happily and silently until one Sunday when we went to Trozo, we encountered there a girl[29] of about fourteen years fresh, pleasant, winsome who received my companion with much familiarity, from which I deduced that she might be his sister who I already had heard was going to marry a relative whose name I didn't remember. In fact we found there a tall man, dressed nicely, who seemed to be her fiance.[30] She was short, with expressive eyes, ardent

---

[27]The walled city of Manila.

[28]Mariano Katigbak of Lipa, Batangas.

[29]Segunda Katigbak.

[30]Manuel Luz of Lipa, Batangas.

at times, and drooping at other times, pinkish, a smile so bewitching and provocative that revealed some very beautiful teeth; with an air of a sylph, I don't know what alluring something was all over her being. She was not the most beautiful woman I had seen but I had never seen one more bewitching and alluring. They told me to sketch her, but I excused myself because really I didn't know. Finally they compelled me and I drew a grotesque picture. I played chess and whether due to the lady with her fiance or I was distracted seeing her or I was flattered or I didn't know, the fact was I lost! Now and then she looked at me and I blushed. At last they talked about novels and other things about literature and then I took part in the conversation with advantage. That day passed until the young woman K, entered college after taking leave of all the others who were there. I returned home and I didn't think seriously again of that day. A second Sunday came and I saw her followed always by her fiance and other girls.

It happened that I changed my residence and a sister of mine entered the Colegio de la Concordia in which the young woman K, was a boarder. I went to call on her and she appeared in the reception hall accompanied by the young woman who had become her intimate friend. As I had nothing to say to her nor had I had the honor of being introduced to her, besides my bashfulness as a collegian, I didn't address her except a ceremonious and silent bow to which she responded with admirable grace and delicacy. When I returned in the company of my aunts, we found them strolling. My sister followed us in a carriage and we went to the college where shortly afterwards the young woman appeared. No incident occurred to us worth mentioning.

One Thursday, my friend M., who was the brother of Miss K., came to invite me to go together to La Concordia to visit our respective sisters. I accepted the invitation gladly and we went. We found his sister in the hall. She greeted us and she asked me if I would like her to call my sister Olimpia. I thanked her and she went away nimbly but always with grace that I have never seen in any other woman. Shortly afterwards the two appeared and we formed a small circle. Since then we talked and animation reigned in our gathering. Her brother left us and went to speak with a girl to whom he was later married.

I don't remember how our conversation began, but I do remember that she asked me what flowers I liked best. I told her that I liked all, but that I preferred the white and the black ones. She told me that she liked the white and the pink ones and she became pensive; but later she added:

"Yes, I also like the black ones."

I kept quiet.

"Have you a sweetheart?" She asked me after a moment of silence.

"No". I replied, "I never thought of having one because I know well that no one would pay attention to me, especially the beautiful ones"

"Why, is it possible? Yo deceive yourself! Do you want me, to get you one?"

"Thanks, Miss," I told her, "but I don't want to bother you." I remembered at that moment that she would marry her uncle the following December, and then I asked her:

"Do you go back to your town in December?"

"No", she answered me dryly.

"They say that in your town a very big feast will be celebrated in which you will take an important part and it is possible that it will not be held without your attendance."

"No," she replied and she smiled. "My parents want me to go home but I should not like to do so, for I wish to stay in college for five years more."

Little by little I was imbibing the sweetest poison of love as the conversation continued. Her glances were terrible for their sweetness and expressiveness. Her voice was so sonorous that a certain fascination accompanied all her movements. From time to time a languid ray penetrated my heart and I felt something that until then, was unknown to me. And, why did the years pass so rapidly that I didn't have time to enjoy them? Finally when the clock struck seven, we took our leave of our respective sisters and then she said:

"Have you any order to give me?"

"Miss, I never had the custom of ordering women," I replied. "I expect them to command me."

We went down the wide staircase of the college and went home. I don't remember how I spent the night then. The time that passed afterward was so painful that the beautiful and sweet were erased from my mind leaving only black shadows mixed with the tints of tediousness.

My friend and I returned the following Sunday and we found only my sister because his had gone out that day with her father. It was a stormy night. My sister had asked me if I had requested her friend to make flowers and as I replied that I didn't, she told me that she had asked for material from the sisters [nuns — Z.]. I had made a pencil portrait of Miss K, that I copied from a photograph that she had given me last Thursday. After a while, her father and she appeared. I greeted him for we knew each other. They brought with them a cone of almonds which they offered us while she greeted us with her attractive smile. Her brother took a handful but I didn't. She disappeared, returning afterwards with two white roses, one of which she offered to her brother and the other to me which she herself placed in my hat band. I offered her the portrait I had made, which pleased her. Our conversation became animated and afterwards we took our leave, the same as last Thursday. She said that the white rose that she gave me was from my sister. And though, I knew it was not, I pretended to believe it. I went home and kept the rose, symbol of her artificial love. My aunts and I went there again on Thursday following that Sunday. They came out as usual, each one carrying a white rose; my sister gave me hers and she gave hers to her brother. We formed a circle and my seat was next to hers. My sister had to communicate I don't know what feminine secret to my aunts and therefore she left us alone. I took advantage of the occasion to ask her who made those roses and to tell her that I consider my sister incapable of having made them for she didn't know yet how to make them so well and moreover I wanted to know the name of my creditor. She confessed to me the truth blushing. I thanked her, promising her that I would keep it while I live and I added:

"Do you know that it is very painful for me to lose you after having known you?"

"But I'm going to get married!" she replied and two tears appeared in her eyes, having divined the very marked intention of my remark.

After this my aunts returned and we continued our conversation. The subject turned to trifles. It is true that during the conversation our eyes met, and the most intense glances full of a loving melancholical expression came to enslave my soul forever.

Our visits continued. I abstained, or rather I forbade my heart to love her knowing that she was engaged. But I said to myself: Perhaps she did love me: perhaps her love for her fiance was nothing more than a girlish love as her heart had not yet opened to receive true love. Moreover I'm neither rich nor handsome nor gallant nor attractive; and if she loved me, her love would be true, for it was not based on vain and shaky foundation. But even then, I decided to keep quiet until I could see greater proofs of sympathy between us. I would neither subject myself to her yoke nor declare myself to her.

Once when I went alone to the college, I carried letters and orders for her and consequently I could send for her to come out to the reception room; but I didn't do so, instead I waited for her little sister to whom I delivered them to be given to her. My sister came out telling me that K. was very sad on account of what I had done. I said nothing. After a short while, her brother arrived and sent for her. She came out very serious and formal. I bowed to her and she scarcely responded with a slight inclination of the head without smiling, and went to another group. I went back to my seat then and began to speak with her brother. After a while she came back to where we were; gay, loquacious, and witty, she entertained us delightfully with her pleasant conversation. When night came, the moon rose up majestically and we had to take our leave. Her brother and I were going to leave together and when we were already seated in the carriage, my sister called me and told me: "K. requests you not to come except in the company of her brother so that you can visit her." I received a pleasing joy but a marmorean exterior hid it from all; I said yes and left. Since then everything changed for me.

In the meantime chattering and lying rumor was already spreading our imaginary love, still in embryo, as certain. Everywhere I heard only talk about our relations and truth to tell we loved each other without having declared it clearly except that we understood each other through our glances.

In the meanwhile, time was passing away, I in going there every Thursday and Sunday and she in receiving us always enchanting and attractive, always a conqueror of my heart that still refused to surrender. It happened once that my aunts, another young woman and a sister of mine had to make flowers for I didn't know what saints and for this purpose went to the college in the morning and I had to fetch them in the afternoon; I went there already twice. Once I gave in to my friend, and another time I didn't go, saying I was ill. The following day I found them on the landing of the staircase — she, my two sisters, an aunt of mine, and another young woman. She was simply but very elegantly dressed, with her hair loose, and with a smile on her lips. Oh always I saw her thus even in my dreams! She received me cheerfully, accompanying us with my sisters until the carriage. My sister collegian talked with my aunts and she with me.

"Have you been sick?" she asked me in her sweet voice.

"Yes," I answered her, "but now I'm very well thanks to you . . . ."

"Oh!" she replied, "last night I was praying for you, fearful that something bad might happen to you."

"Thanks," I replied. "But being so, I would like to get sick always inasmuch as in this way I have the happiness of being remembered by you; moreover death might do me much good."

"Why?" she replied. "Do you wish to die? Well, I'm sorry."

And we kept quiet. I don't remember now what came out of our lips then, but we must have talked a great deal, inasmuch as night overtook us. Alas! Our conversation was so sweet, though we had not yet declared ourselves, that more and more fastened the yoke already being laid on me.

Ah! Once happy memories, now heart-rending! Oh, vanish from my memory, for instead of bringing me happiness, you inflame my despair and my skepticism.

I was then reflecting on my situation. New anxieties, new cares, new ideas, new sentiments seized me. When least expected I spent the night almost sleepless, steeped in my reflections. My rebellious heart, which perchance forebode what was going to happen later, refused to express itself yet and consequently to bend its neck, perhaps fearful of entrusting its happiness to such fragile hands. Alas, why have I not followed the impulses of my presentiments and followed another route, fascinated by the melodious voice of this siren, much more terrible and powerful than those of antiquity?

The eighth of December came, feast of the college in which she was a boarder. It was a Saturday, with an enviable sun. Some students and I went to the college. It was decorated with pennants, lanterns, flowers etc. We went up and there I found my (unintelligible word) . . . beautiful as ever but with a certain severe and reserved air that I could not explain, I asked for my sister and she came and she tried to call her, but she only approached our group carrying some pictures which she left with my sister. I took one of them without telling her, for she did not converse with us that morning. Twelve o'clock struck and we were going to depart and I approached her and said: "Miss, pardon me for having taken your picture without your permission. Will you not be offended if I keep it?"

"No," she said with a smile and made me forget her seriousness. Afterwards she called a friend of hers, thus cutting off our conversation.

We took our leave. When we reached home, I kept the picture and pretended not to be in bad humor.

One day my grandmother took me to the college in the morning and sent for her and my sister. I still seem to see her coming out pale and panting and turning a glance to me that filled me with joy, though it did not dispel my secret sorrow. Then I learned that her mother, having given birth to a boy to whom they gave the name Jose, had ordered her to go home that same month. A painful presentiment oppressed my heart but I concealed it under a cloak of indifference. My grandmother and the mother [nun — Z.] went away leaving us four there, that is, her, my two sisters, and me. My grandmother and the mother came back a while and we went down for I didn't know

what. While we were going down the stairs, she remained behind. I asked her then if it would not displease her to be of my hometown and she replied blushing that it would not.

She stopped beside the carriage and I, too, and we remained thus looking at each other for our companions had gone away to see I knew not what.

The time to take our leave came and we, my grandmother, my sister, and I, got into the carriage. My grandmother handed to me the letter in which her father ordered her to go home. I read and reread it and in the meantime I thought of what would become of us afterward should she become my partner. Oh; dreams!

At last Thursday came and I went to the college to visit them and say farewell as I had to go home the following day. We spoke very few words but sad and affectionate. She told me that she was going home on the following Saturday, that is one day after my projected departure. I answered her then that once I had decided to go home on Friday it would be very ugly for me to retract, but at any rate we would see each other in my hometown. She kept quiet, but she became pensive and raised her eyes to the sky. Even now it seems to me that I see her leaning against the door, in an attitude so thoughtful that had made me think so much.

I took leave of her as at other times, and the moon which at that time was at its apogee, illuminated the one who was to modify so much my ideas, standing on the landing of the staircase, always poetic for my imagination.

That was the first night that I felt an anguish and inquietude resembling love, if not jealousy, perhaps because I saw that I was separating from her, perhaps because a million obstacles would stand between us, so that my budding love was increasing and seemed to be gaining vigor in the fight. Since then I knew that I loved her truly and in my own way, that is, very different from other loves that I have heard mentioned.

As I had promised, I did go home the following day and I found on the steamer a young college woman of Sta. Catalina,[31]

[31] A boarding school for girls in Manila, Colegio de Sta. Catalina under a very strict order of nuns.

of the same age as K., of my town, who was also going home to Calamba for a few days with her father after having spent almost five years in the college.

We knew each other very well, but the education that the sisters of her college gave her made her excessively timid and bashful, so much so that I refrained from using the least ambiguous word. I had to resign myself to speak with her back. Her father was with us. To entertain her during the trip I asked about her college, her friends, and her hopes or illusions. She answered me in monosyllables and I noted that she had forgotten half of Tagalog if not all of it.

At last we arrived at our town: I, a little querulous about the bad treatment that I received from my fellow townswoman despite the fact that, continually besieged by the thought of my beloved, I could not think of joking other women.

When I reached home, my mother, who had already lost much of her sight, didn't recognize me until after having observed me a long time. That saddened me at the beginning when I didn't know yet the cause. My sisters received me joyfully and I could read their pleasure in their faces. They asked me about K. and they teased me. Of all of them my father was the most contented and the one who talked least.

Consider my situation and my illusions! My family was very much astonished when they learned that I knew how to handle arms, for that very night I proved myself to be the best swordsman in my town.

The following day, at the time when the steamer ought to arrive and therefore the family of my friend or my beloved after having waited for her a few minutes, we learned from my father, who had gone to meet her, that the steamer, on account of the wind, did not touch Calamba, but instead the passengers disembarked at Biñan. Consequently, her father, with all his companions, relatives of the fiance and others who formed the escort, waited outside the town and from there to go to Lipa. I had a white horse saddled and I mounted it and went out of the town because I expected to see her for the last time. I went in the direction of Biñan and I passed precisely the point where all those awaiting her were encamped. I goaded my horse as if I didn't notice them. Then I heard one crying out to me:

"Stop, stop."

I looked back and I saw no one who talked to me and I tried to go ahead and then the same call was repeated. I looked around. I encountered her father who asked me smiling how long ago had I arrived.

"Yesterday," I replied, bowing.

"Well, they are arriving today," he replied.

"Yes," I answered "It seems that my friend told me something about that."

But I knew very well that was the day of her arrival.

I didn't continue on my way. I took another road towards Los Baños, but I thought it would be better if I went to our lands as they would pass there to go to their town.

I did as I had thought and I rushed the horse until I reached our mill. I got down the horse and I amused myself looking at the water that ran through the canal, comparing its velocity to my days.

At this moment, only one coach arrived and I saw getting down the student of Sta. Catalina, an aunt of hers, an uncle, and a young man, student of the Ateneo, who had just arrived that day from Manila. They were going to their lands called Presa. I accompanied them on foot leaving my horse tied to a stake.

When we had arrived at their mill, I took leave to return to the town, but really to wait again on the road in case they had not passed by yet. I arrived there and I inquired if there had passed there cavalcades or *carromatas*.[32] No one could tell me.

Sadly I sat down by the bank of the brook that run the old mill that we had in it, thinking of many things at the same time and not being able to fix my mind on anything. I saw the swift currents carrying away branches that they tore from the bushes and my thought, wandering in other regions and having other

[32]Light two-wheeled covered vehicles usually horse-drawn, and more spacious than a calesa.

subjects, paid no attention to them. Suddenly I perceived a noise, I raised my head and I saw *calesas* and horses enveloped in a cloud of dust. My heart beat violently and I must have become pale. I took a short stroll returning to where I had the horse tied. There I waited.

The first vehicle carried K's father and another gentleman. He invited me to go to his town, I thanked him. How I would have liked to go! The vehicle that came behind was occupied by K., her sister, and other girls from La Concordia. She bowed to me smiling and waving her handkerchief, I just lifted up my hat and said nothing. Alas! Such has always happened to me in the most painful moments of my life. My tongue, profuse talker, becomes dumb when my heart is bursting with feelings. The vehicle passed like a swift shadow, leaving no other trace but a horrible void in the world of my affections. I mounted the horse while the third vehicle was approaching where my friend was riding. It halted and he invited me to go to his hometown. I was going to follow them for I was riding a pretty good horse. But in the critical moments of my life, I have always acted against my will, obeying different purposes and mighty doubts. I goaded my horse and took another road without having chosen it, exclaiming: This is ended thus. Ah, how much truth, how much meaning, these words then had! My youthful and trusting love ended! The first hours of my first love ended. My virgin heart will forever weep the risky step it took in the abyss covered with flowers. My illusion will return, indeed, but indifferent, incomprehensible, preparing me for the first deception on the road of grief.

I returned to the town inebriate and confused. Melancholy, sweet in its tortures, seized me. I knew that she was the woman who satisfied fully the aspirations of my heart that told me I had lost her.

I spent the two nights that followed this day in visiting, together with L., a young woman who lived toward the east in a little house at the right. She was a bachelor girl older than we were. She was fair with seductive and attractive eyes. She, or we, talked about love but my heart and my thought followed K. through the night to her town. If the most filthy corpse had told me that she too was thinking of me, I would have kissed it out of gratitude.

I spent the last days of December in that monotonous melancholy so much more implacable as I could not find any other object to distract my thoughts. My father, who had learned about our visits, prohibited us from continuing them, perhaps because the name of the oriental maid did not figure in his calculations. I did not visit her again.

Manila, 16 November 1881. S. L. departed.

CHAPTER VII

FROM JANUARY TO DECEMBER 1878

The short vacation ended without any important happenings. On the 6th of January I took leave of my parents and returned to Manila, my second hometown.

The old house on Magallanes Street received again the guest who since childhood had taken shelter in its shadow. An indefinable malaise and sadness like remorse took hold of my heart. I spent the night in vague, most melancholy reflections. It dawned. I sat down on my chaise lounge and I almost cried on remembering my family and my old friends. My room-mate found me praying.

The days of January, February, and March passed almost without any incident. I was waiting only for some news from her. During these months I had the discussion of Metaphysics, that is I maintained most intricate, vyingly complicated questions in Latin. I came out very middling for I had not prepared as I should. I took the examination in Metaphysics in March and I obtained the grade of excellent. I had the same success in the examinations in topography, winning two medals in this and in agriculture. My mother had given me for expenses that month something like P15.00 I bought a little tortoise-shell box and presented it to my professor of drawing.[33] And not having any thing more to do, I went home to spend the long vacation.

[33]Don Agustin Saez, eminent painter in Manila.

CHAPTER VIII

MY FIRST REMINISCENCE

When I had not yet seen other rivers except the river of my town, crystalline and gay in its winding course, shaded by murmuring bamboo groves; when my world was only circumscribed by the bluish mountains of my province and the white surface of the lake that I discerned from after through some ruins, sparkling like a mirror and filled with graceful sails, I like stories very much and I believed with all my heart everything the books contained, convinced that what was printed must perforce be the truth. And why not, since my parents, who punished me for the smallest lie, emphatically enjoined me to attend to my books, to read them diligently and understand them.

My first remembrance concerning letters goes back to my earliest age. I must be very small yet because when they polished the floor of our house with banana leaves, I would still fall slipping on the shiny surface as did the little skilled skaters on ice. It was still difficult for me to climb up a chair, I went down the stairs step by step, holding on to every baluster, and in our house as in the whole town, petroleum was unknown, nor had I seen until that time any *quinque*,[34] nor had any carriage ever passed through the streets of my town that I believed to be the *summum*[35] of joy and animation.

One night, when everybody at home was already asleep, when all the lights in the globes[36] had already been put out by blowing them off by means of a curved tin tube which seemed to me the most exquisite and wonderful toy in the world, I don't know why my mother and I had remained watching beside the only light that in all Philippine houses burned all night long, and that went out precisely at dawn waking the people with its cheerful hissing.

[34]This word is derived from the name of the first maker of that lamp, Quinquet, a Frenchman. Quinque refers to petroleum lamp.

[35]The utmost.

[36]Globes were appliances made of crystal in which were placed the vessels containing oil for lighting. They are hung from the ceiling with iron chains.

My mother then was still young. After a bath her hair which she let down to dry, dragged half a handbreath on the floor, by which reason she knotted its end. She taught me to read in *Amigo de los Niños*, a very rare book, an old edition, which had lost its cover and which a very industrious sister of mine had covered again by pasting on its back a thick blue paper, the remnant of the wrapper of a bolt of cloth. My mother undoubtedly annoyed at hearing me read pitifully, for, as I didn't understand Spanish, I could not give meaning to the phrases, took away the book from me. After scolding me for the drawings I had made on its pages, with legs and arms extended like a cross, she began to read asking me to follow her example. My mother, when she could still see, read very well, recited, and knew how to make verses. How many times during Christmas vacation afterwards, she corrected my poems, making very apt observations. I listened to her full of childish admiration. Marvelling at the ease with which she made them and at the sonorous phrases that she could get from some pages that cost me so much effort to read and that I deciphered haltingly. Perhaps my ears soon got tired of hearing sounds that to me meant nothing perhaps due to my natural distraction I gave litle attention to the reading and watched more closely the cheerful flame around which some small moths fluttered with playful and uneven flight, perhaps I yawned, be it what it might, the case was that my mother, realizing the litte interest that I showed, stopped her reading and said to me:

"I'm going to read to you a very pretty story, be attentive".

Upon hearing the word story I opened my eyes expecting a new and wonderful one. I looked at my mother who leafed through the book as if looking for it, and I got ready to listen with impatience and wonder. I didn't suspect that in that old book that I read without understanding, there could be stories and pretty stories. My mother began to read to me the fable of the young and the old moths, translating it to me piece by piece into Tagalog. At the first verses my attention redoubled in such a way that I looked towards the light and fixed my attention on the moths that fluttered around it. The story could not have been more opportune. My mother emphasized and commented a great deal on the warnings of the old moth and directed them

to me as if to tell me that those applied to me. I listened to her and what a rare phenomenon the light seemed to me more beautiful each time, the flame brighter, and I even envied instinctively the fate of those insects that played so cheerfully in its magical exhalation. Those that had succumbed were drowned in the oil; they didn't frighten me. My mother continued her reading, I listened anxiously, and the fate of the two insects interested me intensely. The light agitated its golden tongue on one side, a singed moth in one of these movements fell into the oil, clapped its wings for some time and died. That assumed for me the proportions of a great event and as a strange phenomenon that I have always observed in me when something excites me. It seemed to me that the flame and the moths were moving far away, very far, and that my mother's voice acquired a strange, sepulchral timbre.

My mother finished the fable. I was not listening; all my attention, all my mind and all my thoughts were concentrated on the fate of that moth, young, dead, full of illusions.

"You see?" my mother said to me taking me to bed. "Don't imitate the young moth and don't be disobedient; you'll get burned like it."

I don't know if I replied, promised something, or cried. The only thing I remember is that it took me a long time before I could sleep. That story had revealed to me things unknown to me until then. To me moths ceased to be insignificant insects; moths talked and knew how to warn and advise as well as my mother did. The light seemed to be more beautiful, dazzling, attractive. I understand why moths fluttered around lights. Advices and warnings resounded feebly in my ears. What preoccupied me most was the death of the imprudent, but at the bottom of my heart, I didn't blame it. My mother's solicitude didn't have all the success that she hoped it would.

No; many years have elapsed; the child has become a man; has plowed [sailed — Z.] the most famous foreign rivers and meditated beside their copious streams. The steamship has taken him across the seas and all the oceans; he has climbed the region of perpetual snow on mountains very much higher than the Makiling of his province. From experience he has received bitter lessons, oh, infinitely more bitter than the sweet lesson that his

mother gave him, and nevertheless the man preserves the heart of a child and he believes that light is the most beautiful thing there is in creation and that it is worthy for a man to sacrifice his life to it.

APPENDIX C

TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF MALOLOS*

(London, February 22, 1889)

When I wrote *Noli Me Tangere,* I asked myself whether bravery was a common thing in the young women of our people. I brought back to my recollection and reviewed those I had known since my infancy, but there were only few who seem to come up to my ideal. There was, it is true, an abundance of girls with agreeable manners, beautiful ways, and modest demeanor, but there was in all an admixture of servitude and deference to the words or whims of their so-called "spiritual fathers" (as if the spirit or soul had any father other than God), due to excessive kindness, modesty, or perhaps ignorance. They seemed faded plants sown and reared in darkness, having flowers without perfume and fruits without sap.

---

*This famous letter was written by Rizal in Tagalog, while he was residing in London, upon the request of M. H. del Pilar. The story behind this letter is this: On December 12, 1888, a group of twenty young women of Malolos petitioned Governor-General Weyler for permission to open a "night school" so that they might study Spanish under Teodoro Sandiko. The Spanish parish priest, Fr. Felipe Garcia, objected so that the governor-general turned down the petition. However, the young women, in defiance of the friar's wrath, bravely continued their agitation of the school — a thing unheard of in the Philippines in those times. They finally succeeded in obtaining government approval to their project on condition that Señorita Guadalupe Reyes should be their teacher. The incident caused a great stir in the Philippines and in far-away Spain. Del Pilar, writing in Barcelona on February 17, 1889, requested Rizal to send a letter in Tagalog to the brave women of Malolos. Accordingly, Rizal, although busy in London annotating Morga's book, penned this famous letter and sent it to Del Pilar on February 22, 1889 for transmittal to Malolos. For full text of this letter in original Tagalog and in English and Spanish translations see *A Letter to the Young Women of Malolos* by Jose Rizal, edited by Teodoro M. Kalaw and published by the National Library, Manila, 1932.

However, when the news of what happened at Malolos reached us, I saw my error, and great was my rejoicing. After all, who is to blame me? I did not know Malolos nor its young women, except one called Emilia [Emilia Tiongson, whom Rizal met in 1887], and her I knew by name only.

Now that you have responded to our first appeal in the interest of the welfare of the people; now that you have set an example to those who, like you, long to have their eyes opened and be delivered from servitude, new hopes are awakened in us and we now even dare to face adversity, because we have you for our allies and are confident of victory. No longer does the Filipina stand with her head bowed nor does she spend her time on her knees, because she is quickened by hope in the future; no longer will the mother contribute to keeping her daughter in darkness and bring her up in contempt and moral annihilation. And no longer will the science of all sciences consist in blind submission to any unjust order, or in extreme complacency, nor will a courteous smile be deemed the only weapon against insult or humble tears the ineffable panacea for all tribulations. You know that the will of God is different from that of the priest; that religiousness does not consist of long periods spent on your knees, nor in endless prayers, big *rosarios*, and grimy scapularies, but in a spotless conduct, firm intention and upright judgment. You also know that prudence does not consist in blindly obeying any whim of the little tin god, but in obeying only that which is reasonable and just, because blind obedience is itself the cause and origin of those whims, and those guilty of it are really to be blamed. The official or friar can no longer assert that they alone are responsible for their unjust orders, because God gave each individual reason and a will of his or her own to distinguish the just from the unjust; all were born without shackles and free, and nobody has a right to subjugate the will and the spirit of another. And, why should you submit to another your thoughts, seeing that thought is noble and free?

It is cowardice and erroneous to believe that saintliness consists in blind obedience and that prudence and the habit of thinking are presumptuous. Ignorance has ever been ignorance, and never prudence and honor God, the primal source of all wisdom, does not demand that man, created in his image and

likeness, allow himself to be deceived and hoodwinked, but wants us to use and let shine the light of reason with which He has so mercifully endowed us. He may be compared to the father who gave each of his sons a torch to light their way in the darkness bidding them keep its light bright and take care of it. and not put it out and trust to the light of the others, but to help and advice each other to find the right path. They would be madmen were they to follow the light of another, only to come to a fall, and the father could unbraid them and say to them: "Did I not give each of you his own torch,", but he could not say so if the fall were due to the light of the torch of him who fell, as the light might have been dim and the road very bad.

The deceiver is fond of using the saying that "It is presumptuous to rely on one's own judgment," but, in my opinion, it is more presumptuous for a person to put his judgment above that of the others and try to make it prevail over theirs. It is more presumptuous for a man to constitute himself into an idol and pretend to be in communication of thought with God; and it is more than presumptuous and even blasphemous for a person to attribute every movement of his lips to God, to represent every whim of his as the will of God, and to brand his own enemy as an enemy of God. Of course, we should not consult our own judgment alone, but hear the opinion of others doing what may seem most reasonable to us. The wild man from the hills, if clad in a priest's robe, remains a hillman and can only deceive the weak and ignorant. And, to make my argument more conclusive, just buy a priest's robe as the Franciscans wear it and put it on a carabao, and you will be lucky if the carabao does not become lazy on account of the robe. But I will leave this subject to speak of something else.

Youth is a flower-bed that is to bear rich fruit and must accumulate wealth for its descendants. What offspring will be that of a woman whose kindness of character is expressed by mumbled prayers; who knows nothing by heart but *awits*, *novenas*, and the alleged miracles; whose amusement consists in playing *panguingue* or in the frequent confession of the same sins? What sons will she have but acolytes, priest's servants, or cockfighters? It is the mothers who are responsible for the present servitude of our compatriots, owing to the unlimited trustfulness

of their loving hearts, to their ardent desire to elevate their sons. Maturity is the fruit of infancy and the infant is formed on the lap of its mother. The mother who can only teach her child how to kneel and kiss hands must not expect sons with blood other than that of vile slaves. A tree that grows in the mud is unsubstantial and good only for firewood. If her son should have a bold mind, his boldness will be deceitful and will be like the bat that cannot show itself until the ringing of vespers. They say that prudence is sanctity. But, what sanctity have they shown us? To pray and kneel a lot, kiss the hand of the priests, throw money away on churches, and believe all the friar sees fit to tell us; gossip, callous rubbing of noses. . . .

As to the mites and gifts to God, is there anything in the world that does not belong to God? What would you say of a servant making his master a present of a cloth borrowed from that very master? Who is so vain, so insane that he will give alms to God and believe that the miserable thing he has given will serve to clothe the Creator of all things? Blessed be they who succor their fellow men, aid the poor and feed the hungry; but cursed be they who turn a dead ear to supplications of the poor, who only give to him who has plenty and spend their money lavishly on silver altar hangings for the thanksgiving, or in serenades and fireworks. The money ground out of the poor is bequeathed to the master so that he can provide for chains to subjugate, and hire thugs and executioners. Oh, what blindness, what lack of understanding!

Saintliness consists in the first place in obeying the dictates of reason, happen what may. "It is acts and not words that I want of you," said Christ. "Not everyone that sayeth unto me, Lord, Lord shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven." Saintliness does not consist in abjectness, nor is the successor of Christ to be recognized by the fact that he gives his hand to be kissed. Christ did not give the kiss of peace to the Pharisees and never gave his hand to be kissed. He did not cater to the rich and vain; He did not mention scapularies, nor did He make rosaries, or solicit offerings for the sacrifice of the Mass or exact payments for His prayers. Saint John did not demand a fee on the River Jordan, nor did Christ teach for gain. Why, then, do the friars

now refuse to stir a foot unless paid in advance? And, as if they were starving, they sell scapularies, rosaries, bits, and other things which are nothing but schemes for making money, and a detriment to the soul; because even if all the rags on earth were converted into scapularies and all the trees in the forest into rosaries, and if the skins of all the beasts were made into belts, and if all the priests of the earth mumbled prayers over all this and sprinkled oceans of holy water over it, this would not purify a rogue or condone sin where there is no repentence. Thus, also, through cupidity and love of money, they will, for a price, revoke the numerous prohibitions such as those against eating meat, marrying close relatives, etc. You can do almost anything if you but grease their palms. Why that? Can God be bribed and bought off, and blinded by money, nothing more nor less than a friar? the brigand who has obtained a bull of compromise can live calmly on the proceeds of his robbery, because he will be forgiven. God, then, will sit at a table where theft provides the viands? Has the Omnipotent become a pauper that He must assume the role of the excise man or gendarme? If that is the God whom the friar adores, then I turn my back upon that God.

Let us be reasonable and open our eyes, especially you women, because you are the first to influence the consciousness of man. Remember that a good mother does not resemble the mother that the friar has created; she must bring up her child to be the image of the true God, not of a blackmailing, a grasping God, but of a God who is the father of us all, who is just; who does not suck the life-blood of the poor like a vampire, nor scoffs at the agony of the sorely beset, nor makes a crooked path of the path of justice. Awaken and prepare the will of our children towards all that is honorable, judged by proper standards, to all that is sincere and firm of purpose, clear judgment, clear procedure, honesty in act and deed, love for the fellowman and respect for God; this is what you must teach your children. And, seeing that life is full of thorns and thistles, you must fortify their minds against any stroke of adversity and accustom them to danger. The people can not expect honor nor prosperity so long as they will educate their children in a wrong way, so long as the woman who guides the child in his steps is slavish and ignorant. No good water comes from a turbid, bitter spring; no savory fruit comes from acrid seed.

The duties that woman has to perform in order to deliver the people from suffering are of no little importance, but be they as they may, they will not be beyond the strength and stamina of the Filipino people. The power and good judgment of the woman of the Philippines are well known, and it is because of this that she has been hoodwinked, and tied, and rendered pusillanimous; and now her enslavers rest at ease, because so long as they can keep the Filipina mother a slave, so long will they be able to make slaves of her children. The cause of the backwardness of Asia lies in the fact that there the women are ignorant, are slaves; while Europe and America are powerful because there the women are free and well educated and endowed with lucid intellect and a strong will.

We know that you lack instructive books; we know that nothing is added to your intellect, day by day, save that which is intended to dim its natural brightness; all this we know, hence our desire to bring you the light that illuminates your equals here in Europe. If that which I tell you does not provoke your anger, and if you will pay a little attention to it then, however dense the mist may be that befogs our people, I will make the utmost efforts to have it dissipated by the bright rays of the sun, which will give light, though they may be dimmed. We shall not feel any fatigue if you help us: God, too, will help to scatter the mist, because He is the God of truth: He will restore to its pristine condition the fame of the Filipina in whom we now miss only a criterion of her own, because good qualities she has enough and to spare. This is our dream; this is the desire we cherish in our hearts; to restore the honor of woman, who is half of our heart, our companion in the joys and tribulations of life. If she is a maiden, the young man should love her not only because of her beauty and her amiable character, but also on account of her fortitude of mind and loftiness of purpose, which quicken and elevate the feeble and timid and ward off all vain thoughts. Let the maiden be the pride of her country and command respect, because it is a common practice on the part of Spaniards and friars here who have returned from the Islands to speak of the Filipina as complaisant and ignorant, as if all should be thrown into the same class because of the missteps of a few, and as if women of weak character did not exist in other lands. As to purity what could the Filipina not hold up to others!

Nevertheless, the returning Spaniards and friars, talkative and fond of gossip, can hardly find time enough to brag and bawl, amidst guffaws and insulting remarks, that a certain woman was thus; that she behaved thus at the convent and conducted herself thus with the Spaniards who on the occasion was her guest, and other things that set your teeth on edge when you think of them which, in the majority of cases, were faults due to candor, excessive kindness, meekness, or perhaps ignorance and were all the work of the defamer himself. There is a Spaniard now in high office, who has sat at our table and enjoyed our hospitality in his wanderings through the Philippines and who, upon his return to Spain, rushed forthwith into print and related that on one occasion in Pampanga he demanded hospitality and ate, and slept at a house and the lady of the house conducted herself in such and such a manner with him; this is how he repaid the lady for her supreme hospitality! Similar insinuations are made by the friars to the chance visitor from Spain concerning their very obedient *confesandas*, hand-kissers, etc., accompanied by smiles and very significant winkings of the eye. In a book published by D. Sinibaldo de Mas and in other friar sketches sins are related of which women accused themselves in the confessional and of which the friars made no secret in talking to their Spanish visitors seasoning them, at the best, with idiotic and shameless tales not worthy of credence. I cannot repeat here the shameless stories that a friar told Mas and to which Mas attributed no value whatever. Everytime we hear or read anything of this kind, we ask each other: Are the Spanish women all cut after the pattern of the Holy Virgin Mary and the Filipinas all reprobates? I believe that if we are to balance accounts in this delicate question, perhaps. . . But I must drop the subject because I am neither a confessor nor a Spanish traveler and have no business to take away anybody's good name. I shall let this go and speak of the duties of woman instead.

A people that respect woman, like the Filipino people, must know the truth of the situation in order to be able to do what is expected of it. It seems an established fact that when a young student falls in love, he throws everything to the dogs — knowledge, honor, and money, as if a girl could not do anything but sow misfortune. The bravest youth becomes a coward when he married, and the born coward becomes shameless, as if he had

been waiting to get married in order to show his cowardice. The son, in order to hide his pusillanimity, remembers his mother, swallows his wrath, suffers his ears to be boxed, obeys the most foolish order, and becomes an accomplice to his own dishonor. It should be remembered that where nobody flees there is no pursuer; when there is no little fish, there can not be a big one. Why does the girl not require of her lover a noble and honored name, a manly heart offering protection to her weakness, and a high spirit incapable of being satisfied with engendering slaves? Let her discard all fear, let her behave nobly and not deliver her youth to the weak and faint-hearted. When she is married, she must aid her husband, inspire him with courage, share his perils, refrain from causing him worry and sweeten his moments of affliction, always remembering that there is no grief that a brave heart can not bear and there is no bitterer inheritance than that of infamy and slavery. Open your children's eyes so that they may jealously guard their honor, love their fellowmen and their native land, and do their duty. Always impress upon them they must prefer dying with honor to living in dishonor. The women of Sparta should serve you as an example in this; I shall give some of their characteristics.

When a mother handed the shield to her son as he was marching to battle, she said nothing to him but this: "Return with it, or on it," which mean, come back victorious or dead, because it was customary with the routed warrior to throw away his shield, while the dead warrior was carried home on his shield. A mother received word that her son had been killed in battle and the army routed. She did not say a word, but expressed her thankfulness that her son had been saved from disgrace. However, when her son returned alive, the mother put on mourning. One of the mothers who went out to meet the warriors returning from battle was told by one that her three sons had fallen. I do not ask you that, said the mother, but whether we have been victorious or not. We have been victorious — answered the warrior. If that is so, then let us thank God, and she went to the temple.

Once upon a time a king of theirs, who had been defeated, hid in the temple, because he feared the popular wrath. The Spartans resolved to shut him up there and starve him to death.

When they were blocking the door, the mother was the first to bring stones. These things were in accordance with the custom there, and all Greece admired the Spartan woman. Of all women — a woman said jestingly — only you Spartans have power over the men. Quite natural — they replied — of all women only we give birth to men. Man, the Spartan women said, was not born to life for himself alone but for his native land. So long as this way of thinking prevailed and they had that kind of women in Sparta, no enemy was able to put his foot upon her soil, nor was there a woman in Sparta who ever saw a hostile army.

I do not expect to be believed simply because it is I who am saying this; there are many people who do not listen to reason, but will listen only to those who wear the cassock or have gray hair or no teeth; but while it is true that the aged should be venerated, because of their travails and experience, yet the life I have lived, consecrated to the happiness of the people, adds some years, though not many of my age. I do not pretend to be looked upon as an idol or fetish and to be believed and listened to with the eyes closed, the head bowed, and the arms crossed over the breast; what I ask of all is to reflect on what I tell him, think it over and shift it carefully through the sieve of reason.

First of all. That the tyranny of some is possible only through cowardice and negligence on the part of others.

Second. What makes one contemptible is lack of dignity and abject fear of him who holds one in contempt.

Third. Ignorance is servitude, because as a man thinks, so he is; a man who does not think for himself and allowed himself to be guided by the thought of another is like the beast led by a halter.

Fourth. He who loves his independence must first aid his fellowman, because he who refuses protection to others will find himself without it; the isolated rib of the buri palm is easily broken, but not so the broom made of the ribs of the palm bound together.

Fifth. If the Filipina will not change her mode of being, let her rear no more children, let here merely give birth to them.

She must cease to be the mistress of the home, otherwise she will unconsciously betray husband, child, native land, and all.

Sixth. All men are born equal, naked, without bonds. God did not create man to be a slave; nor did he endow him with intelligence to have him hoodwinked, or adorn him with reason to have him deceived by others. It is not fatuous to refuse to worship one's equal, to cultivate one's intellect, and to make use of reason in all things. Fatuous is he who makes a god of him, who makes brutes of others, and who strives to submit to his whims all that is reasonable and just.

Seventh. Consider well what kind of religion they are teaching you. See whether it is the will of God or according to the teachings of Christ that the poor be succored and those who suffer alleviated. Consider what they are preaching to you, the object of the sermon, what is behind the masses, *novenas*, rosaries, scapularies, images, miracles, candles, belts, etc., etc.; which they daily keep before your minds; ears and eyes; jostling, shouting, and coaxing; investigate whence they came and whither they go and then compare that religion with the pure religion of Christ and see whether the pretended observance of the life of Christ does not remind you of the fat milch cow or the fattened pig, which is encouraged to grow fat not through love of the animal, but for grossly mercenary motives.

Let us, therefore, reflect; let us consider our situation and see how we stand. May these poorly written lines aid you in your good purpose and help you to pursue the plan you have initiated. "May your profit be greater than the capital invested;" and I shall gladly accept the usual reward of all who dare tell your people the truth. May your desire to educate yourself be crowned with success; may you in the garden of learning gather not bitter, but choice fruit, looking well before you eat because on the surface of the globe all is deceit, and the enemy sows weeds in your seedling plot.

All this is the ardent desire of your compatriot.

JOSE RIZAL

APPENDIX D

THE INDOLENCE OF THE FILIPINOS*

Doctor Sancianco, in his *Progreso de Filipinas*, has taken up this question, *agitated,* as he calls it, and relying upon facts and reports furnished by the very same Spanish authorities that ruled the Philippines has demonstrated that such indolence does not exist, and that all said about it does not deserve a reply or even passing choice.

Nevertheless as discussion of it has been continued, not only by government employees who make it responsible for their own shortcomings, not only by the friars who regard it as necessary in order that they may continue to represent themselves as indispensable, but also by serious and disinterested persons: and as evidence of greater or less weight may be adduced in opposition to that which Dr. Sanciano cites, it seems expedient to us to study this question thoroughly, without supercilousness or sensitiveness, without prejudice, without pessimism. And as we can only serve our country by telling the truth, however, bitter it be, just as flagrant and skillful negation cannot refute a real and positive fact, in spite of the brilliance of the arguments; as mere affirmation is not sufficient to create something possible, let us calmly examine the facts, using on our part all the impartiality of which a man is capable who is convinced that there is no redemption except upon solid bases of virtue.

The word indolence has been greatly misused in the sense of little love for work and lack of energy, while ridicule has

---

*English translation by Derbyshire. The article by Rizal, originally written in Spanish, was published in *La Solidaridad* in five installments, from July 15 to September 15, 1890.

concealed the misuse. This much-discussed question has met with the same fate as certain panaceas and specifics of the quacks who by ascribing to them impossible virtues have discredited them. In the Middle Ages, and even in some Catholic countries now, the devil is blamed for everything that superstitious folk cannot understand or the perversity of mankind is loath to confess. In the Philippines one's and another's faults, the shortcomings of one, the misdeeds of another, are attributed to indolence. And just as in the Middle Ages he who sought the explanation of phenomena outside of infernal influences was persecuted, so in the Philippines worse happens to him who seeks the origin of the trouble outside of accepted beliefs.

The consequence of this misuse is that there are some who are interested in stating it as a dogma and others in combating it as a ridiculous superstition, if not a punishable delusion. Yet it is not to be inferred from the misuse of a thing that it does not exist.

We think that there must be something behind all this outcry, for it is incredible that so many should err, among whom we have said there are a lot of serious and disinterested persons. Some act in bad faith, through levity, through want of sound judgment, through limitation in reasoning power, ignorance of the past, or other cause. Some repeat what they have heard, without examination or reflection; others speak through pessimism or are impelled by that human characteristic which paints as perfect everything that belongs to oneself and defective whatever belongs to another. But it cannot be denied that there are some who worship truth, or if not truth itself at least the semblance thereof which is truth in the mind of the crowd.

Examining well, then, all scenes and all the men that we have known from childhood; and the life of our country, we believe that indolence does exist there. The Filipinos, who can measure up with the most active peoples in the world, will doubtless not repudiate his admission, for it is true there one works and struggles against the climate, against nature and against men. But we must not take the exception for the general rule, and should rather seek the good of our country by stating what we believe to be true. We must confess that indolence does actually and positively exist there, only that, instead of

holding it to be the *cause* of the backwardness and the trouble, we regard it as the *effect* of the trouble and the backwardness, by fostering the development of a *lamentable predisposition*.

Those who have as yet treated of indolence, with the exception of Dr. Sancianco, have been content to deny or affirm it. We know of no one who has studied its causes. Nevertheless, those who admit its existence and exaggerate it more or less have not therefore failed to advise remedies taken from here and there, from Java, from India, from other English or Dutch colonies, like the quack who saw a fever cured with a dozen sardines and afterwards always prescribed these fish at every rise in temperature that he discovered in his patient.

We shall proceed otherwise. Before proposing a remedy we shall examine the causes, and even though strictly speaking a predisposition is not a cause, let us, however, study at its true value this predisposition due to nature.

The predisposition exists? Why shouldn't it?

A hot climate requires of the individual quiet and rest, just as cold incites to labor and action. For this reason the Spaniard is more indolent than the Frenchman; the Frenchman more so than the German. The Europeans themselves who reproach the residents of the colonies so much (and I am not now speaking of the Spaniards but of the Germans and English themselves), how do they live in tropical countries? Surrounded by a numerous train of servants, never-going afoot but riding in a carriage, needing servants not only to take off their shoes for them but even to them! And yet they live and eat better, they work for themselves to get rich, with the hope of a future, free and respected, while the poor colonist, the *indolent colonist*, is badly nourished, has no hope, toils for others, and works under force and compulsion! Perhaps the reply to this will be that white men are not made to stand the severity of the climate. A mistake! A man can live in any climate, if he will only adapt himself to its requirements and conditions. What kills the European in hot countries is the abuse of liquors, the attempt to live according to the nature of his own country under another sky and another sun. We inhabitants of hot countries live well in northern Europe whenever we take the precautions of the people there do. Euro-

peans can also stand the torrid zone, if only they would get rid of their prejudices.

The fact is that in tropical countries violent work is not a good thing as it is in cold countries, there it is death, destruction, annihilation. Nature knows this and like a just mother has therefore made the earth more fertile, more productive, as a compensation. An hour's work under that burning sun, in the midst of pernicious influences springing from nature in activity, is equal to a day's work in a temperate climate; it is, then, just that the earth yields a hundred fold! Moreover, do we not see the active European, who feels the fresh blood of spring boil in his veins, do we not see him abandon his labors, during the few days of his variable summer, close his office — where the work is not violent and amounts for many to talking and gesticulating in the shade beside a lunchstand, — flee to watering places, sit in the cafes or stroll about. What wonder then that the inhabitant of tropical countries, worn out and with his blood thinned by the continuous and excessive heat is reduced to inaction? Who is the indolent one in the Manila offices? Is it the poor clerk who comes in at eight in the morning and leaves at one in the afternoon with only his parasol, who copies and writes and works for himself and for his chief, or is it the chief, who comes in a carriage at ten o'clock, leaves before twelve, reads his newspaper while smoking and with his feet cocked up on a chair or a table, or gossiping about all his friends? Which is indolent, the native coadjutor, poorly paid and badly treated, who has to visit all the indigent sick living in the country, or the friar curate who gets fabulously rich, goes about in a carriage, eats and drinks well, and does not put himself to any trouble without collecting an excessive fee?

Without speaking further of the Europeans in what violent labor does the Chinaman engage in tropical countries, the industrious Chinaman, who flees from his own country driven by hunger and whose whole ambition is to amass a small fortune? With the exception of some porters, an occupation that the natives also follow, he nearly always engages in the trade, in commerce; so rarely does he take up agriculture that we do not know of a single case. The Chinaman who in other colonies cultivates the soil does so only for a certain number of years and then retires.

We find, then, the tendency to indolence very natural, and have to admit and bless it, for we cannot alter natural laws, and without it the race would have disappeared. Man is not a brute, he is not a machine, his object is not merely to produce, in spite of the pretensions of some Christian whites who would make of the colored Christian a kind of motive power somewhat more intelligent and less costly than steam. Man's object is not to satisfy the passions of another man, his object is to seek happiness for himself and his kind by travelling along the road of progress and perfection.

The evil is not that indolence exists more or less latently but that it is fostered and magnified. Among men, as well as among nations, there exist not only aptitudes but also tendencies good and evil. To foster the good ones and aid them, as well as correct the evil and repress them, would be the duty of society and government, if less noble thoughts did not occupy their attention. The evil is that the indolence in the Philippines is a magnified indolence, an indolence of the snowball type, if we may be permitted the expression, an evil that increases in direct proportion to the periods of time, and *effect* of misgovernment and of backwardness, as we said, and not a *cause* thereof. Others will hold the contrary opinion, especially those who have a hand in the misgovernment, but we do not care: we have made an assertion and are going to prove it.

— II —

When in consequence of a long chronic illness the condition of the patient is examined, the question may arise whether the weakening of the fibers and the debility of the organs are the cause of the malady's continuing or the effect of the bad treatment that prolongs its action. The attending physician attributes the entire failure of his skill to the poor constitution of the patient, to the climate, to the surroundings, and so on. On the other hand, the patient attributes the aggravation of the evil to the system of treatment followed. Only the common crowd, the inquisitive populace, shakes its head and cannot reach a decision.

Something like this happens in the case of the Philippines. Instead of physician, read government, that is, friars, employees, etc. Instead of patient, Philippines; instead of malady, indolence.

And just as happens in similar cases when the patient gets worse, everybody loses his head, each one dodges the responsibility to place it upon somebody else, and instead of seeking the causes in order to combat the evil in them, devotes himself at best to attacking the symptoms; here a blood-letting, a tax; there a plaster, forced labor, further on a sedative, a trifling reform. Every new arrival proposes a new remedy; one, seasons of prayer, the relics of a saint, the viaticum, the friars; another shower-bath; still another, with pretensions to modern ideas, a transfusion of blood. "It's nothing, only the patient has eight million indolent red corpuscles; some few white corpuscles in the form of an agricultural colony will get us out of the trouble."

So, on all sides there are groans, gnawing of lips, clenching of fists, many hollow words, great ignorance, a deal of talk, a lot of fear. The patient is near his finish!

Yes, transfusion of blood, transfusion of blood! New life, new vitality! Yes, new white corpuscles that you are going to inject into its veins, the new white corpuscles that were a cancer in another organism will withstand all the depravity of the system, will have more stamina than all the degeneration, all the trouble in the principal organs. Be thankful if they do not become coagulations and produce gangrene, be thankful if they do not reproduce the cancer!

While the patient breathes, we must not lose hope, and however late we may be, a judicious examination is never superfluous; at least the cause of death may be known. We are not trying to put all the blame on the physician, and still less on the patient, for we have already spoken of a predisposition, in the absence of which the race would disappear, sacrificed to excessive labor in a tropical country.

Indolence in the Philippines is a chronic malady, but not a hereditary one. The Filipinos have not always been what they are, witnesses whereto are all the historians of the first years after the discovery of the Islands.

Before the arrival of the Europeans, the Malayan Filipinos carried on an active trade, not only among themselves but also with all the neighboring countries. A Chinese manuscript of the 13th century, translated by Dr. Hirth (*Globus*, September, 1889),

which we will take up at another time, speaks of China's relations with the islands, relations purely commercial, which mention is made of the activity and honesty of the traders of Luzon, who took the Chinese products and distributed them throughout all the islands, for the merchandise that the Chinamen did not remember to have given them. The products which they in exchange exported from the islands were crude wax, cotton, pearls; tortoise shell, betel-nuts, dry goods, etc.

The first thing noticed by Pigafetta who came with Magellan in 1521, on arriving at the first island of the Philippines, Samar, was the courtesy and kindness of the inhabitants and their commerce. "To honor our capitan," he says, "they conducted him to their boats where they had their merchandise, which consisted of cloves, cinnamon, pepper, nutmegs, mace, gold and other things; and they made us understand by gestures that such articles were to be found in the islands to which we were going."

Further on he speaks of the vessels and utensils of solid gold that he found in Butuan where the people worked in mines. He describes the silk dresses, the daggers with long gold hilts and scabbards of carved wood, the gold sets of teeth, etc. Among cereals and fruits he mentions rice, millet, oranges, lemons, panicum, etc.

That the islands maintained relations with neighboring countries and even with distant ones is proven by the ships from Siam, laden with gold and slaves, that Magellan found in Cebu. These ships paid certain duties to the king of the island. In the same year, 1521, the survivors of Magellan's expedition met the son of the Rajah of Luzon, who, as captain-general of the Sultan of Borneo and admiral of his fleet, had conquered for him the great city of Lave (Sarawak?). Might this captain, who was greatly feared by all his foes, have been the Rajah Matanda whom the Spaniards afterwards encountered in Tondo in 1570?

In 1539 the warriors of Luzon took part in the formidable contests of Sumatra, and under the orders of Angi Sity Timor, Rajah of Batta, conquered and overthrew the terrible Alzadin, Sultan of Atchin, renowned in the historical annals of the Far East. (Marsden, *History of Sumatra*, Chapter XX.)

At that time, that sea where float the islands like a set of emeralds on a paten of bright glass, that sea was everywhere

traversed by junks, *paraus, barangays, vintas,* vessels swift as shuttles so large that they could maintain a hundred rowers on a side (Morga); that sea bore everywhere commerce, industry, agriculture, by the force of the oars moved to the sound of warlike songs of the genealogies and achievements of the Philippine divinities. (Colin, Chapter XV.)

Wealth abounded in the islands. Pigafetta tells us of the abundance of foodstuffs in Paragua and of its inhabitants, who nearly all tilled their own fields. At this island the survivors of Magellan's expedition were well received and provisioned. A little later, these same survivors captured a vessel, plundered and sacked it and took prisoner in it the chief of the Island of Paragua with his son and brother.

In this same vessel they captured bronze lombards, and this is the first mention of artillery of the Filipino, for these lombards were useful to the chief of Paragua against the savages of the interior.

They let him ransom himself within seven days, demanding 400 measures *(cavanes?)* of rice, 20 pigs, 20 goats, and 450 chickens. This is the first act of piracy recorded in Philippine history. The chief of Paragua paid everything, and moreover, voluntarily added coconuts, bananas, and sugar-cane jars filled with palm-wine. When Caesar was taken prisoner by the corsairs and required to pay twenty-five talents ransom, he replied "I'll give you fifty, but later I'll have you crucified!" The chief of Paragua was more generous: he forgot. His conduct, while it may reveal weakness, also demonstrates that the islands were abundantly provisioned. This chief was named Tuan Mahamud; his brother, Guantil, and his son, Tuan Mahamud." (Martin Mendez, Purser of the ship *Victoria:* Archivo de Indias.)

A very extraordinary thing, and one that shows the facility with which the natives learned Spanish, is that fifty years before the arrival of the Spaniards in Luzon, in that very year 1521, when they first came to the islands, there were already natives of Luzon who understood Castilian. In the treaties of peace that the survivors of Magellan's expedition made with the chief of Paragua, when the servant-interpreter died they communicated with one another through a Moro who had been captured in the island of the King of Luzon and who understood some

Spanish. (Martin Mendez, *op cit.*) Where did this extemporaneous interpreter learn Castilian? In the Moluccas? In Malacca, with the Portuguese? Spaniards did not reach Luzon until 1571.

Legazpi's expedition met in Butuan various traders of Luzon with their boats laden with iron, cloths, porcelain, etc. (Gaspar de San Agustin) plenty of provisions, activity, trade, movement in all the southern islands.

They arrived at the Island of Cebu, "abounding in provisions, with mines and washings of gold, and peopled with natives," as Morga says: very populous, and at a port frequented by many ships that came from the islands and kingdoms near India," as Colin says: and even though they were peacefully received discord soon arose. The city was taken by force and burned. The first destroyed the food supplies and naturally famine broke out in that town of a hundred thousand people, as the historians say, and among the members of the expedition, but the neighboring islands quickly relieved the need, thanks to the abundance they enjoyed.

All the histories of those first years, in short, abound in long accounts about the industry and agriculture of the natives; mines, gold-washings, looms, farms, barter, naval construction, raising of poultry and stock, weaving of silk and cotton, distilleries, manufactures of arms, pearl fisheries, the civet industry, the horn and hide industry, etc., are things encountered at every step, and considering the time and the conditions in the islands, prove that there was life, there was activity, there was movement.

And if this, which is deduction, does not convince any minds imbued with unfair prejudices perhaps, of some avail may be the testimony of the oft-quoted Dr. Morga, who was Lieutenant-Governor of Manila for seven years and after rendering great service in the Archipelago was appointed criminal judge of the Audiencia of Mexico and Counsellor of the Inquisition. His testimony, we say, is highly credible, not only because all his contemporaries have spoken of him in terms that border on veneration but also because his work, from which we take these citations, is written with great circumspection and care, as well with reference to the authorities in the Philippines as to the errors they committed. "The natives," says Morga, in Chapter VII, speaking of the occupations of the Chinese, "are very far

from exercising those trade and have forgotten much about farming, raising poultry, stock and cotton, and weaving cloth. As they used to do in their Paganism and for a long time after the country was conquered."

The whole Chapter VIII of his work deals with this moribund activity, this much forgotten industry, and yet in spite of that, how long is his eighth chapter!

And not only Morga, not also Chirino, Colin, Argensola, Gaspar de San Agustin and others agree in this matter, but modern travellers, after two hundred and fifty years, examining the decadence and misery, assert the same thing. Dr. Hans Meyer, when he saw the unsubdued tribes cultivating beautiful fields and working energetically, asked if they would not become indolent when they in turn should accept Christianity and a paternal government.

Accordingly, the Filipinos in spite of the climate, in spite of their few needs (they were less then than now), were not the indolent creatures of our time, and, as we shall see later on, their ethics and their mode of life were not what is now complacently attributed to them.

How then, and in what way, was that active and enterprising infidel native of ancient times converted into the lazy and indolent Christian, as our contemporary writers say?

We have already spoken of the more or less latent predisposition which exists in the Philippines toward indolence, and which must exist everywhere, in the whole world, in all men, because we all hate work more or less, as it may be more or less hard, more or less unproductive. The *dolce far niente* of the Italian, the *rascarse la barriga* of the Spaniard, the supreme aspiration of the bourgeois to live on his income in peace and tranquility, attest this.

What causes operated to awake this terrible predisposition from its lethargy? How is it that the Filipino people, so fond of its customs as to border on routine, has given up its ancient habits of work, of trade, of navigation, etc., even to the extent of completely forgetting its past?

— III —

A fatal combination of circumstances, some independent of the will in spite of men's efforts, others in offspring of stupidity and ignorance, others the inevitable corollaries of false principles, and still others the result of more or less base passions, has induced the decline of labor, an evil which instead of being remedies by prudence, mature reflection and recognition of the mistakes made, through a deplorable policy, through regrettable blindness and obstinacy, has gone from bad to worse until it has reached the condition in which we now see it.

First came the wars, the internal disorders which the new change of affairs naturally brought with it. It was necessary to subject the people either by cajolery or force; there were fights, there was slaughter; those who had submitted peacefully seemed to repent of it; insurrections were suspected, and some occurred; naturally there were executions, and many capable laborers perished. Add to this condition of disorder the invasion of Li-Mahong; add continual wars into which the inhabitants of the Philippines were plunged to maintain the honor of Spain, to extend the sway of her flag in Borneo, in the Moluccas and in Indo-China; to repel the Dutch foe; costly wars, fruitless expeditions, in which each time thousands and thousands of native archers and rowers were recorded to have embarked, but whether they returned to their homes was never stated. Like the tribute that once upon a time Greece sent to the Minotaur of Crete, the Philippine youth embarked for the expedition, saying goodbye to their country forever: on their horizon were the stormy sea, the interminable wars, the rash expeditions. Wherefore, Gaspar de San Agustin says: "Although anciently there were in this town of *Dumangas* many people, in the course of the time *they have very greatly diminished because the natives are the best sailors and most skillful rowers* on the whole coast, and so the governors in the port of Iloilo take *most of the people* from this town for the ships that they send abroad . . . When the Spaniards reached this island (Panay) it is said that there were on it more than fifty thousand families; but these diminished greatly . . . and at present they may amount to some fourteen thousand tributaries." From fifty thousand families to fourteen thousand tributaries in little over half a century!

We would never get through, had we to quote all the evidence of the authors regarding the frightful diminution of the inhabitants of the Philippines in the first years after the discovery In the time of their first bishop, that is, ten years after Legazpi. Philip II said that they had been reduced to less than two-thirds.

Add to these fatal expeditions that wasted all the moral and material energies of the country, the frightful inroads of the terrible pirates from the south, instigated and encouraged by the government, first in order to get a complaint and afterwards disarm the islands subjected to it, inroads that reached the very shores of Manila, even Malate itself, and during which were seen to set out for captivity and slavery, in the baleful glow of burning villages, strings of wretches who had been unable to defend themselves, leaving behind them the ashes of their homes and the corpses of their parents and children. Morga, who recounts the first piratical invasion, says: "The boldness of these people of Mindanao did great damage to the Visayan Island, as much by what they did in them as by the fear and fright which the native acquired, because the latter were in the power of the Spaniards who held them subject and tributary and unarmed, *in such manner that they did not protect them from their enemies or leave the means with which to defend themselves,* AS THEY DID WHEN THERE WERE NO SPANIARDS IN THE COUNTRY." These piratical attacks continually reduced the number of the inhabitants of the Philippines, since the independent Malays were especially notorious for their atrocities and murders, sometimes because they believed that to preserve their independence it was necessary to weaken the Spaniard by reducing the number of his subjects, sometimes because a greater hatred and a deeper resentment inspired them against the Christian Filipino who, being of their own race, served the stranger in order to deprive them of their precious liberty. These expeditions lasted about three centuries, being repeated five and ten times a year, and each expedition cost the island over eight hundred prisoners.

"With the invasions of the pirates from Sulu and Mindanao," says Padre Gaspar de San Agustin, (the island of Bantayan, near Cebu) "has been greatly reduced, because they easily captured the people there, since the latter had no place to fortify

themselves and were far from help from Cebu. The hostile Sulus did great damage in this island in 1608, leaving it almost depopulated." (Page 380.)

These rough attacks, coming from without, produced a counter effect in the interior, which, carrying out medical comparisons was like a purge or diet in an individual who has just lost a great deal of blood. In order to make headway against so many calamities, to secure their sovereignty and take the offensive in these disastrous contests, to isolate the warlike Sulus from their neighbors in the south, to care for the needs of the empire of the Indies (for one of the reasons why the Philippines were kept, as contemporary documents prove, was their strategical position between New Spain and the Indies), to wrest from the Dutch their growing colonies of the Moluccas and get rid of some troublesome neighbors, to maintain, in short, the trade of China with New Spain, it was necessary to construct new and large ships which, as we have seen, costly as they were to the country for their equipment and the rowers they required, were not less so because of the manner in which they were constructed. Padre Fernando de los Rios Coronel, who fought in these wars and later turned priest, speaking of these King's ships, said, "As they were so large, the timber needed was scarcely to be found in the forests (of the Philippines?), and thus it was necessary to seek it with great difficulty in the most remote of them, where, once found, in order to haul and convey it to the shipyard the *towns of the surrounding country had to be depopulated of natives, who get it out with immense labor, damage, and cost to them.* The natives furnished the masts for a galleon, according to the assertion of the Franciscans, and I heard the governor of the province where they were cut, which is Laguna de Bay, say that to haul them seven leagues over very broken mountains 6,000 *natives were engaged three months, without furnishing them food, which the wretched native had to seek for himself!*"

And Gaspar de San Agustin says: "In these times (1690), Bacolor has not the people that it had in the past because of the uprising in that province when Don Sabiniano Manrique de Lara was Governor of these islands and because of the continual labor of cutting timber for his Majesty's shipyards, which hinders them from cultivating the very fertile plain they have.

If this is not sufficient to explain the depopulation of the islands and the abandonment of industry, agriculture and commerce, then add "the natives who were executed, those who left their wives and children and fled in disgust to the mountains, those who were sold into slavery to pay the taxes levied upon them," as Fernando de los Rios Coronel says; add to all this what Philip II said in reprimanding Bishop Salazar about "natives sold by some *encomenderos* to others, those flogged to death, the women who are crushed to death by their heavy burdens, those who sleep in the fields and bear and nurse their children and die bitten by poisonous vermin, the many who are executed and left to die of hunger and those who eat poisonous herbs . and the mothers who kill their children in bearing them," and you will understand how in less than thirty years the population of the Philippines was reduced one-third. We are not saying this: it was said by Gaspar de San Agustin, the preeminently anti-Filipino Augustinian, and he confirms it throughout the rest of his work by speaking every moment of the state of neglect in which lay the farms and field once so flourishing and so well cultivated, the town thinned that had formerly been inhabited by many leading families!

How is it strange, then, that discouragement may have been infused into the spirit of the inhabitants of the Philippines, when in the midst of so many calamities they did not know whether they would see sprout the seed they were planting, whether their field was going to be their grave or their crop would go to feed their executioner? What is there strange in it, when we see the pius but impotent friars of that time trying to free their poor parishioners from the tyranny of the encomenderos by advising them to stop work in the mines, to abandon their commerce, to break up their looms, pointing out to them heaven for their whole hope, preparing them for death as their only consolation?

Man works for an object. Remove the object and you reduce him to inaction. The most active man in the world will fold his arms from the instant he understands that it is madness to bestir himself, that this work will be the cause of his trouble, that for him it will be the cause of vexations at home and of the pirate's greed abroad. It seems that these thoughts have never entered the minds of those who cry out against the indolence of the Filipinos.

Even were the Filipino not a man like the rest, even were we to suppose that zeal in him for work was as essential as the movement of a wheel caught in the gearing of others in motion; even were we to deny him foresight and the judgment that the past and present form, there would still be left us another reason to explain the attack of the evil. The abandonment of the fields by their cultivators, whom the wars and piratical attacks dragged from their homes was sufficient to reduce to nothing the hard labor of so many generations. In the Philippines abandon for a year the land most beautifully tended and you will see how you will have to begin all over again: the rain will wipe out the furrows, the floods will drown the seeds, plants and bushes will grow up everywhere, and on seeing so much useless labor the hand will drop the hoe, the laborer will desert his plow. Isn't there left the fine life of the pirate?

Thus is understood that sad discouragement which we find in the friar writers of the 17th century, speaking of once very fertile plains submerged, of provinces and towns depopulated, of leading families exterminated. These pages resemble a sad and monotonous scene in the night after a lively day. Of Cagayan, Padre Agustin speaks with mournful brevity: "A great deal of cotton, of which they made good cloth that the Chinese and Japanese every year *bought* and *carried* away." In the historian's time, the industry and the trade had come to an end.

It seems that there are causes more than sufficient to breed indolence even in the midst of a beehive. Thus is explained why, after thirty-two years of the system, the circumspect and prudent Morga said that the natives *have forgotten much about farming, raising poultry, stock and cotton and weaving cloth, as they used to do in their paganism and* for a long time after the country had been conquered!"

Still they struggled a long time against indolence, yes: but their enemies were so numerous that at last they gave up!

— IV —

We recognize the causes that awoke the predisposition and provoked the evil: now let us see what foster and sustain it. In this connection government and governed have to bow our heads and say: "We deserve our fate."

We have already truly said that when a house becomes disturbed and disordered, we should not accuse the youngest child or the servants, but the head of it, especially if his authority in unlimited. He who does not act freely is not responsible for his actions; and the Filipino people, not being master of its liberty, is not responsible for either its misfortunes or its woes. We say this, it is true, but, as will be seen later on, we also have a large part in the continuation of such a disorder.

The following other causes contributed to foster the evil and aggravate it; the constantly lessening encouragement that labor has met with in the Philippines. Fearing to have the Filipinos deal frequently with other individuals of their own race, who were free and independent, as the Borneans, the Siamese, the Cambodians, and the Japanese, people who in their customs' and feeling differ greatly from the Chinese, the government acted toward these others with great mistrust and great severity, as Morga testifies in the last pages of his work, until they finally ceased to come to the country. In fact, it seems that once an uprising planned by the Borneans was suspected: we say *suspected*, for there was not even an attempt, although there were many executions. And as these nations were the very ones that consumed Philippine products, when all communication with them had been cut off, consumption of these products also ceased. The only two countries with which the Philippine continued to have relations were China and Mexico, or New Spain, and from this trade only China and a few private individuals in Manila got any benefit. In fact, the Celestial Empire sent her junks laden with merchandise, that merchandise which shut down the factories of Seville and ruined the Spanish industry, and returned laden in exchange with the silver that was every year sent from Mexico. Nothing from the Philippines at that time went to China, not even gold, for in those years the Chinese traders would accept no payment but silver coin. To Mexico went a little more: some cloth and dry goods which the *encomenderos* took by force or bought from the natives at a paltry price, wax, amber, gold, civet, etc; but nothing more, and not even in great quantity, as is stated by Admiral Don Jeronimo de Benuelos y Carrillo, when he begged the King that *"the inhabitants of the Manilas be permitted (!) to load as many ships as they could with native products, such as wax, gold, perfumes,*

ivory, cotton cloths, which they would have to buy from the natives of the country. . . Thus friendship of these peoples would be gained, they would furnish New Spain with their merchandise and the money that is brought to Manila would not leave this place."

The coastwise trade, so active in other times, had to die out, thanks to the piratical attacks of the Malays of the south; and trade in the interior of the islands almost entirely disappeared, owing to restrictions, passports and other administrative requirements.

Of no little importance were the hindrance and obstacles that from the beginning were thrown in the farmer's way by the rules, who were influenced by childish fear and saw everywhere signs of conspiracies and uprisings. The natives were not allowed to go to their labors, that is, their farms, *without permission of the governor, or of his agents and officers, and even of the priests* as Morga says. Those who know the administrative slackness and confusion in a country where the officials work scarcely two hours a day; those who know the cost of going to and returning from the capital to the little tyrants will well understand how with this crude arrangement it is possible to have the most absurd agriculture. True it is that for some time this absurdity which would be ludicrous had it not been so serious, has disappeared; but even if the words have gone out of use other facts and other provisions have replaced them. The Moro pirate has disappeared but there remains the outlaw who infests the fields and waylays the farmer to hold him for ransom. Now then, the government, which has a constant fear of the people, denies to the farmers even the use of a shotgun, or if it does allow it does so very grudgingly and withdraws it at pleasure; whence it results with the laborer, who, thanks to his means of defense, plants his crops and invests his meager fortune in the furrows that he has so laboriously opened, that when his crop matures it occurs to the government, which is impotent to suppress brigandage, to deprive him of his weapon; and then, without defense and without security, he is reduced to inaction and abandons his field, his work, and takes to gambling as the best means of securing a livelihood. The green cloth is under the protection of the government, it is safer! A mournful counselor is fear, for

it not only causes weakness but also in casting aside the weapons, strengthens the very persecutor!

The sordid return the native gets from his work has the effect of discouraging him. We know from history that the *encomenderos*, after reducing many to slavery and forcing them to work for their benefit, made others give up their merchandise for a trifle or nothing at all, or cheated them with the measures.

Speaking of Ipion, in Panay, Padre Gaspar de San Agustin says: "It was in ancient times very rich in *gold*. . . but provoked by the annoyances they suffered from some governors they have *ceased* to get it out, preferring to live in poverty than to suffer such hardships." (Page 378) Further on, speaking of other towns, he says: "Goaded by ill treatment of the *encomenderos* who in administering justice have treated the natives as their slaves and not as their children, and have only looked after their own interests at the expense of the wretched fortunes and lives of their charges. . . (Page 422) Further on: "In Leyte, they tried to kill an *encomendero* of the town of Dagami on account of the great hardships he made them suffer by exacting tribute of wax from them with a steelyard which he had made twice as long as others. . . ."

This state of affairs lasted a long time and still lasts, in spite of the fact that the breed of *encomenderos* has become extinct. A term passes away but the evil and the passions engendered do not pass away so long as reforms are devoted solely to changing the names.

The wars with the Dutch, the inroads and piratical attacks of the people of Sulu and Mindanao disappeared; the people have been transformed; new towns have grown up while others have become impoverished; but the frauds subsisted as much as or worse than they did in those early years. We will not cite our own experiences for aside from the fact that we do not know which to select, critical persons may reproach us with partiality; neither will we cite those of other Filipinos who write in the newspapers, but we shall confine ourselves to translating the words of a modern French traveler who was in the Philippines for a long time.

"The good curate," he says, with reference to the rosy picture a friar had given him of the Philippines, "had not told

me about the governor, the foremost official of the district, who was too much taken up with the ideal of getting rich to have time to tyrannize over his docile subjects; the governor, charged with ruling the country and collecting the various taxes in the government's name, *devoted himself almost wholly to trade; in his hands the* high and noble functions he performs are nothing more *than instrument of gain. He monopolizes all the business and instead of developing on his part the love of work, instead of stimulating the too natural indolence of the natives, he with abuse of his powers thinks only of destroying all competition that may trouble him or attempts to participate in his profits. It matters little to him that the country is impoverished, without cultivation, without commerce, without industry, just so the governor is quickly enriched."*

Yet the traveler has been unfair in picking out the *governor* especially. Why only the governor?

We do not cite passages from other authors, because we have not their works at hand and do not wish to quote from memory.

The great difficulty that every enterprise encountered with the administration contributed not a little to kill off all commercial and industrial movement. All the Filipinos, as well as all those who have tried to engage in business in the Philippines, know how many documents, what comings, how many stamped papers, how much patience is needed to secure from the government a permit for an enterprise. One must count upon the good will of this one, on the influence of that one, on a good bribe to another in order that the application be not pigeon-holed, a present to the one further on so that he may pass it on to his chief; one must pray to God to give him good humor and time to see and examine it; to another, talent to recognize its expediency; to one further on sufficient stupidity not to scent behind the enterprise an insurrectionary purpose and that they may not all spend the time taking baths, hunting or playing cards with the reverend friars in their convents or country houses. And above all, great patience, great knowledge of how to get along, plenty of money, a great deal of politics, many salutations, great influence, plenty of presents and complete resignation! How is it strange that the Philippines remain poor in spite of the fertile

soil, when history tells us that the countries now the most flourishing date their development from the day of their liberty and civil rights? The most commercial and most industrious countries have been the freest countries. France, England and the United States prove this. Hongkong, which is not worth the most insignificant of the Philippines, has more commecial movement than all the islands together, because it is free and is well governed.

The trade with China, which was the whole occupation of the colonizers of the Philippines, was not only prejudicial to Spain but also the life of her colonies; in fact, when the officials and private persons in Manila found an easy method of getting rich they neglected everything. They paid no attention either to cultivating the soil or to fostering industry; and wherefore? China furnished the trade, and they had only to take advantage of it and pick up the gold that dropped out on its way from Mexico toward the interior of China, the gulf whence it never returned. The pernicious example of the dominators in surrounding themselves with servants and despising manual or corporal labor as a thing unbecoming the nobility and chivalrous pride of the heroes of so many centuries; those lordly airs, which the natives have translated into *tila ka castila*, and the desire of the dominated to be the equal of the dominators, if not essentially, at least in their manners; all this had naturally to produce aversion to activity and fear or hatred of work.

Moreover, "Why work?" asked many natives. The curate says that the rich man will not go to heaven. The rich man on earth is liable to all kinds of trouble, to be appointed a *cabeza de barangay*, to be deported if an uprising occurs, to be forced banker of the military chief of the town, who to reward him for favors received seizes his laborers and his stock in order to force him to beg mercy and thus easily pays up. Why be rich? So that all the officers of justice may have a lynx eye on your actions, so that at the least slip enemies may be raised up against you, you may be indicted, a whole complicated and labyrinthine story may be concocted against you, for which you can only get away, not by the thread of Ariadme but by Dane's shower of gold, and still give thanks that you are not kept in reserve for some needy occasion. The native, whom they pretend to regard as an imbecile, is not so much so that he does not understand that

it is ridiculous to work himself to death to become worse off. A proverb of his says *the pig is cooked in its own lard*, and as among his bad qualities he has the good one of applying to himself all the criticisms and censures he prefers to live miserable and indolent rather than play the part of the wretched beast of burden.

Add to this the introduction of glambling. We do not mean to say that before the coming of the Spaniards the natives did not gamble: the passion for gambling is innate in adventuresome and excitable races, and such is the Malay. Pigafetta tells us of cockfights and of bets in the Island of Paragua. Cock-fighting must also have existed in Luzon and in all the islands, for in the terminology of the game are two Tagalog words: *sabong* and *tari* (cockpit and gaff). But there is not the least doubt that the fostering of this game is due to the government, as well as the perfecting of it. Although Pigafetta tells us of it, he mentions it only in Paragua, and not in Cebu nor in any other island of the south, where he stayed a long time. Morga does not speak of it, in spite of his having spent seven years in Manila, and yet he does describe the kinds of fowl, the jungle hens and cocks. Neither does Morga speak of gambling. when he talks about vices and other defects, more or less concealed, more or less insignificant. Moreover excepting the two Tagalog words *sabong* and *tari*, the others are of Spanish origin as *soltada* (setting the cocks to fight, then the fight itself), *pusta* (apuesta, *bet*), *logro* (winning), *pago* (payment), etc. We say the same about gambling; the word *sugal* (jugar, *to gamble*), *like kumpisal* (confesar, to confess to a priest), indicates that gambling was unknown in the Philippines before the Spaniards, The word *laro* (Tagalog, to play) is not the equivalent of the word *sugal*. The world word (baraja, playing-card) proves that the introduction of playing cards was not due to the Chinese, who have a kind of playing-cards also, because in that case they would have taken the Chinese name. Is not this enough? The word *taya* (tallar, to bet), *paris-paris* (Spanish, *pares*, pairs of cards), *politana* (*napolitana* a winning sequence of cards), *sapote* (to stack the cards), *kapote* (to slam), *monte*, and so on, all prove the foreign origin of this terrible plant, which only produces vice and which has found in the character of the native a fit soil, cultivated circumstances.

Along with gambling, which breeds dislike for steady and difficult toil by its promise of sudden wealth and its appeal to the emotions, with the lotteries, with the prodigality and hospitality of the Filipinos, went also, to swell this train of misfortunes, the religious functions, the great number of fiestas, the long masses for the women to spend their mornings and the novenaries to spend their afternoons, and the nights for the processions and rosaries. Remember, that lack of capital and absence of means paralyze all movement, and you will see how the native was perforce to be indolent for if any money might remain to him from the trials, imposts and exactions, he would have to give it to the curate for bulls, scapularies, candles, novenaries, etc. And if this does not suffice to form an indolent character, if the climate and nature are not enough in themselves to daze him and deprive him of all energy, recall then that the doctrine of his religion teach him to irrigate his fields in the dry season, not by means of canals but with masses and prayers; to preserve his stock during an epidemic with holy water, exorcisms and benedictions that cost five dollars an animal, to drive away the locusts by a procession with the image of St. Augustine, etc. It is well, undoubtedly, to trust greatly in God; but it is better to do what one can not trouble the Creator every moment, even when these appeals redound to the benefit of His ministers. We have noticed that the countries which believe most in miracles are the laziest, just as spoiled children are the most ill-mannered. Whether they believe in miracles to palliate their laziness or they are lazy because they believe in miracles, we cannot say; but the fact is the Filipinos were much less lazy before the word *miracle* was introduced into their language.

The facility with which individual liberty is curtailed, that continual alarm of all from the knowledge that they are liable to a secret report, a governmental ukase, and to the accusation of rebel or suspect, an accusation which, to be effective, does not need proof or the production of the accuser. With the lack of confidence in the future, that uncertainty of reaping the reward of labor, as in a city stricken with plague, everybody yields to fate, shuts himself in his house or goes about amusing himself

in the attempt to spend the few days that remain to him in the least disagreeable way possible.

The apathy of the government itself toward everything in commerce and agriculture contributes not a little to foster indolence. There is no encouragement at all for the manufacturer or for the farmer, the government furnishes no aid either when a poor crop comes, when the locusts sweep over the fields, or when cyclone destroys in its passage the wealth of the soil; nor does it take any trouble to seek a market for the products of its colonies. Why should it do so when these same products are burdened with taxes and imposts and have no free entry into the ports of the mother country, nor is their consumption there encouraged? While we see all the walls of London covered with advertisements of the products of its colonies, while the English make heroic efforts to substitute Ceylon for Chinese tea, beginning with the sacrifice of their taste and their stomach, in Spain, with the exception of tobacco, nothing from the Philippines is known; neither its sugar, coffee, hemp, fine cloths, nor its Ilocano blankets. The name of Manila is known only from those cloths of China or Indo-China which at one time reached Spain by way of Manila, heavy silk shawls, fantastically but coarsely embroidered, which no one has thought of imitating in Manila since they are so easily made; but the government has other cares, and the Filipinos do not know that such objects are more highly esteemed in the Peninsula than their delicate *piña* embroideries and their very fine *jusi* fabrics. Thus disappeared our trade in indigo, thanks to the trickery of the Chinese, which the government could not guard against, occupied as it was with other thoughts; thus die now the other industries, the fine manufacturers of the Visayas are gradually disappearing from trade and even from use; the people, continually getting poorer, cannot afford the costly cloths and have to be contented with calico or the imitations of the Germans, who produce imitations even of the work of our silversmiths.

The fact that the best plantations, the best tracts of land in some provinces, those that from their easy access are more profitable than others, are in the hands of the religious corporations, whose desideratum is ignorance and condition of semi-starvation of the native, so that they may, continue to govern him and make themselves necessary to his wretched existence, is one

of the reasons why many towns do not progress in spite of the efforts of their inhabitants. We will be met with the objection, as an argument on the other side, that the towns which belong to the friars are comparitively richer than those which do not belong to them. They surely are! just as their brethren in Europe, in founding their convents, knew how to select the best valleys, the best uplands for the cultivation of the vine or the production of beer, so also the Philippine monks have known how to select the best towns, the beautiful plains, the well-watered fields, to make of them rich plantations. For some time the friars have deceived many by making them believe that if these plantations were prospering, it was because they were under their care, and the indolence of the natives was thus emphasized; but they forget that in some provinces where they have not been able for some reason to get possesion of the best tracts of land, their plantations, like Bauan and Liang, are inferior to Taal, Balayan and Lipa, regions cultivated entirely by the natives without any monkish interference whatsoever.

Add to this lack of material inducement the absence of moral stimulus and you will see how he who is not indolent in that country must needs be a madman or at least a fool. What future awaits him who distinguishes himself, him who studies, who rise above the crowd? At the cost of study and sacrifice a young man becomes a great chemist, and after a long course of training, wherein neither the government nor anybody has given him the least help, he concludes his long stay in the University. A competitive examination is held to fill a certain position. The young man wins this through knowledge and perseverance, and after he has won it, it is abolished, because. . . we do not care to give the reason, but when a municipal laboratory is closed in order to abolish the position of director, who got his place by competitive examination, while other officers, such as the press censor, are preserved, it is because the belief exists that the light of progress may injure the people more than all the adulterated foods. In the same way, another young man won a prize in a literary competition, and as long as his origin was unknown his work was discussed, the newspapers praised it and it was regarded as a masterpiece but the sealed envelopes were opened, the winner proved to be a native, while among the losers there are Peninsulars; then all the newspapers hastened

to extol the losers! Not one word from the government, nor from anybody, to encourage the native who with so much affection has cultivated the language and letters of the mother country!

Finally passing over many other more or less insignificant reasons, the enumeration of which would be interminable, let us close this dreary list with the principal and most terrible of all: the education of the native.

From his birth until he sinks into his grave, the training of the native is brutalizing, depressive and anti-human (the word "inhuman" is not sufficiently explanatory: whether or not the Academy admits it, let it go). There is no doubt that the government, some priests like the Jesuits and some Dominicans like Padre Benavides, have done a great deal by founding colleges, schools of primary instruction, and the like. But this is not enough; their effects is neutralized. They amount to five or ten years (years of hundred and fifty days at most) during which the youth comes in contact with books selected by those very priests who boldly proclaim that it is evil for the natives to know Castilian, that the native should not be separated from his carabao, that he should not value any further aspirations, and so on; five to ten years during which the majority of the students have grasped nothing more than that no one understands what the books say, not even the professors themselves perhaps; and these five to ten years have to offset the daily preachment which lowers the dignity of man, which by degrees brutally deprives him of the sentiment of self-esteem, that eternal, stubborn, constant labor to bow the native's neck, to make him accept the yoke, to place him on a level with the beast — a labor aided by some persons, with or without the ability to write, which if it does not produce in some individuals the desired effect in others it has the opposite effect, like the breaking of a cord that is stretched too tightly. Thus while they attempt to make of the native a kind of animal, yet in exchange they demand of him divine actions. And we say divine actions, because he must be a god who does not become indolent in that climate, surrounded by the circumstances mentioned. Deprive a man, then, of his dignity, and you not only deprive him of his moral strength but you also make useless even for those who wish to make use of him. Every creature has its stimulus, its mainspring; man's is

his self-esteem. Take it away from him and he is a corpse, and he who seeks activity in a corpse will encounter only worms.

Thus is explained how the natives of the present time are no longer the same as those of the time of the discovery, neither morally nor physically.

The ancient writers, like Chirino, Morga, and Colin, take pleasure in describing them a *well-featured, with good aptitudes for any thing they take up, keen and susceptible and of resolute will, very clean and neat in their persons and clothing, and of good mien and bearing* (Morga). Others delight in minute accounts of their intelligence and pleasant manners, of their aptitude for music, the drama, dancing and singing, of the facility with which they learned, not only Spanish but also Latin, which they acquired almost by themselves (Colin); others of their exquisite politeness in their dealings and in their social life, others, like the first Augustinians, whose accounts Gaspar de San Agustin copies, found them more gallant and better mannered than the inhabitants of the Moluccas. "*All live off their husbandry,*" adds *Morga, "their farms, fisheries and enterprises,* for they travel from island to island by sea and from province to province by land."

In exchange, the writers of the present time, without being more gallant than Herman Cortez and Salcedo, nor more prudent than Legazpi, nor more manly than Morga, nor more studious than Colin and Gaspar de San Agustin, our contemporary writers we say find that the native is a *creature something more than a monkey but much less than a man, an anthropoid, dull-witted, stupid, timid, dirty, cringing, ill-clothed, indolent, lazy, brainless, immoral, etc. etc.*

To what is this retrogression due? Is it the delectable civilization, the religion of salvation of the friars, called of Jesus Christ by euphemism, that has produced this miracle that has atrophied his brain, paralyzed his heart and made of the man this sort of vicious animal that the writers depict?

Alas! The whole misfortune of the present Filipinos consists in that they have become only half-way brutes. The Filipino is convinced that to get happiness it is necessary for him to lay aside his dignity as a rational creature, to attend mass, to believe what is told him, to pay what is demanded of him, to pay and forever to pay; to work, suffer, and be silent, without aspiring

any thing, without aspiring to know or even to understand Spanish, without separating himself from his carabao, as the priests shamelessly say, without protesting against any injustice, against any arbitrary action, against an assault, against an insult; that is, not to have heart, brain or spirit; a creature with arms and a purse of gold. . . there's the ideal native! unfortunately, or because the brutalization is not yet complete and because the nature of man is inherent in his being in spite of his condition, the native protests; he still has aspirations, he thinks and strives to rise, and there's the trouble!

— V —

In the preceding chapter we set forth the causes that proceed from the government in fostering and maintaining the evil we are discussing. Now it falls to us to analyze those that emanate from the people. Peoples and governments are correlated and complementary: a stupid government would be an anomaly among righteous people, just as a corrupt people cannot exist under just rulers and wise laws. Like people, like government, we will say in paraphrase of a popular adage.

We can reduce all these causes to two classes: to defects of training and lack of national sentiment.

Of the influence of climate we spoke at the beginning, so we will now treat of the effects arising from it.

The very limited training in the home, the tyrannical and sterile education of the rare centers of learning that blind subordination of the youth to one of greater age, influence the mind so that a man may not aspire to excel those who preceded him but must merely be content to go along with a march behind them. Stagnation forcibly results from this, and as he who devotes himself merely to copying divests himself of other qualities suited to his own nature, he naturally becomes sterile; hence decadence. Indolence is a corollary derived from the lack of stimulus and of vitality.

That modesty infused into the convictions of everyone, or, to speak more clearly, that insinuated inferiority, a sort of daily and constant depreciation of the mind so that it may not be raised to the regions of light, deadens the energies, paralyzes all tenden-

cies toward advancement, and of the least struggle a man gives up without fighting. If by one of those rare incidents, some wild spirit, that is, some active one, excels, instead of his example stimulating, it only causes others to persist in their inaction. "There's one who will work for us; let's sleep on!" say his relatives and friends. True it is that the spirit of rivalry is sometimes awakened, only that then it awakens with bad humor in the guise of envy, and instead of being a lever for helping, it is an obstacle that produces discouragement.

Nurtured by the example of anchorites of a contemplative and lazy life, the natives spend theirs in giving their gold to the Church in the hope of miracles and other wonderful things. Their will is hypnotized: from childhood they learned to act mechanically, without knowledge of the object, thanks to the exercise imposed upon them from the tenderest years of praying for whole hours in an unknown tongue, of venerating things that they do not understand, of accepting beliefs that are not explained to them, to having absurdities imposed upon them, while the protests of reason are repressed. Is it any wonder that with this vicious *dressage* of intelligence and will the native, of old logical and consistent — as the analysis of his past and of his language demonstrates — should now be a mass of dismal contradictions? That continual struggle between reason and duty, between his organism and his new ideals, that civil war which disturbs the peace of his conscience all his life, has the result of paralyzing all his energies, and aided by the severity of the climate, makes of that eternal vacillation, of the doubts in his brain, the origin of his indolent disposition.

"You can't know more than this or that old man!" "Don't aspire to be greater than the curate!" "You belong to an inferior race!" "you haven't any energy!" This is what they tell the child, and they repeat it so often, it has perforce to become engraved in the mind and thence mould and pervade all his action. The child or youth who tries to be anything else is blamed with vanity and presumption; the curate ridicules him with cruel sarcasm, his relatives look upon him with fear, strangers regard him with great compassion. No forward movement — Get back in the ranks and keep in line!

With his spirit thus moulded the native falls into the most pernicious of all routines: routine not planned but imposed and

forced. Note that the native himself is not naturally inclined to routine, but his mind is disposed to accept all truth, just as his house is open to all strangers. The good and the beautiful attract him, seduce and captivate him although like the Japanese he often exchanges the good for the evil, if it appears to him garnished and gilded. What he lacks is in the first place liberty to allow expansion to his adventuresome spirit, and good examples, beautiful prospects for the future. It is necessary that his spirit, although it may be dismayed and cowed by the elements and the fearful manifestation of their mighty forces, store up energy, seek high purposes, in order to struggle against obstacles in the midst of unfavorable natural conditions. In order that he may progress it is necessary that a revolutionary spirit, so to speak, should boil in his veins, since progress necessarily requires change; it implies the overthrow of the past, there defied, by the present; the victory of new ideas over the ancient and accepted one. It will not be sufficient to speak to his fancy, to talk nicely to him, nor that the light illuminate him like the ignis fatuus that leads travelers astray at night: all the flattering promises of the fairest hopes will not suffice, so long as his spirit is not free, his intelligence not respected.

The reasons that originate in the lack of national sentiment are still more lamentable and more transcendental.

Convinced by the insinuation of his inferiority, his spirit harassed by his education, if that brutalization of which we spoke above can be called education, in that exchange of usages and sentiments among different nations, the Filipino, to whom remain only his susceptibility and his poetical imagination, allows himself to be guided by his fancy and his self-love. It is sufficient that the foreigner praises to him imported merchandise and run down the native product for him to hasten to make the change, without reflecting that everything has its weak side and the most sensible custom is ridiculous in the eyes of those who do not follow it. They have dazzled him with tinsel, with strings of colored glass beads, with noisy rattles, shining mirrors and other trinkets, and he has given in return his gold, his conscience, and even his liberty. He changed his religion for the external practices of another cult; the convictions and usages derived from his climate and needs, for other convictions that developed under another sky and another inspiration. His spirit, well-disposed toward

everything that looks good to him, was then transformed, at the pleasure of the nation that forced upon him its God and its law, and as the trader with whom he dealt did not bring a cargo of useful implements of iron, hoes to till the fields, but stamped papers, crucifixes, bulls and prayer-books, as he did not have for ideal and prototype the tanned and vigorous laborer, but the aristocratic Lord carried in a luxurious litter, the result was that the imitative people became bookish, devout, prayerful; it acquired ideas of luxury and ostentation, without thereby improving the means of its subsistence to a corresponding degree.

The lack of national sentiment brings another evil, moreover which is the absence of all opposition to measures prejudicial to the people and the absence of any initiative in whatever may redound to its good. A man in the Philippines is only an individual, he is not a member of a nation. He is forbidden and denied the right of association, and is, therefore, weak and sluggish. The Philippines is an organism whose cells seem to have no arterial system to irrigate it or nervous system to communicate its impressions; these cells must, nevertheless, yield their product, get it where they can; if they perish, let them perish. In the view of some this is expedient so that a colony may be a colony; perhaps they are right, but not to the effect that a colony may flourish.

The result of this is that if a prejudicial measure is ordered, no one protests, all goes well apparently until later the evils are felt. Another blood-letting, and as the organism has neither nerves nor voice the physician proceeds in the belief that the treatment is not injuring it. It needs a reform, but as it must not speak, it keeps silent and remains with the need. The patient wants to eat, it wants to breathe the fresh air, but as such desires may offend the susceptibility of the physician who thinks that he has already provided everything necessary, it suffers and pines away from fear of receiving a scolding, of getting another plaster and a new blood-letting, and so on indefinitely.

In addition to this, love of peace and the honor many have of accepting the few administrative positions which fall to the Filipinos on account of the trouble and annoyance these cause them places at the head of the people the most stupid and incapable men, those who submit to everything, those who can

endure all the caprices and exactions of the curate and of the officials. Will this inefficiency in the lower spheres of power and ignorance and indifference in the upper, with the frequent changes and the eternal apprenticeships, with great fear and many administrative obstacles, with a voiceless people that have neither initiative nor cohesion, with employees who nearly all strive to amass a fortune and return home, with inhabitants who live in great hardship from the instant they begin to breathe, create prosperity, agriculture and industry, found enterprises and companies, things that still hardly prosper in free and well-organized communities?

Yes, all attempt is useless that does not spring from a profound study of the evil that afflicts us. To combat this indolence, some have proposed increasing the native's needs and raising the taxes. What has happened? Criminals have multiplied, penury has been aggravated. Why? Because the native already has enough needs with his functions of the Church, with his fiestas, with the public offices forced on him, the donations and bribes that he had to make so that he may drag out his wretched existence. The cord is already too taut.

We have heard many complaints, and every day we read in the papers about the efforts the government is making to rescue the country from its condition of indolence. Weighing its plans, its illusions and its difficulties, we are reminded of the gardener who spent his days tending and watering the handful of earth, he trimmed the plant frequently, he pulled at it to lengthen it and hasten its growth, he grafted on its cedars and oaks, until one day the little tree died, leaving the man convinced that it belonged to a degenerate species attributing the failure of his experiment to everything except the lack of soil and his own ineffable folly.

Without education and liberty, which are the soil and the sun of man, no reform is possible, no measure can give the result desired. This does not mean that we should ask first for the native the instruction of a sage and all imaginable liberties, in order then to put a hoe in his hand or place him in a workshop; such a pretension would be an absurdity and vain folly. What we wish is that obstacle be not put in his way, not to increase the many his climate and the situation of the islands already

create for him that instruction be not begrudged him for fear that when he becomes intelligent he may separate from the colonizing nation or ask for the rights of which he makes himself worthy. Since some day or other he will become enlightened, whether the government wishes it or not, let his enlightenment be as a gift received and not as conquered plunder. We desire that the policy be at once frank and consistent, that is highly civilizing, without sordid reservations, without distrust without fear or jealousy, wishing the good for the sake of the good, civilization without ulterior thoughts of gratitude, or else boldly exploiting tyrannical and selfish, without hypocrisy or deception, with a whole system well-planned and studied out for dominating by compelling obedience, for commanding to get rich, to be happy. If the former, the government may act with the security that some day or other it will reap the harvest and will find people its own in heart and interest; there is nothing like a favor for securing the friendship or enmity of man, according to whether it be conferred with good will or hurled into his face and bestowed upon him in spite of himself. If the logical and regulated system of exploitation be chosen, stifling with the jingle of gold and the sheen of opulence the sentiments of independence in the colonies, paying with its wealth for its lack of liberty, as the English do in India, who moreover leave the government to native rulers, then build roads, lay out highways, foster the freedom of trade; let the government heed material interests more than the interests of four orders of friars; let it send out intelligent employees to foster industry; just judges, all well paid, so that they be not venal pilferers, and lay aside all religious pretext. This policy has the advantage in that while it may not lull the instincts of liberty wholly to sleep yet the day when the mother country loses her colonies she will at least have the gold amassed and not the regret of having reared ungrateful children.

APPENDIX E

THE PHILIPPINES A CENTURY HENCE*

— I —

Following our usual custom of facing squarely the most difficult and delicate questions relating to the Philippines, without weighing the consequences that our frankness may bring upon us, we shall in the present article treat of their future.

In order to read the destiny of a people, it is necessary to open the book of its past, and this, for the Philippines may be reduced in general terms to what follows:

Scarcely had they been attached to the Spanish crown than they had sustained with their blood and the efforts of their sons the wars and ambitions, and conquest of the Spanish people, and in these struggles, in that terrible crisis when a people changes its form of government, its laws, usages, customs, religion and beliefs; the Philippines was depopulated, impoverished and retarded — caught in their metamorphosis without confidence in their past, without faith in their present and with no fond hope of the years to come. The former rulers who had merely endeavored to secure the fear and submission of their subjects, habituated by them to servitude, fell like leaves from a dead tree, and the people, who had no love for them nor knew what liberty was, easily changed masters, perhaps hoping to gain something by the innovation.

Then began a new era for the Filipinos. They gradually lost their ancient traditions, their recollections, — they forgot their writings, their songs, their poetry, their laws in order to learn by heart other doctrines, which they did not understand, other

*English translation by Charles E. Derbyshire. This famous essay of Rizal, entitled "Filipinas dentro de cien años" was first published in *La Solidaridad*, Madrid, September 30, 1889 — February 1, 1890.

ethics, other tastes, different from those inspired in their race by their climate and their way of thinking. Then there was a falling-off, they were lowered in their own eyes, they become ashamed of what was distinctively their own, in order to admire and praise that was foreign and incomprehensible; their spirit was broken and they acquiesced.

Thus years and centuries rolled on. Religious shows, rites that caught the eye, songs, lights, images arrayed with gold, worship in a strange language, legends, miracles and sermons, hypnotized the already naturally superstitious spirits of the country but did not succeed in destroying it altogether, in spite of the whole system afterwards developed and operated with unyielding tenacity.

When the ethical abasement of the inhabitants had reached this stage, when they had become disheartened and disgusted with themselves, an effort was made to add the final stroke for reducing so many dormant wills and intellects to nothingness, in order to make of the individual a sort of toiler, a brute, a beast of burden and to develop a race without mind or heart. Then the end sought was revealed, it was taken for granted, and the race was insulted, an effort was made to deny it every virtue, every human characteristic, and there were even writers and priests who pushed the movement still further by trying to deny to the natives of the country not only capacity for virtue but also even the tendency to vice.

Then this which they had thought would be death was sure salvation. Some dying persons are restored to health by a heroic remedy.

So great endurance reached its climax with the insults, and the lethargic spirit woke up to life. His sensitiveness, the chief trait of the native, was touched, and while he had the forbearance to suffer and die under a foreign flag, he had it not when they whom he served repaid his sacrifices with insults and jests. Then he began to study himself and to realize his misfortune. Those who had not expected this result, like all despotic masters, regarded as a wrong every complaint, every protest, and punished it with death, endeavoring thus to stifle every cry of sorrow with blood, and they made mistake after mistake.

The spirit of the people was not threby cowed, and even though it had been awakened in only a few hearts, its flame nevertheless was surely and consumingly propagated, thanks to abuses and the stupid endeavors of certain classes to stifle noble and generous sentiments. Thus when a flame catches a garment, fear and confusion propagate it more and more, and each shake, each blow, is a blast from the bellows to fan it into life.

Undoubtedly during all this time there were not lacking generous and noble spirits among the dominant race that tried to struggle for the rights of humanity and justice, or sordid and cowardly ones among the dominated that aided the debasement of their own country. But both were exceptions and we are speaking in general terms.

Such is an outline of their past. We know their present. Now, what will their future be?

Will the Philippine Islands continue to be a Spanish colony, and if so, what kind of colony? Will they become a province of Spain, with or without autonomy? And to reach this stage, what kind of sacrifices will have to be made?

Will they be separated from the mother country to live independently, to fall into the hands of other nations, or to ally themselves with neighboring powers?

It is impossible to reply to these questions, for to all of them both yes and no may be answered, according to the time desired to be covered. When there is in nature no fixed condition, how much less must there be in the life of a people, being endowed with mobility and movement! So, it is that in order to deal with those questions, it is necessary to presume an unlimited period of time, and in accordance therewith try to forecast future events.

— II —

What will become of the Philippines within a century? Will they continue to be a Spanish colony?

Had this question been asked three centuries ago, when at Legazpi's death the Malayan Filipinos began to be gradually undeceived and, finding the yoke heavy, tried in vain to shake

it off without any doubt whatsoever the reply would have been easy. To a spirit enthusiastic over the liberty of the country, to those unconquerable Kagayanes who nourished within themselves the spirit of Magalats, to the descendants of the heroic Gat Pulintang and Gat Salakab of the Province of Batangas, independence was assured, it was merely a question of getting together and making a determination. But for him who, disillusioned by sad experience, saw everywhere discord and disorder, apathy and brutalization in the lower classes, discouragement and disunion in the upper, only one answer presented itself, and it was: extend his hands to the chains, bow his neck beneath the yoke and accept the future with the resignation of an invalid who watches the leaves fall and foresees a long winter amid whose snows he discerns the outlines of his grave. At the time discord justified pessimism — but three centuries passed, the neck had become accustomed to the yoke, and each new generation, begotten in chains, was constantly better adapted to the new order of things.

Now then, are the Philippines in the same condition they were three centuries ago?

For the liberal Spaniards the ethical condition of the people remains the same, that is, the native Filipinos have not advanced; for the friars and their followers the people have been redeemed from savagery, that is, they have progressed; for many Filipinos ethics, spirit and customs have decayed, as decay all the good qualities of a people that falls into slavery that is, they have retrograded.

Laying aside these consideration, so as not to get away from our subject let us draw the brief parallel between the political situation then and the situation at present, in order to see if what was not possible at that time can be so now, or vice versa.

Let us pass over the loyalty the Filipinos may feel for Spain; let us suppose for a moment, along with Spanish writers, that there exist only motives for hatred and jealousy between the two races; let us admit the assertions flaunted by many that three centuries of domination have not awakened in the sensitive heart of the native a single spark of affection or gratitude; and we may see whether or not the Spanish cause has gained ground in the Islands.

Formerly the Spanish authority was upheld among the natives by a handful of soldiers, three to five hundred at most, many of whom were engaged in trade and were scattered about not only in the Islands but also among the neighboring nations, occupied in long wars against the Mohammedans in the south, against the British and Dutch, and ceaselessly harassed by Japanese, Chinese, or some tribes in the interior. Then communication with Mexico and Spain was slow, rare and difficult; frequent and violent the disturbances among the ruling powers in the Islands, the treasury nearly always empty, and the life of the colonists dependent upon one frail ship that handled the Chinese trade. Then the seas in those regions were infested with pirates, all enemies of the Spanish name, which was defended by an impoverished fleet, generally manned by rude adventurers, when not by foreigners and enemies, which was checked and an expedition of Gomez Perez Dasmariñas, which was checked and frustrated by the mutiny of the Chinese rowers, who killed him and thwarted all his plans and schemes. Yet in spite of so many adverse circumstances the Spanish authority has been upheld for more than three centuries and, though it has been curtailed, still continues to rule the destinies of the Philippine group.

On the other hand, the present situation seems to be gilded and rosy — as we might say, a beautiful morning compared to the vexed and stormy night of the past. The material forces at the disposal of the Spanish sovereign have now been trebled; the fleet relatively improved: there is more organization in both civil and military affairs; communication with the sovereign country is swifter and surer; she has no enemies abroad; her possession is assured and the country dominated seems to have less spirit, less aspiration for independence, a world that is to it almost incomprehensible. Everything then at first glance presages another three centuries, at least, of peaceful domination and tranquil suzerainty.

But above the material considerations are arising others, invisible, of an ethical nature, far more powerful and transcendental.

Orientals and the Malays, in particular, are a sensitive people: delicacy of sentiment is predominant with them. Even

now, in spite of contact with the Occidental nations, who have ideas different from his, we see the Malayan Filipino sacrifice everything — liberty, ease, welfare, name for the sake of an aspiration or a conceit sometimes scientific, or of some other nature but at the least word which wounds his self-love he forgets all his sacrifices, the labor expended, to treasure in his memory and never forget the slight he thinks he has received.

So the Philippine peoples have remained faithful during three centuries, giving up their liberty and their independence, sometimes dazzled by the hope of the Paradise promised, sometimes cajoled by the friendship offered them by a noble and generous people like the Spanish, sometimes also compelled by superiority of arms of which they were ignorant and which timid spirits invested with a mysterious character, or sometimes because the invading foreigner took advantage of internecine feuds to step in as the peacemaker in discord and thus after to dominate both parties and subject them to his authority.

Spanish domination once established, was firmly maintained, thanks to the attachment of the people, to their mutual dissensions, and to the fact that the sensitive self-love of the native had not yet been wounded. Then the people saw their own countrymen in the higher ranks of the army, their general officers fighting beside the heroes of Spain and sharing their laurels, begrudged neither character, reputation nor consideration; then fidelity and attachment to Spain, love of the fatherland, made of the native *encomendero* and even general, as during the English invasion; then there had not yet been invented the insulting and ridiculous epithets with which recently the most laborious and painful achievements of the native leaders have been stigmatized; not then had it become the fashion to insult and slander in stereotyped phrase, in newspapers and books published with governmental and superior ecclesiastical approval, the people that paid, fought and poured out its blood for the Spanish name, nor was it considered either noble or witty to offend a whole race, which was frobidden to reply or defend itself, and if there were religious hypochondriacs who in the leisure of their cloisters dared to write against it, as did the Augustinian Gaspar de San Agustin and the Jesuit Velarde, their loathsome abortions never saw the light, and still less were they themselves rewarded with miters and raised to high offices. True it is that neither were the natives of that time such as we are now: three centuries of brutalization and obscurantism have necessarily had some influence upon us, the most beautiful work of divinity in the hands of certain artisans may finally be converted into a caricature.

The priests of that epoch, wishing to establish their domination over the people, got in touch with it and made common cause with it against the oppressive encomenderos. Naturally, the people saw in them learning and some prestige and placed its confidence in them, followed their advice, and listened to them even in the darkest hours. If they wrote, they did so in defense of the rights of the native and made his cry reach even to the distant steps of the Throne. And not a few priests, both secular and regular, undertook dangerous journeys, as representatives of the country, and this, along with the strict and public residencia then required of the governing powers, from the captain-general to the most insignificant official, rather consoled and pacified the wounded spirits, satisfying, even though it were only in form, all the malcontents.

All this has passed away. The derisive laughter penetrates like mortal poison into the heart of the native who pays and suffers and it becomes more offensive the more immunity it enjoys. A common sore the general affront offered to a whole race, has wiped away the old feuds among differnt provinces. The people no longer has confidence in its former protectors, now its exploiters and executioners. The masks have fallen. It has been that the love and piety of the past have come to resemble the devotion of a nurse, who, unable to live elsewhere, desires the eternal infancy, eternal weakness, for the child in order to go on drawing her wages and existing at its expense, it has seen not only that she does not nourish it to make it grow but that she poisons it to stunt its growth and at the slightest protest she flies into a rage! The ancient show of justice, the hollow residencia has disappeared; confusion of ideas begins to prevail; the regard shown for a governor-general, lie La Torre, becomes a crime in the government of his successor, sufficient to cause the citizen to lose his liberty and his home; if he obeys the order of one official, as in the recent matter of admitting corpses into the

church, it is enough to have the obedient subjects later harassed and persecuted in every possible way; obligations and taxes increase without thereby increasing rights, privileges and liberties or assuring the few in existence; a regime of continual terror and uncertainty disturbs the minds, a regime worse than a period of disorder for the fears that the imagination conjures up are generally greater than the reality; the country is poor; the financial crisis through which it is passing is acute, and every one points out with the finger the persons who are causing the trouble, yet no one dares lay hands upon them!

True it is that the Penal Code has come like a drop of balm to such bitternerss. But of what use are all the codes in the world, if by means of confidential reports, if for trifling reasons, if through anonymous traitors any honest citizen may be exiled or banished without a hearing, without a trial? Of what use is that Penal Code, of what use is life, if there is no security in the home, no faith in justice and confidence in tranquility of conscience? Of what use is all that array of terms, all that collection of articles, when the cowardly accusation of a traitor has more influence in the timorous ears of the supreme autocrat than all the cries for justice?

If this state of affairs should continue, what will become of the Philippines within a century?

The batteries are graudally becoming charged and if the prudence of the government does not provide an outlet for the currents that are accumulating, some day the spark will be generated. This is not the place to speak of what outcome such a deplorable conflict might have, for it depends upon chance, upon the weapons and upon a thousand circumstances which man cannot foresee. But even though all the advantages should be on the government's side and therefore the probability of success, it would be a Pyrrhic victory, and no government ought to desire such.

If those who guide the destinies of the Philippines remain obstinate, and instead of introducing reforms try to make the condition of the country retrograde; to push their severity and repression to extremes against the classes that suffer and think, they are going to force the latter to venture and put into play the wretchedness of an unquiet life, filled with privation and

bitternerss, against the hope of securing something indefinite. What would be lost in the struggle? Almost nothing: the life of the numerous discontented classes has no such great attraction that it should be preferred to a glorious death. It may indeed be a suicidal attempt — but then, what? Would not a bloody chasm yawn between victors and vanquished and might not the latter with time and experience become equal in strength, since they are superior in numbers to their dominators? Who disputes this? All the petty instructions that have occurred in the Philippines were the work of a few fanatics or discontented soldiers, who had to deceive and humbug the people or avail themselves of their powers over their subordinates to gain their ends. So they all failed. No insurrection had a popular character or was based on a need of the whole race or fought for human rights or justice, so it left no ineffaceable impressions, but rather when they saw that they had been duped the people bound up their wounds and applauded the overthrow of the disturbers of their peace! But what if the movement springs from the people themselves and based its causes upon their woes?

So then, if the prudence and wise reforms of our ministers do not find capable and determined interpreters among the colonial governors and faithful perpetrators among those whom the frequent political changes send to fill such a delicate post; if met with the eternal *it is out of order*, preferred by the elements, who see their livelihood in the backwardness of their subjects, if just claims are to go unheeded, as being of a subversive tendency; if the country is denied representation in the Cortes and an authorized voice to cry out against all kinds of abuses, which escape through the complexity of the laws; if in short, the system, prolific in results of alienating the goodwill of the natives, is to continue, pricking his apathetic mind with insults and charges of ingratitude, we can assert that in a few years the present state of affairs will have been modified completely — and inevitably. There now exists a factor which was formerly lacking — the spirit of the nation has been aroused and a common misfortune, a common debasement has united all the inhabitants of the Islands. A numerous enlightened class now exists within and without the Islands, a class created and continually augmented by the stupidity of certain governing powers, which forces the inhabitants to leave the country, to secure education

abroad, and it is maintained thanks to the provocation and the system of espionage in vogue. This class, whose number is cumulatively increasing, is in constant communication with the rest of the Islands, and if today it constitutes only the brain of the country in a few years it will form the whole nervous system and manifest its existence in all its acts.

Now, statecraft has various means at its disposal for checking a people on the road to progress; the brutalization of the masses through a caste addicted to the government, aristocratic, as in the Dutch colonies, or theocratic as in the Philippines; the impoverishment of the country; the gradual extermination of the inhabitants; and fostering of feuds among the races.

Brutalization of the Malayan Filipinos has been demonstrated to be impossible. In spite of the dark horde of friars in whose hands rests the instruction of youth, which miserably wastes years and years in the colleges, issuing therefrom tired, weary and disgusted with books: in spite of the censorship which tries to close every avenue to progress; in spite of all the pupils, confessionals, books, and missals that inculcate hatred toward not only all scientific knowledge but even toward the Spanish language itself; in spite of this whole elaborate system perfected and tenaciously operated by those who wish to keep the Islands in holy ignorance; there exist writers, freethinkers, historians, philosophers, chemists, physicians, artists, and jurists. Enlightenment is spreading and the persecution it suffers quickens it. No, the divine flame of thought is inextinguishable in the Filipino people and somehow or other it will shine forth and compel recognition. It is impossible to brutalize the inhabitants of the Philippines!

May poverty arrest their development?

Perhaps, but it is a very dangerous means. Experience has everywhere shown us and especially in the Philippines, that the classes which are better off have always been addicted to peace and order, because they live comparatively better and may be the losers in civil disturbances. Wealth brings with it refinement, the spirit of conservation, while poverty inspires adventurous ideas, the desire to change things and has little care for life. Machiavelli himself held this means of subjecting a people to be perilous, observing that loss of welfare stirs up more obdurate

enemies than loss of life. Moreover, when there are wealth and abundance, there is less discontent, less complaint and the government, itself wealthier, has more means for sustaining itself. On the other hand, there occurs in a poor country what happens in a house where bread is wanting. And further, of what use to the mother country would a poor and lean colony be?

Neither is it possible gradually to exterminate the inhabitants. The Philippine races, like all the Malays, do not succumb before the foreigner, like the Australians, the Polynesians and the Indians of the New World. In spite of the numerous wars the Filipinos have had to carry on, in spite of the epidemics that have periodically visited them, their number has trebled as has that of the Malays of Java and the Moluccas. The Filipino embraces civilization and lives and thrives in every clime, in contact with every people. Rum, that poison which exterminated the natives of the Pacific islands, has no power in the Philippines, but rather, comparison of their present condition with that described by the early historians, makes it appear that the Filipinos have grown soberer. The petty wars with the inhabitants of the south consume only the soldiers, people who by their fidelity to the Spanish flag, far from being a menace, are surely one of its solidest supports.

There remains the fostering of internecine feuds among the provinces.

This was formerly possible, when communication from one island to another was rare and difficult, when there were no steamers or telegraph lines, when the regiments were formed according to the various provinces, when some provinces were cajoled by awards of privileges and honors and others were protected from the strongest. But now that the privileges have disappeared, that through a spirit of distrust the regiments have been reorganized, that the inhabitants move from one island to another, communication and exchange of impressions naturally increase, and as all see themselves threatened by the same peril and wounded in the same feelings, they clasp hands and make common cause. It is true that the union is not yet wholly perfected, but to this end the measures of good government, the vexations to which the townspeople are subjected, the frequent changes of officials, the scarcity of centers of learning, forces

the youth of all the islands to come together and begin to get acquainted. The journeys to Europe contribute not a little to tighten the bonds, for abroad the inhabitants of most widely separated provinces are impressed by their patriotic feelings, from sailors even to the wealthiest merchants, and at the sight of modern liberty and the memory of the misfortunes of their country, they embrace and call one another brothers.

In short, then, the advancement and ethical progress of the Philippines are inevitable, are decreed by fate.

The Islands cannot remain in the condition they are without requiring from the sovereign country more liberty. *Mutatis mutandis*. For new men, a new social order.

To wish that the alleged child remain in its swaddling clothes is to risk that it may turn against its nurse and flee, tearing away the old rags that bind it.

The Philippines, then, will remain under Spanish domination, but with more law and greater liberty, or they will declare themselves independent after steeping themselves and the mother country in blood.

As no one should desire or hope for such an unfortunate rupture, which would be an evil for all and only the final argument in the most desperate predicament, let us see by what forms of peaceful evolution the Islands may remain subjected to the Spanish authority, with the very least detriment to the rights, interests and dignity of both parties.

— III —

If the Philippines must remain under the control of Spain, they will necessarily have to be transformed in a political sense, for the course of their history and the needs of their inhabitants so required. This we demonstrated in the preceding article.

We also said that this transformation will be violent and fatal if it proceeds from the ranks of the people, but peaceful and fruitful if it emanates from the upper classes.

Some governors have realized this truth, and impelled by their patriotism, have been trying to introduce needed reforms in order to forestall events. But notwithstanding all that have

been ordered up to the present time, they have produced scanty results, for the government as well as for the country. Even those that promised only a happy issue have at times caused injury, for the simple reason that they have been based upon unstable grounds.

We said and once more we repeat, and all will ever assert, that reforms which have a *palliative* character are not only ineffectual but even prejudicial when the government is confronted with evils that must be cured radically. And were we not convinced of the honesty and rectitude of some governors, we would be tempted to say that all the partial reforms are only plasters and salves of a physician, who, not knowing how to cure the cancer, and not daring to root it out, tries in this way to alleviate the patient's sufferings or to temporize with the cowardice of the timid and ignorant.

All the reforms of our liberal ministers were, have been, are, and will be good — when carried out.

When we think of them, we are reminded of the dieting of Sancho Panza in his Barataria Island. He took his seat at a sumptuous and well-appointed table "covered with fruit and many varieties of food differently prepared," but between the wretch's mouth and each dish the physician Pedro Rezio interposed his wand, saying, "Take it away!" The dish removed, Sancho was as hungry as ever. Truth is that the despotic Pedro Rezio gave reasons, which seem to have been written by Cervantes especially for the colonial administrations. "You must not eat, Mr. Governor, except according to the usage and custom of other islands, where there are governors." Something was found to be wrong with each dish: one was too hot, another too moist, and so on, just like our Pedro Rezio on both sides of the sea. Great good did his cook's skill do Sancho!

In the case of our country, the reforms take the place of the dishes, the Philippines are Sancho, while the part of the quack physician is played by many persons interested in not having the dishes touched, perhaps that they may themselves get the benefit of them.

The result is that the long suffering Sancho, or the Philippines, misses his liberty, rejects all government and ends up by rebelling against his quack physician.

In like manner, so long as the Philippines have no liberty of the press, have no voice in the Cortes to make known to the government and to the nation whether or not their decrees have been duly obeyed, whether or not these benefit the country, all the able efforts of the colonial ministers will meet the fate of the dishes in Barataria Island.

The minister, then, who wants his reforms to be reforms, must begin by declaring the press in the Philippines free and by instituting Filipino delegates.

The free press in the Philippines, because their complaints rarely ever reach the Peninsula, very rarely, and if they do they are so secret, so mysterious that no newspaper dares to publish them, or if it does reproduce them, it does so tardily and badly.

A government *that rules a country from a great distance* is the one that has the most need for a free press more so even than the government of the home country, if it wishes to rule rightly and fitly. The government that *governs in a country* may even dispense with the press (if it can), because it is on the ground, because it has eyes and ears, and because it directly observes what it rules and administers. But the government that *governs from afar* absolutely requires that the truth and the facts reach its knowledge by every possible channel so that it may weigh and estimate them better, and this need increases when a country like the Philippines is concerned, where the inhabitants speak and complain in a language unknown to the authorities. To govern in any other way may also be called governing, but it is to govern badly. It amounts to pronouncing judgment after hearing only one of the parties; it is sterring a ship without reckoning its conditions, the state of the sea, the reefs and shoals, the direction of the winds and currents. It is managing a house by endeavoring merely to give it polish and a fine appearance without watching the money chest, without looking after the servants and the members of the family.

But routine is a declivity down which many governments slide, and routine says that freedom of the press is dangerous. Let us see what History says; uprisings and revolutions have always occurred in countries tyrannized over, in countries where human thought and the human heart have been forced to remain silent.

If the great Napoleon had not tyrannized over the press, perhaps it would have warned him of the peril into which he was hurled and have made him understand that the people were weary and the earth wanted peace. Perhaps his genius, instead of being dissipated in foreign aggrandizement would have become intensive in laboring to strengthen his position and thus have assured it. Spain herself records in her history more revolutions when the press was gagged. What colonies have become independent while they had a free press and enjoyed liberty? Is it preferable to govern blindly or to govern with ample knowledge?

Someone will answer that in colonies with a free press, the prestige of the rulers, that prop of false governments, will be greatly imperiled. We answer that the prestige of the nation is preferable to that of a few individuals. A nation acquires respect, not by abetting and concealing abuses, but by rebuking and punishing them. Moreover, to this prestige is applicable what Napoleon said about great men and their valets. Who endure and know all the false pretensions and petty persecutions of those sham gods, do not need a free press in order to recognize them; they have long ago lost their prestige. The free press is needed by the government, the government which still dreams of the prestige which it builds upon mined ground.

We say the same about the Filipino representatives.

What risks does the government see in them? One of three things, either that they will prove unruly, become political trimmers, or act properly.

Supposing that we should yield to the most absurd pessimism and admit the insult, great for the Philippines but still greater for Spain, that all the representatives would be separatists and that in all their contentions they would advocate separatist ideas; does not a patriotic Spanish majority exist there, is there not present there the vigilance of the governing powers to combat and oppose such intentions? And would not this be better than the discontent that ferments and expands in the secrecy of the home, in the huts and in the field? Certainly the Spanish people does not spare its blood where patriotism is concerned but would not a struggle of principles in parliament be preferable to the exchange of shot in swampy lands, three thousand leagues from home in impenetrable forests, under a burning sun or amid

torrential rains? These pacific struggles of ideas, besides being a thermometer for the government, have the advantage of being cheap and glorious, because the Spanish parliament especially abounds in oratorical paladins invincible in debate. Moreover, it is said that the Filipinos are indolent and peaceful — then what need the government fear? Hasn't it any influence in the elections? Frankly speaking, it is a great compliment to the separatists to fear them in the midst of the Cortes of the nation.

If they become what they should be, worthy, honest and faithful to their trust, they will undoubtedly annoy an ignorant or incapable minister with their questions but they need him to govern and will need some more honorable figures among the representatives of the nation.

Now then, if the real objection to the Filipino delegates, is that they smell like Igorots, which so disturbed in open Senate the doughty General Salamanca, then Don Sinibaldo de Mas, who saw the Igorots in person and wanted to live with them, can affirm that they will smell at worst like powder, and Señor Salamanca undoubtedly has no fear of that odor. And if this were all, the Filipinos, who there in their own country are accustomed to bathe every day, when they become representatives may give up such a dirty custom, at least during the legislative session so as not to offend the delicate nostrils of Salamanca with the odor of the bath.

It is useless to answer certain objections of some fine writers regarding the rather brown skins and faces with somewhat wide nostrils. Questions of taste are peculiar to each race. China, for example, which has four hundred million inhabitants and a very ancient civilization, considers all Europeans ugly and calls them "fankwai", or red devils. Its taste has a hundred million more adherents than the Europeans. Moreover, if this is the question, we would have to admit the inferiority of the Latins, especially the Spaniards, to the Saxons, who are much whiter.

And so long as it is not asserted that the Spanish parliament is an assemblage of Adonises, Antoniuses, pretty boys, and other like paragons, so long as the purpose of resorting thither is to legislate and not to philosophize or to wonder through imaginary spheres, we maintain that the government ought not to pause at these obligations. Law has no skin nor reason nostrils.

So we see no serious reason why the Philippines may not have representatives. By their institution many malcontents would be silenced, and instead of blaming its troubles upon the government, as now happens, the country would bear them better, for it could at least complain and with its sons among its legislators, would in a way become responsible for their actions.

We are not sure that we serve the true interests of our country by asking for representatives. We know that the lack of enlightenment, the indolence, the egotism, of our fellow countrymen, and the boldness, the cunning and the powerful methods of those who wish their obscurantism, may convert reform into a harmful instrument. But we wish to be loyal to the government and we are pointing out to it the road that appears best to us so that its effort may not come to grief, so that discontent may disappear. If after so just, as well as necessary, a measure has been introduced, the Filipino people are so stupid and weak that they are treacherous to their own interests, then let the responsibility fall upon them, let them suffer all consequences. Every country gets the fate it deserves and the goverment can say that it has done its duty.

These are the two fundamental reforms which properly interpreted and applied, will dissipate all clouds, assure affection toward Spain, and make all succeeding reforms fruitful. These are the reforms *sine quibus non*.

It is puerile to fear that independence may come through them. The free press will keep the government in touch with public opinion, and the representatives, if they are, as they ought to be, the best from among the sons of the Philippines, will be their hostages. With no cause for discontent, how then attempt to stir up the masses of the people?

Likewise inadmissible is the obligation offered by some regarding the imperfect culture of the majority of the inhabitants. Aside from the fact that it is not so imperfect as is averred, there is no plausible reason why the ignorant and the defective (whether through their own or another's fault) should be denied representation to look after them and see that they are not abused. They are the very ones who most need it. No one ceases to be a man, no one forfeits his rights to civilization merely by

being more or less uncultured, and since the Filipino is regarded as a fit citizen when he is asked to pay taxes or shed his blood to defend the fatherland why must this fitness be denied him when the question arises of granting him some right? Moreover, how is he to be held responsible for his ignorance, when it is acknowledged by all, friends and enemies that his zeal for learning is so great that even before the coming of the Spaniards every one could read and write, and that we now see the humblest families make enormous sacrifices to the extent of working as servants in order to learn Spanish? How can the country be expected to become enlightened under present conditions when we see all the decrees issued by the government in favor of education meet with Pedro Rezios who prevent execution whereof because they have in their hands what they call education? If the Filipino, then, is sufficiently intelligent to pay taxes, he must also be able to choose and retain the one who looks after him and his interests, with the product whereof he serves the government of his nation. To reason otherwise is to reason stupidly.

When the laws and the acts of officials are kept under surveillance, the word justice may cease to be a colonial jest. The thing that makes the English most respected in their possessions is their strict and speedy justice so that the inhabitants repose entire confidence in the judges. Justice is the foremost virtue of the civilized races. It subdues the barbarous nations, while injustice arouses the weakest.

Offices and trusts should be awarded by competition, publishing the work and the judgment thereon, so that there may be stimulus and that discontent may not be bred. Then, if the native does not shake off his *indolence* he can not complain when he sees all the offices filled by *Castilas*.

We presume that it will not be the Spaniard who fears to enter in this contest, for thus will he be able to prove his superiority by the superiority of intelligence. Although this is not the custom in the sovereign country, it should be practised in the colonies, for the reason that genuine prestige should be sought by means of moral qualities, because the colonizers ought to be, or at least to seem, upright, honest and intelligent, just as a man stimulates virtues when he deals with stranger. The

offices and trusts so earned will do away with arbitrary dismissal and develop employees and officials capable and cognizant of their duties. The offices held by natives, instead of endangering the Spanish domination, will merely serve to assure it, for what interest would they have in converting the sure and stable into the uncertain and problematical? The native is, moreover, very fond of peace and prefers a humble present to a brilliant future. Let the various Filipinos still holding office speak in this matter, they are the most unshaken conservatives.

We could add other minor reforms touching commerce, agriculture, security of the individual and of property, education, and so on, but these are points with which we shall deal in other articles. For the present we are satisfied with the outlines and no one can say that we ask too much.

There will not be lacking critics to accuse us of Utopianism: but what is Utopia? Utopia was a country imagined by Thomas Moore, wherein existed universal suffrage, religious toleration, almost complete abolition of the death penalty and so on. When the book was published these things were looked upon as dreams, impossibilities, that is Utopianism. Yet civilization has left the country of Utopia far behind, the human will and conscience have worked greater miracles, have abolished slavery and the death penalty for adultery — things impossible for even Utopia itself!

The French colonies have their representatives. The question has also been raised in the English parliament of giving representation to the Crown colonies, for the others already enjoy some autonomy. The press there is also free. Only Spain, which in the sixteenth century was the model nation in civilization, lags far behind. Cuba and Puerto Rico, whose inhabitants do not number a third of those of the Philippines, and who have not made such sacrifices for Spain, have numerous representatives. The Philippines in the early days had theirs, who conferred with the King and Pope on the needs of the country. They had them in Spain's critical moments, when she groaned under the Napoleonic yoke, and they did not take advantage of the sovereign country's misfortunes like other colonies but tightened more firmly the bonds that united them to the nation, giving proofs of their loyalty and they continued until many years later.

What crime have the Islands committed that they are deprived of their rights?

To recapitulate: the Philippines will remain Spanish if they enter upon the life of law and civilization, if the rights of their inhabitants are respected, if the other rights due them are granted, if the liberal policy of the government is carried out without trickery or meanness, without subterfuges or false interpretations.

Otherwise, if an attempt is made to see in the Islands a lode to be exploited, a resource to satisfy ambitions, thus to relieve the sovereign country of taxes, killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and shutting its ears to all cries of reasons then, however, great may be the loyalty of the Filipinos, it will be impossible to hinder the operations of the inexorable laws of history. Colonies established to subserve the policy and the commerce of the sovereign country, all eventually become independent said Bachelet, and before Bachelet, all the Phoenician, Carthaginian, Greek, Roman, English, Portuguese, and Spanish colonies had said it.

Close indeed are the bonds that unite us to Spain. Two peoples do not live for three centuries in continual contact, sharing the same lot, shedding their blood on the same fields, holding the same beliefs, worshipping the same God, interchanging the same ideas, but that ties are formed between them stronger than those engendered by affection. Machiavelli, the great reader of the human heart said: *la natura degli huomini, e cosi obligarsi pe li beneficii che essi fanno come per quelli che essi ricevono* (it is human nature to be bound as much by benefits conferred as by those received). All this, and more, is true but it is pure sentimentality, and in the arena of politics stern necessity and interests prevail. Howsoever much the Filipinos owe Spain, they can not be required to forego their redemption, to have their liberal and enlightened sons wander about in exile from their native land, the rudest aspirations stifled in its atmosphere, the peaceful inhabitants living in constant alarm, with the fortune of the two peoples dependent upon the whim of one man. Spain can not claim, not even in the name of God himself, that six millions of people should be brutalized, exploited and oppressed, denied light and the rights inherent to a human being and then

heap upon them slights and insults. There is no claim of gratitude that can excuse, there is not enough power in the world to justify the offenses against the liberty of the individual, against the sanctity of the home, against the laws, against peace and honor, offenses that are committed there daily. There is no divinity that can proclaim the sacrifice of our dearest affections, the sacrifice of the family, the sacrileges and wrongs that are committed by persons who have the name of God on their lips. No one can require an impossibility of the Filipino people. The noble Spanish people, so jealous of its rights and liberties, cannot bid the Filipinos to renounce theirs. A people that prides itself on the glories of its past cannot ask another, trained by it, to accept abjection and dishonor its own name!

We, who today are struggling by the legal and peaceful means of debate so understand it, and with our gaze fixed upon our ideals, shall not cease to plead our cause, without going beyond the pale of the law, but if violence first silences us or we have the misfortune to fall (which is possible for we are mortal) then we do not know what course will be taken by the numerous tendencies that will rush in to occupy the places that we leave vacant.

If what we desire is not realized

In contemplating such an unfortunate eventuality, we must not turn away in horror, and so instead of closing our eyes we will face what the future may bring. For this purpose, after throwing the handful of dust due to Cerberus, let us frankly descend into the abyss and sound its terrible mysteries.

— IV —

History does not record in its annals any lasting domination exercised by one people over another, of different races, of diverse usages and customs, of opposite and divergent ideals.

One of the two had to yield and succumb. Either the foreigner was driven out, as happened in the case of Carthaginians, the Moors and the French in Spain, or else these autochthons had to give way and perish, as was the case with the inhabitants of the New World.

One of the longest dominations was that of the Moors in Spain, which lasted seven centuries. But, even though the conquerors lived in the country conquered, even though the Peninsula was broken up into small states, which gradually emerged like little islands in the midst of the great Saracen inundation and in spite of the chivalrous spirit, the gallantry and the religious toleration of the califs, they were finally driven out after bloody and stubborn conflicts, which formed the Spanish nation and created the Spain of the fifteenth and sixteenth cenuries.

The existence of a foreign body within another endowed with strength and activity is contrary to all natural and ethical laws. Science teaches us that it is either assimilated, destroys the organism, is eliminated or becomes encysted.

Encystment of a conquering people is possible, for it signifies complete isolation, absolute inertia, debility in the conquering element. Encystment thus means the tomb of the foreign invader.

Now applying these considerations to the Philippines, we must conclude, as a deduction from all we have said, that if their population be not assimilated to the Spanish nation, if the dominators do not enter into the spirit of their inhabitants, if equitable laws and free and liberal reforms do not make each forget that they belong to different races, or if both peoples be not amalgamated to constitute one mass, socially and politically, homogeneous, that is, not harrassed by opposing tendencies and antagonistic ideas and interests some day the Philippines will fatally and infallibly declare themselves independent. To this law of destiny can be opposed neither Spanish patriotism, nor the love of all Filipinos for Spain, nor the doubtful future of dismemberment and intestine strife in the Islands themselves. Necesity is the most powerful divinity the world knows, and necessity is the resultant of physical forces set in operation by ethical forces.

We have said and statistics prove that it is impossible to exterminate the Filipino people. And even were it possible what interest would Spain have in the destruction of the inhabitants of a country she can not populate or cultivate, whose climate is to a certain extent disastrous to her? What good would the Philippines be without the Filipinos? Quite otherwise, under her colonial system and the transitory character of the Spaniards

who go to the colonies, a colony is so much the more useful and productive to her as it possesses inhabitants and wealth. Moreover, in order to destroy the six million Malays, even supposing them to be in their infancy and that hey have never learned to fight and defend themselves, Spain would have to sacrifice at least a fourth of her population. This we commend to the notice of the partisans of colonial exploitation.

But nothing of this kind can happen. The menace is that when the education and liberty necessary to human existence are denied by Spain to the Filipinos, then they will seek enlightenment abroad, behind the mother country's back or they will secure by hook or by crook some advantages in their country with the result that the opposition of purblind and paretic politicians will not only be futile but even prejudicial because it will convert motives for love and gratitude into resentment and hatred.

Hatred and resentment on one side, mistrust and anger on the other, will finally result in a violent terrible collision, especially when there exist elements interested in having disturbances, so that they may get something in the excitement, demonstrates their mighty power, foster lamentations and recriminations, or employ violent measures. It is to be expected that the government will triumph and be generally (as is the custom) severe in punishment, either to teach a stern lesson in order to vaunt its strength or even to revenge uppon the vanqu'shed the spells of excitement and terror that the danger caused it. An unavoidable concomitant of those catastrophies is the accumulation of acts of injustice committed against the innocent and peaceful inhabitants. Private reprisals, denunciation, despicable accusations, resentments, covetousness, the opportune moment for calumny, the haste and hurried procedure of the court martials, the pretext of the integrity of the fatherland and the safety of the state, which cloaks and justifies everything, even for scrupulous minds, which unfortunately are still rare and above all the panic-stricken timidity, the cowardice that battens upon the conquered — all these things augment the severe measures and the number of the victims. The result is that a chasm of blood is then opened between the two peoples that the wounded and the afflicted, instead of becoming fewer, are increased, for to the families and friends of the guilty, who always think the punishment excessive and

the judge unjust, must be added the families and friends of the innocent, who see no advantage in living and working submissively and peacefully. Note, too, that if severe measures are dangerous in a nation made up of a homogeneous population, the peril is increased a hundred-fold when the government is formed a race different from the governed. In the former an injustice may still be ascribed to one man alone, to a governor actuated by personal malice, and with the death of the tyrant the victiom is reconciled to the government of his nation. But in a country dominated by a foreign race, even the justest act of severity is construed as injustice and oppression, because it is ordered by a foreigner, who is unsympathetic or is an enemy of the country, and the offense hurts not only the victim but his entire race, because it is not usually regarded as personal and so the resentment naturally spreads to the whole governing race and does not die out with the offender.

Hence the great prudence and fine tact that should be exercised by colonizing countries, and the fact that government regards the colonies in general and our colonial office in particular, as training schools, contributes notably to the fulfillment of the great law that the colonies sooner or later declare themselves independent.

Such is the descent down which the peoples are precipitated. In proportion as they are bathed in blood and drenched in tears and gall, the colony, if it has any vitality, learns how to struggle and perfect itself in fighting while the mother country whose colonial life depends upon peace and the submission of the subjects, is constantly weakened and even though she makes heroic efforts, as her number is less and she has only a fictitious existence, she finally perishes. She is like the rich voluptuary accustomed to be waited upon by a crowd of servants toiling and planting for him and who on the day his slaves refuse him obedience, as he does not live by his own efforts, must die.

Reprisals, wrongs and suspicions on one part and on the other the sentiment of patriotism and liberty, which is aroused in these incessant conflicts, insurrections and uprisings, operate to generalize the movement and one of the two peoples must succumb. The struggle will be brief, for it will amount to a slavery much more cruel than death for the people and to a

dishonorable loss of prestige for the dominator. One of the peoples must succumb.

Spain, from the number of her inhabitants, from the condition of her army and navy, from the distance she is situated from the Islands, from her scanty knowledge of them, and from struggling against a people whose love and goodwill she has alienated, will necessarily have to give way, if she does not wish to risk not only her other possessions and her future in Africa, but also her very independence in Europe. All this is at the cost of bloodshed, and crime, after mortal conflicts, murders, conflagrations, military executions, famine and misery.

The Spaniard is gallant and patriotic, and sacrifices everything in favorable moments, for his country's good. He has the intrepidity of his bull. The Filipino loves his country no less and although he is quieter, more peaceful and with difficulty stirred up, when he is once aroused he does not hesitate and for him the struggle means death to one or the other combatant. He has all the meekness and all the tenacity and ferocity of his carabao. Climate affects bipeds in the same way that it does quadrupeds.

The terrible lessons ano the hard teachings that these conflicts will have afforded the Filipinos will operate to improve and strengthen their ethical nature. The Spain of the fifteenth century was not the Spain of the eight. With their bitter experience, instead of intestine conflicts of some islands against others, as is generally feared, they will extend mutual support, like shipwrecked persons when they reach an island after a fearful night of storm. Nor may it be said that we shall partake of the fate of the small American republics. They achieved their independence easily and their inhabitants are animated by a different spirit from what the Filipinos are. Besides the danger of falling again into other hands, English or German, for example, will force the Filipinos to be sensible and prudent. Absence of any great preponderance of one race over the others will free their imagination from all mad ambitions of domination, and as the tendency of countries that have been tyrannized over, when they once shake off the yoke, is to adopt the freest government, like a boy leaving school, like the beat of the pendulum, by a law of reaction the Islands will probably declare themselves a federal republic.

If the Philippines secure their independence after heroic and stubborn conflicts, they can rest assured that neither England nor Germany, nor France, and still less Holland will dare to take up what Spain has been unable to hold. Within a few years Africa will completely absorb the attention of the Europeans, and there is no sensible nation which, in order to secure a group of poor and hostile islands, will neglect the immense territory offered by the Dark Continent, untouched, undeveloped and almost undefended. England has enough colonies in the Orient and is not going to sacrifice her Indian Empire for the poor Philippine Islands — if she had entertained such an intention she would not have restored Manila in 1763, but would have kept some point in the Philippines whence she might gradually expand. Moreover, what need has John Bull the trader to exhaust himself over the Philippines, when he is already lord of the Orient, when he has there Singapore, Hongkong and Shanghai? It is probable that England will look favorably upon the independence of the Philippines, for it will open their ports to her and afford greater freedom to her commerce. Furthermore, there exist in the United Kingdom tendencies and opinions to the effect that she already has too many colonies, that they are harmful, that they greatly weaken the sovereign country.

For the same reasons Germany will not care to run any risk, and because a scattering of her forces and a war in distant countries will endanger her existence on the continent. Thus we see her attitude, as much in the Pacific as in Africa, is confined to conquering easy territory that belongs to nobody. Germany avoids any foreign complications.

France has enough to do and see more of a future in Tongking and China, besides the fact that the French spirit does not shine in zeal for colonization. France loves glory, but the glory and laurels that grow on the battlefields of Europe. The echo from battlefields in the Fear East hardly satisfies her craving for renown, for it reaches her quite faintly. She has also other obligations, both internally and on the continent.

Holland is sensible and will be content to keep the Moluccas and Java. Sumatra offers her a greater future than the Philippines whose seas and coasts have a sinister omen for Dutch expeditions.

Holland proceeds with great caution in Sumatra and Borneo, from fear of losing everything.

China will consider herself fortunate if she succeeds in keeping herself intact and is not dismembered or partitioned among the European powers that are colonizing the continent of Asia.

The same is true with Japan. On the north side she has Russia, who envies and watches her, on the south England, with whom she is in accord even to her official language. She is, moreover, under such diplomatic pressure from Europe that she can not think of outside affairs until she is freed from it, which will not be an easy matter. True it is that she has an excess of population, but Korea attracts her more than the Philippines and is also easier to seize.

Perhaps the great American Republic, whose interests lie in the Pacific and who has no hand in the spoliation of Africa may some day dream of foreign possession. This is not impossible, for the example is contagious, covetousness and ambition are among the strongest vices, and Harrison manifested something of this sort in the Samoan question. But the Panama Canal is not opened nor the territory of the States congested with inhabitants, and in case she should openly attempt it the European powers would not allow her to proceed, for they know very well that the appetite is sharpened by the first bites. North America would be quite a troublesome rival, if she should once get into the business. Furthermore, this is contrary to her traditions.

Very likely the Philippines will defend with inexpressible valor the liberty secured at the price of so much blood and sacrifice. With the new men that will spring from their soil and with the recollection of their past, they will perhaps strive to enter freely upon the wide road of progress, and all will labor together to strengthen their fatherland, both internally and externally, with the same enthusiasm, with which a youth falls again to tilling the land of his ancestors so long wasted and abandoned through the neglect of those who have withheld it from him. Then the mines will be made to give up their gold for relieving distress, iron for weapons, copper, lead, and coal. Perhaps the country will revive the maritime and mercantile life for which the islanders are fitted by their nature, ability and instincts, and

once more free, like the bird that leaves its cage, like the flower that unfolds to the air, will recover the pristine virtues that are gradually dying out and will again become addicted to peace — cheerful, happy, joyous, hospitable and daring.

These and many other things may come to pass within something like a hundred years, but the most logical prognostication, the prophecy based on the best probabilities, may err through remote and insignificant causes: An octupus that seized Mark Anthony's ship altered the face of the world; a cross on Calvary and a just man nailed thereon changed the ethics of half the human race, and yet before Christ, how many just men wrongly perished and how many crosses were raised on that hill! The death of the just sanctified his work and made his teaching unanswerable. A sunken road at the battle of Waterloo buried all the glories of two brilliant decades, the whole Napoleonic world, and freed Europe. Upon what chance accidents will the destiny of the Philippines depend?

Nevertheless, it is not well to trust to accident, for there is sometimes an imperceptible and incomprehensible logic in the workings of history. Fortunately, peoples as well as governments are subjects to it.

Therefore, we repeat and we will ever repeat, while there is time, and that is better to keep pace with the desire of a people than to give way before them; the former begets sympathy and love, the latter contempt and anger. Since it is necessary to grant six million Filipinos their rights, so that they may be in fact Spaniards, let the government grant these rights freely and spontaneously, without damaging reservations, without irritating mistrust. We shall never tire of repeating this while a ray of hope is left us, for we prefer this unpleasant task to the need of some day saying to the mother country: "Spain, we have spent our youth in serving thy interests in the interests of our country; we have looked to thee, we have expended the whole light of our intellects, all the fervor and enthusiasm of our hearts in working for the good of what was thine, to draw from them a glance of love, a liberal policy and that would assure us the peace of our native land and thy sway over loyal but unfortunate islands! Spain, thou hast remained deaf, and, wrapped up in thy pride, hast pursued thy fatal course and

accused us of being traitors, merely because we love our country because we tell thee the truth and hate all kinds of injustice. What dost thou wish us to tell our wretched country when it asks about the result of our efforts? Must we say to it that, since for it we have lost everything — youth, future, hope, peace, family; since in its service we have exhausted all the resources of hope, all the disillusions of desire, it also takes the residue which we can not use, the blood from our veins and the strength left in our arms? Spain, must we some day tell Filipinas that thou hast no ear for her woes and that if she wishes to be saved, she must redeem herself?"

APPENDIX F

LAST FAREWELL

Farewell, dear Fatherland, clime of the sun caress'd,
Pearl of the Orient seas, our Eden lost!
Gladly now I go to give thee this faded life's best,
And were it brighter, fresher, or more blest,
Still would I give it thee, nor count the cost.

On the field of battle, 'mid the frenzy of light,
Others have given their lives, without doubt or heed;
The place matters not — cypress or laurel or lily white,
Scaffold or open plain, combat or martyrdom's plight,
'Tis ever the same, to serve our home and country's need.

I die just when I see the dawn break,
Through the gloom of night, to herald the day;
And if color is lacking my blood thou shalt take,
Pour'd out at need for thy dear sake,
To dye with its crimson the waking ray.

My dreams, when life first opened to me,
My dreams, when the hopes of youth beat high,
Were to see thy lov'd face, O gem of the Orient sea
From gloom and grief, from care and sorrow free;
No blush on thy brow, no tear in thine eye.

Dream of my life, my living and burning desire,
All hail! cries the soul that is now to take flight;
All hail! And sweet it is for thee to expire,
To die for thy sake, that thou mayst aspire,
And sleep in thy bosom eternity's long night.

If over my grave some day thou seest grow
In the grassy sod, a humble flower,
Draw it to thy lips and kiss my soul so,
While I may feel on my brow in the cold tomb below
The touch of thy tenderness, thy breath's warm power.

*English translation by Charles E. Derbyshire. This is the most popular and widely recognized of the 28 known English translations of Rizal's *Ultimo Adios*. It should be noted that the original farewell poem was without a title and was unsigned. It was Father Mariano Dacanay, Filipino priest-patriot, who gave the title *Ultimo Adios* (Last Farewell) and under such title the poem was published for the first time in *La Independencia* (Gen. Antonio Luna's newspaper) on September 25, 1898.

Let the moon beam over me soft and serene,
Let the dawn shed over me its radiant flashes,
Let the wind with the sad lament over me keen;
And if on my cross a bird should be seen,
Let it trill there its hymn of peace of my ashes.

Let the sun draw the vapors up to the sky,
And heavenward in purity bear my tardy protest;
Let some kind soul o'er my untimely fate sigh,
And in the still evening a prayer be lifted on high
From thee, O my country, that in God I may rest.

Pray for all those that hapless have died,
For all who have suffered the unmeasur'd pain;
For our mothers that bitterly their woes have cried,
For widows and orphans, for captives by torture tried;
And then for thyself that redemption thou mayst gain.

And when the dark night wraps the graveyard around,
With only the dead in their vigil to see;
Break not my repose or the mystery profound,
And perchance thou mayst hear a sad hymn resound;
'Tis I, O my country, raising a song unto thee.

When even my grave is remembered no more,
Unmark'd by never a cross or a stone;
Let the plow sweep through it, the spade turn it o'er
That my ashes may carpet thy earthy floor,
Before into nothingness at last they are blown.

Then will oblivion bring to me no care;
As over thy vales and plains I sweep;
Throbbing and cleansed in thy space and air,
With color and light, with song and lament I fare,
Ever repeating the faith that I keep.

My Fatherland ador'd that sadness to my sorrow lends,
Beloved Filipinas, hear now my last good-bye!
I give thee all; parents and kindred and friends;
For I go where no slave before the oppressor bends,
Where faith can never kill, and God reigns e'er on high!

Farewell to you all, from my soul torn away,
Friends of my childhood in the home dispossessed!
Give thanks that I rest from the wearisome day!
Farewell to thee, too, sweet friend, that lightened my way;
Beloved creatures all, farewell! In death there is rest!